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## ESSAYS OF ELIA

BY<br>CHARLES LAMB

EDITED WITH an introduction and NOTES BY J. H. CASTLEMAN, A.M., TEACIIER OF ENGLISH IN THE McKINLEY HIGH SCHOOL, ST, LOUIS, MISSOURI


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## EDITOR'S PREFACE

In preparing this edition of The Essays of Elia for sehool use it has been the editor's aim to offer such information in the introduction and notes as he believes necessary to a thorough understanding and appreciation of the text. It is hoped that the brief aceount of the author's life, and especially the critical estimates given, will induce the reader to inquire more deeply into his eareer; to aid in this a bibliography has been appended. It is the purpose of the notes to explain the mythological, historieal, and biographical referenees found in the work, as well as to define the more diffieult words.
J. H. C.

Nov. 15, 1907.

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## A BRIEF LIFE OF CIIARLES LAMB

Charles Lamb, essayist, eritic, poet, was born in London, England, February 10, 17T.5. He was the youngest of three ehildren John, his brother, whom he mentions occasionally in his writings, being twelve years, and Mary, his sister, so closely associated with hinn in his literary work, ten years his senior. His family were in poor circumstances. John Lamb, his father, occnpied the humble office of clerk and sersant to a Mr. Salt, one of the henchers of the Inner Temple, which paid him a very meager salary.

At the age of seven, Charles entered the public schools, where he remained but a few months, going from there to Christ's Hospital, to which he reccived an appointment through the assistance of Mr. Salt. Here he spent the next seven years, deroting his time to the study of Greck and Latin in which he made rapid progress. He was a farorite both with his teachers and fellow-students, his gentle manners winning him a place in the hearts of all. It was while here that he made Coleridge's aequaintanec,- an acquaintance which was to derelop into an intimacy that has had few parallels and which was to excreise a great influence upon his life.

In 1789 he withdrew from sehool to accept a position as elerk in the South Sea House, where he remained until 1792, when lie secured a place in the accountant's office of the East India Company. IIeary responsibilities now devolved upon him. lunth his father's and mother's health failed, and it fell to him to provide for them and liis sister, - a burden which he willingly assmmed. But a terrible tragedy was soon to hlight his happiness. His sister, who had inherited a
tendeney to insanity from their father's people, suddenly became violently insane and killed their mother. He consented to her removal to an asylum, but on the return of her reason a few months later, secured her release on the condition that he atet as her gnardian. From this time until his death, he tenderly eared for her, renouneing all thoughts of marriage that he might give her his undivided attention. Shortly after the tragedy, their father died leaving lim and his sister alone. At intervals, when she suffered relapses, he took her back to the asylmm, only to liberate her on her reeovery to health. In the midst of all this sorrow, to which were added fears for his own sanity, "his eheerful and loving nature saved him from bitterness and despair." Fortunately for him and for the world, he turned to literature for consolation.

Lamb began his literary career as a writer of verse. In 1797 Culeridge complimented him be ineluding several of his poems in a volume of his poetry which appeared that year,a previous work by the same author contained a number of his somnets,-and a little later in company with Charles Lloyd, an obscure writer, he published a book of blank verse. He soon diseovered, however, that poetry yielded seanty financial returns, and as he felt the necessity of adding to his small ineome, he turned his attention to prose. His first production in this field was a short romance under the title, "A Tate of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret." It attracted eonsiderable comment and was widely read. Alfred Ainger, one of Lamb's biographers, in disenssing it, says: "This 'miniature romanee' is perhaps better known after the essays of Llia than any of Lamb's writings. It is redolent of his native sweetness of heart, delieney of feeling, and undefinable elarm of style." Shelley also spoke highly of it: "What a lovely thing is his Rosammad Ciray!" he wrote in a letter to deigh thumt. "Ifow much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest part of our nature in it! When I think of such a mind as Lamb's, when I see how nnnoticed remain things of such exquisite and complete perfec-
tion, what should I hope for myself, if I had not higher objects in view than fame?"

Lamb's next work was a five-act tragedy, cntitled John Woodvil, which was published in 1802 after it had been rejected as unsuitable for the stage. It was modeled after the drama of the pre-Shakespearian period and reflected the many weaknesses of the plays of that time. As a result, it met with severe criticism, Jeffrey of the Edinburgh Review espeeially denouncing it. Mr. Ainger, in summing up his just. estimate of it, writes: "The one feature of importance in the little drama is that it here and there imitates with much skill. the imagery and the rhythm of a family of dramatists whom the world has been content entirely to forget for nearly two centuries." Mr. $H$-, a farce, written in 1806, met with a similar reception, failing on its first performance.

In the midst of these discouragements, Lamb struggled resolutely on, and with the help of his sister, soon achieved suecess. Throngh the assistance of Mazlitt, the critic, he secured a contract to write up the plots of Shakespeare's plays for a serics of books for children, which was being published hy Willian Godwin. Mary joined with him in the work, she preparing the eomedies, while he handled the tragedies. In 1897 the results of their labors appeared under the name of Tales from Shakespeare and reccived a eordial weleome. The first edition was exhausted in a month and was rapidly followed by others. The critics, as well as the public in general, read the stories with delight and commented favorably upon thenı. "One of the most useful and agrecable companions to the understanding of Shakespeare which has ever been produced," said the London Quarterly Revicw. "The youthful reader who is about to taste the charms of our great bard is strongly recommemked to prepare himself by first reading those elegant tales, which in a short compass, and adopting, as mueh as possible, the language of the great original, give eacli plot and story in a most impressive manner. Eren those who are familiar with every line of the original
will be delighted with the pleasing and compendiots way in which the story of each play is here presented to them."

After following the Tales from Shakespeare with a child's version of the adventures of Ulysses, Lamb turned his attention to the early English dramatists. In lSOS he published his Specimens of English Dramatic Poets eontemporary with Shakespeure. eonsisting of a number of scenes from the plays of such writers as Marlowe, Jonson, Beaumont, Fleteher, Peele, Middleton. Webster, and Massinger. to whielr eritical notes were appended. The selections chosen illustrate well the diseriminating sense which Lamb possessed, while the criticisms mark him as a eritie of the highest order. In his Preface he states the purpose of the book: "The kind of extracts which I have sought after have been, not so much passages of wit and hmmor - thongh the old plays are rich in such as scencs of passion, sometimes of the deepest quality, interesting situations, serious descriptions, that which is more nearly allied to poetry than to wit, and to tragic rather than comic poetry. The plays which I hawe made choice of have been, with few exceptions, those which treat of human life and manners, rather than masques and Areadian Pastorals, with their train of abstractions, umimpassionetl deitics, passionate mortals, Claius, and Medorus, and Amintas, and Amaryllis. Aly leading design has been to illustrate what may be ealled the moral sense of our ancestors. To show in what mamer they felt when they placed themselves by the power of imagination in trying situations, in the conflicta of duty and passion, or the strife of contending dution; what sort of loves and emmitics theirs were; how their griefs were tempered, and their full-swoln joys abated; how mueh of Shakespare shines in the great men, his contemporaries, and how far in his divine mind and manner he surpatsed them and all mankind."

A period of comparative inactivity followed the apmarance of this work. But in $18: 20$ Iamb reamed his pen, this time to give to the world his masterpieecs, the inimitable Essays
of Elia. These essays were published for the most part in the London Magazine, nearly all of them appearing between the years of 1820 and 1823 . While the subjects, generally speaking, are of a commonplace nature, they are treated in such a pleasing manner that they attract all thinking persons. Overflowing with sprightly humor, advising with kindly criticism, abounding with thonghtful reflections on the joys and sorrows of life, they revea Lamb's character and genius far more than any of his other productions. In style they have been aptly compared to Addison's essays, having the quaint liumor, the diversity of subjects, the rambling thoughts, and the happy choice of words characteristic of those earlicr classics. DeQuincey pronounced them "the most delightful section among Lamb's works." (For critical opinion see pages 19-21, Introduction.)

As already suggested, the reader will find Lamb's character clearly delineated in his essays. Like Coleridge, Burns, Du Quincey, and many other men of genius, le had his weaknesses; but these were far out-weighed by his noble qualities. Nature handicapped him with an impediment of speech and a disposition to exceeding shyness, and fate burdened him with porerty and an insane sister, but his genial optimism and masculine strength triumphed over all obstacles. Those who knew him best loved him derotedly and souglit every opportunity to be in his presence. They pierced the veil of irony with which he concealed his real self and saw behind it a man with a heart filled with sympathy and love for humanity who longed to be of service to the world. Coleridge called him the "gentle hearted Charles," and to those who study clasely into his life and writings, the epithet is a most felici tous summary of his charming nature.

Lamb's personal appearance is best described ly his great admirer Talfourd: "Methinks I see him before me now, as he appeared then, and as he continued with seareely any perecptible alteration to me, during the twenty years of intimacy which followed, and were closed by his death. A light frame,
so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, elad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His blaek hair eurled erispy about an expander forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with rarying expession. though the preralent feeling was sad; and the nose, slightly eurved, and delieately earved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed upon the shoulders and gave importanee and even diguity to a diminutive and shadowy stem. Who shall deseribe his countenanee, eateh its quivering sweetness, and fix it forever in words? There are none, alas, to answer the vain desire of friendship. Deep thonght, striving with humor; the lines of suffering wreathed into cordial mirth; and a smile of painful sweetness, present an inage to the mind it can as little deseribe as lose. Itis personal appearance and mamer are not unfitly eharacterized by what he himself says in one of his letters to Namning, of Braliam, 'a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel." "

## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON LAMB AS A MAN AND A WRITER

Charles Lamb was eminently a genial writer; Diekens is not more so. Amidst all the quips and sports of humor all the exaggerations of fun-all the lieensed riot of wit, you never lose sight of the kindly, loving, honest, enjoying nature of the writer. So distinetly is this personality impressed, and so lovable the personality, that few have read his works without forming an attaehment to the man: in this also resembling Diekens.- British Quarterly Review for May, 184.

As his fame, so was his genius. It was as fit for thought as could be, and equally as unfit for aetion; and this rendered him melancholy, apprehensive, hamorous, and willing to make the best of everything as it was, both from tenderness of heart and ablorrenee of alteration. His understanding was too great to admit an absurdity, his frame was not strong enough to deliver it from a fear. His sensibility to strong contrasts was the foundation of his bumor, which was that of a wit at onee melaneloly and willing to be pleased. He would beard a superstition and shudder at the old phantasm while he did it. One could have imagined him eracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and then melting into thin air himself out of a sympathy with the awful. His humor and his knowledge both, were those of Hamlet, of Moliere, of Carlén, who shook a eity with laughter, and, in order to divert his melancholy, was recommended to go and hear himself. Yet he extracted a real pleasure out of his jokes, beeause good-heartedness retains that privilege when it fails in everything else. I should say he condescended to be a pinster if eondescension had been a word befitting wisdom like his. Being told that somebody had lampooned him, he said, "Very well, Ill Lamb-pun him." His puns were adnirable, and often contained as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names.

Willing
to see society go on as it did, because he despaired of seeing it otherwise, but not at all agreceing in his interior with the common notions of erime and punishment, he "dumbfoundered" a long tirade one evening by taking the pipe out of his mouth, and asking the speaker, "whether he meant to say that a thief was nol a good man?"- Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.

There is a fine tone of chiaro-oscuro, a moral perspective, in his writings. He delights to dwell on that which is fresh to the eye of memory; he yearns after and covets what soothes the frailty of human nature. That toueles him most nearly which is withdrawn to a certain distance, which verges on the borders of oblivion; that piques and provokes his fancy most which is hid from a superficial glance. That which, though gone by, is still remembered, is in his liew more genuine, and has given more "rital signs that it will live," than a thing of yesterday, that may be forcotten ta-morrow. Death has in this sense the spirit of life in it, and the shadowy has to our author something substantial in it. Ideas savor most of reality in his mind; or rather his imagination loiters on the edge of each, and a page of his writings recalls to our faney the stranger on the grate, fluttering in its dusky tenuity, with its idle superstition and hospitable welcome.

He disdains all the vulgar artifiees of authorship, atl the eant of criticism, and helps to notoriety. He las no grand swelling theories to attraet the risionary and the enthusiast, no passing fancy to allure the thoughtless and the vain. He evades the present, he morks the future. His affeetions revert to and settle on the past, but then even this must hitwe something personal and local in it to interest him deeply and thoroughly; he pitches his tent in the suburbs af existing manners; brings down the account of character to the fow stragerling remains of the last generation; sellonn rentures beyond the hills of mortality, and oecupies that niee point between egotism and disintereated humanity.- ILazlill on Lamb in "The spirit of the Age."

In appraising an essayist, the personal equation is bound to be considered, for, no matter how fine his periods, unless an essavist is a man and a brother, we will have none of him. Logically this may be wrong, but there it is. Had Lamb written only half as well as he did, his personality would still probably give him first place among our essayists; yet, as it happens, he might elaim the place for eraftmanship too. 'When compared with Bacon, Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, or Maeaulay, his greatest eompanions in the essay, it is Lamb's riehness that startles us: above all, his interest. Each of the writers named could perhaps do something better than Lamb, but Lamb as a whole is better company than all. His range is not wider than theirs, but his humor is more winning, his sanity more sweet and reasonable, his prose more faseinating. He might, perhans, have been more riehly endowed with the sense of form, but that is perhaps least important of an essayist's gifts. -The essay more almost than any literary produet - refleets its writer's mind, and the tangential progressions and abrupt conclusions of some of Lamb's diseussions are eminently charaeteristie of their anthor. A good essay, more than a novel, a poem, a play, or a treatise, is personality translated into print: between the lines must gleam attraetive features or we remain cold.-E.V. Lucus, Introduction to the Essays of DIIa. Lamb's eritieism partook largely of the spirit of Coleridge, - eritering, with a most learned spirit of hmman dealing, into the dramatie being of the characters of the play, and bringing out, with an ineomparable delieaey and aecuraey of touel, their places of contact and mutnal repulsion. The true point of view Lamb always seized with unerring precision, and this led him, with equal suceess, to deteet the real eenter, whether a character or an event, round which the orb of the drama revolved. Henee he was one of the most original of crities, and threw more and newer light upon the. genuine meaning of some of the great masterpiees of the theater than any other man; and yet we do not remember a single instance in

Which any of his positions have been gainsaid. Like all eritics who have a real insight into their subject, Lamb helps you, in a few words, to a principle - a master-key - by which you may werk out the details of the investigation jomself. You are not morely ammsed with a brilliant deweription of a character or passage, but become a disecrning judge in the light of sonr own perceptions and convictions.- Quurterly Review for July, 1835.

## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

The "Essays of Elia," on which alone Lamb's claim to a name in literature can be founded, were almost all published during the last fourteen years of his life. He was then in the maturity of his powers, and he poured forth lis original thoughts and quaint fancies with a richness and variety which no other essayist has cyer rivalled. Ife had every qualifieation for an essayist. He had learnt English from the best teachers-the old writers; and he had been an apt seholar, - not accumnlating merely, but assimilating what he learnt. His early style is often antiquated; but in the "Essays of Elia," there is no trace of an exeessive or servile adherence to the manner of his models. Few writers, indeed, have had a more real command of English than Lamb lad. "He was not restrained or imperled by the exigencies of the language; he rather controlled it, and molded it, so to speak, to his purposes. It might be possible, by a eareful study and initation of Addison or Goldmith, to form a good independent style of composition. Their English is flexible; it can adapt itself, without mueh diffenlty to the peenliarities of other minds. It is not so with Charles Lamb's writings. Ilis style is rigid, and cannot be copied or adapted. It is Elia's English. To imitate it would be mere mimiery. Sometimes it almost seems as if the impediment in Lamb's speech had influeneed his style. Ifis senteness are often very short, with frequent and long p:1nses; but hribliant, suggestive. His ideas sueceed each other with wonderful richness and profusion: they seem to spring perfect from the brain. But these curt and broken sentences are merely nsed by Elia as means to produee a desired eflect. The pauses were the "halting-stones and resting places" of his wit. There were no "ligaments" that bound him when the pen was in his hand. No one could write more swect or flowing English than he.- Lxtracts from

Introduction to the Eissays of Eilia, published by George Bell and Sons.

The prose essays, under the signature of Elia, form the most delightful sec 'on among Lamb's works. They traverse a peculiar field of observation, sequestered from general interest; and they are composed in a spirit too delicate and unobtrusive to eatch the ear of the noisy crowd, clamoring for strong sensations. But this retiring delicacy itself, the pensiveness checkered by gleams of the fanciful, and the humor that is touched with eross-lights of pathos, together with the picturesque quaintness of the objects casually described, whether men, or things, or usages, and in the rear of all this, the constant recurrence to ancient recollections and to decaying forms of houschold life, as things retiring before the tumult of new and revolutionary generations; these traits in combination communicate to the papers a grace and strength of originality, which nothing in any literature approaches, whether for derree or kind of excellence, except the most felicitous papers of Aldison, such as those on Sir Rnger de Coverley, and some others in the same vein of composition. They resemble Addision's papers also in the diction, which is natural and idiomatic, cren to carclessmess. They are equally faithful to the truth of mature; and in this only, they differ remarkably - that the sketehes of Elia reflects the stamp and impress of the writcr's own character, whereas in all those of Addison, the personal peculiarities of the delineator are nearly quiescent.-Thomas DeQuincey, Charles Lamb in Biographical Essays.

Elia refreshes our whole man. We read it not for the style, all hut fanltless, not for the sentiment, humor, or pathos, not for the manly thought, the genuine philosopliy, the moral sonse, wonderfnlly delicate and true, not for the admirable criticism, but for all these richly intermingled. Jamble is genarally recrarded as one of a seliool or clique, and yet if there is a writer who is him-clf and no other, it is he. Conceits he has in abundance; but then they are honcst, natural parts
of the man, alive with his own spirit, oftentimes more quaint in the expression than odd in the essenee, and a coneeit which is genuine has a relish to which the most approved commonplaces can make no pretense. However peeuliar, he is always Inman and of course sure in the end of the sympathy of a healthy reader. The Prince of Essayists, he has abore all his order "planted a fixed foot" among our home aflections.W. H. Furness, Chrislian Lxaminer for Jamuary, 1838.
"Elia" is never verbose, yet never incomplete. You are not wearied because he says too much nor dissatisfied beeause lie says too little. In this inimitable sense of proportion, this fitness of adjustment between thought and expression, the prose of "Elia" reminds us of the verse of Horace. Nor is the Essayist without some other resemblance to the Poet - in the amenity which accompanies his satire; in his sportive view of things grave, the grave morality he deduces from things sportive; lis equal sympathy for rural and for town life; his constant good-fellowship, and his lenient philosophy. Here, indeed, all similitude ceases: the modern essayist advances no pretension to the ancient poet's wide survey of the social varieties of mankind; to his seizure of those large and catholic types of luman mature which are familiarly recognizable in every polished community, every civilized time; still less to that intense sympatly in the life and movement of the world around him which renders the utteranee of his individual emotion the vivid illustration of the eharacter and history of his age. Yet "Elia" secures a charm of his own in the very narrowness of the range to which he limits his genius. For thins the interest he creates becomes more intimate and house-hold.-Bulwer-Lytlon on "Charles Lamb and some of his Compenions."

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## CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF LAMB'S WORKS

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Poems (l'nhlished in volume with poetical works of Coleridge and Lloyd), 1797.
Blank rerse by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb, 1798.
A Tale of hosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret, 1798.
John Woodvil. a Tragedy, 1802.
Mrs. Leicester's School and nther stories, 1807.
Tales from Shakespeare, 1807.
The Adventures of "lysses, 1808.
Sperimens of English Dramatic Poets contemporary with Shakespeare, 1808.
Poetry for Children, 1809.
Prince Dorns (a poetical version of an ancient tale), 1811.
The Works of Charles Lamb ( 2 vols.) , 1818.
Essays of Elia (first series), 1823.
Album Verses, with a few others, 1830.
Satan in Seareh of a Wife, 18:3l.
The Last Essays of Elia, 1833.
B

## TUE ESSAYS OF ELIA

## THE SOUTII-SEA HOUSE

Reader, in thy passage from the Bank ${ }^{3}$-where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself)-to the Flower Pot, ${ }^{4}$ to seeure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell," or some other thy suburban retreat northerly, didst thou never observe a melancholy looking, handsome, brick and stone edifice to the left-where Threadncedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnifieent portals ever gaping wide, and diselosing to view a grave court, witl eloisters, and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-ont-a desolation something like Balclutha's.**

This was onee a house of trade, -a center of busy interests. The throng of merehants was here-the quick pulse of gain-and here some forms of business are still kept up, thongh the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately portiens; imposing staircases: offiees roomy as the state apartments in

[^0]palaces-deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of eourt and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-kcepers-directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclain a dead dividend) at long worm-eaten tables, that have been malogany, with tarnished giltleather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands long since dry;--the oaken wainseots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Quene Anne, ${ }^{1}$ and the two first monarclis of the Brmswick dynasty; ${ }^{2}$-luge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated;-dusty maps of Mexieo, dim as dreams, -and soundings of the Bay of Pan-ama!-'The long passages luug. with buckets, appended, in idle row, to walls, whose substance might defy any, slort of the last, conflagration :-with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, an "unsumed heap," ${ }^{3}$ for Mammon ${ }^{4}$ to have solaced his solitary heart withal, --long since dissipated, or seattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous Bubble. ${ }^{5}$

Such is the South-Se. House. At least, such it was forty years ago, when I knew it,-a magnificent relic! What alterations may have been made in it sinee, I have had no opportunities of rerifying. Time, I take for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker erust by this time stagnates upon it. The moths, that were then battening upon its obsolete ledgers and day-books, have rested from their depre-
dations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fretwork among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have aceumulated (a superfextation of dirt!) upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some curious finger, now and then, inquisitive to explore the mode of book-keeping in Queen Anne's reign; or, with less hallowed euriosity, seeking to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous ho:x, whose extent the petty peeulators of our day look baek upon with the same expression of ineredulous admiration, and hopeless ambition of rivalry, as would become the puny faee of modern conspiracy contemplating the Titan ${ }^{1}$ size of Yaux's superhuman plot. ${ }^{2}$

Peace to the manes of the Bubble! Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial!

Situated as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerec,-amid the fret and fever of speculation-with the Bank and the 'Change, and the India-house about thee, in the hey-dey of present prosperity, with their important faees, as it were, insulting thee, their poor neighbor out of businessto the idle and merely contemplative,--to such as me, old house! there is a charm in thy quiet:-a eessation-a coolness from business-an indolence almost eloistral-which is delightful! With what reverence have I paeed thy great bare rooms and eourts at eyentide! They spoke of the past:- the shade of some dead accomntant, with visionary pen in ear,
wonld flit by me, stiff as in life. Living aceounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring. But thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degencrate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves-with their old fantastic flourishes and decorative rubric interlacings-their sums in triple colummiations, set down with formal superflnity of eiphers-with pious sentences at the begiming, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business, or bill of lading -the costly vellum eovers of sonte of them almost persmading us that we are got into some bellor li-brary,-are rery agrecable and edifying spectacles. I an look upon these defunet dragons with complacency: Thy heavy, odd-shaped ivory-handled penknives (our ancestors had everything on a larger seale than we have hearts for) are as grood as anything from Herenlanemm. ${ }^{1}$ The pounce-boxes of onr days have gone retrograde.

The very clerks which I remember in the SouthSea Honse-I speak of forty years back-lad an air wery different from those in the publice offices that I have had to do with since. They partook of the genius of the place!

They were mostly (for the establishment did not atmit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Genorally (for they had not munch to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Old-fashiomed, for a reason mentionerl before. Humorists. for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been bronght
together in early life (whieh has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they neeessarily earried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A laymonastery. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat-and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute.

The cashier at that time was one Evans, ${ }^{1}$ a CambroBriton. ${ }^{2}$ He had something of the cholerie complexion of his countrymen stamped on his visage, but was a worthy sensible man at bottom. He wore his hair, to the last, powdered and frizzed out, in the fashion which I remember to have seen in earieatures of what were termed, in my young days, Maccaronics. ${ }^{3}$ He was the last of that race of beaux. Melaneholy as a gib-cat orer his counter all the forenoon, I think I see him, making up his eash (as they call it) with tremulous fingers, as if he feared every one abont him was a defaulter; in his hypochondry ready to inagine hinself one; haunted, at least, with the idea of the possibility of his becoming one: his tristful visage clearing up a little over his roast neek of veal at Anderton's at two (where his pieture still haness, taken a little before his death by desire of the master of the coffec-house, which he had frequented for the last five-and-twenty years), but not attaining the
meridian of its amimation till evening bronght on the hour of tea and visiting. The simultaneous sound of his well-known rap at the door with the stroke of the eloek announeing six, was a topic of never-failing mirth in the families which this dear old bachelor gladdened with his presence. Then was his forle, his glorified hour! How would he chirp, and expand, over a muffin! How would he dilate into seeret history! His eountryman, Pennant ${ }^{1}$ himself, in partieular, could not be more elocuent than he in relation to old and new London-the site of old theaters, ehurehes, streets gone to decay-where Rosamond's pond ${ }^{2}$ stood-the Mublberry Gardens ${ }^{3}$ - and the Conduit in Cheap *-with many a pleasant ancedote, derived from paternal tradition, of those grotesque figures whieh Hogarth has immortalized in his picture of Noon, ${ }^{5}$ - the worthy deseendants of those heroic confessors, who, flying to this country, from the wrath of Louis the Fourteenth and his dragoons, ${ }^{\text {b }}$ kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hog Lane, and the ricinity of the Seven Dials ! ${ }^{7}$

Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tane. ${ }^{8}$ He had the air and stoop of a nobleman. Yoa would have taken him for one, had rou met him in one of the passages leading to Westminstre LIall. ${ }^{\circ}$ By stoop, I mean that gentle bending of the body forwiteds, which, in great men, must he supposed to be the effeet of an habitual eondescending attention to the applieations of their inferiors. While he held you in eonverse, yon felt strained to the height in the eolloguy.

The eonferenee over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignifieance of the pretensions which had just awed you. His intellect was of the shallowest order. It did not reaeh to a saw or a proverb. His mind was in its original state of white paper. ${ }^{1}$ A sueking babe might have posed him. What was it then? Was he rieh? Alas, no! Thomas Tame was very poor. Both he and his wife looked outwardly gentlefolks, when I fear all was not well at all times within. She had a neat meager person, whieh it was evident she had not sinned in over-pampering; but in its veins was noble blood. She traced her descent, by some labyrinth of relationship, whieh I never thoroughly understood,-mueh less ean explain with any heraldie eertainty at this time of day,--to the illustrious but unfortunate house of Derwentwater. ${ }^{2}$ This was the secret of Thomas's stoop. This was the thought-the sentiment-the bright solitary star of your lives,-ye mild and happy pair,-whieh elieered you in the night of intelleet, and in the obseurity of your station! This was to you instead of riehes, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments: and it was worth them altogether. You insulted none with it; but, while you wore it as a pieee of defensive armor only, no insult likewise could reach you through it. Decus et solamen. ${ }^{3}$

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tlipp. ${ }^{4}$ He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good truth cared one fig about the matter. He
"thought an accomitant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it." Yet John was not withont his hobby, The fiddle relicved his vacant homs. He sang, certainly, ivith other notes than to the Orphean lyre. ${ }^{1}$ Ie did, indeed, scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suite of official rooms in Threadncedle Strect, which, without anything very substantial appended to them, were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them, (I know not who is the ocenpicr of them now) resounded fortnightly to the notes of a coneer't of "swect breasts" as our anecstors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and or-ehestras-chorus singers-first and second violoncel-los-double basses--and elarionets-who ate his eold mutton, and drank his punch, and praised his ear. IIc sate like Lord Midas ${ }^{2}$ among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all idcas, that were purcly ormamental, were banished. You eould not speak of anything romantie withont rebuke. Polities were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted. The whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividend warrants. The striking of the ammul balance in the company's books (which, perhaps, differed from the halance of last year in the sum of $\{25,1 \mathrm{~s} .6 \mathrm{dl}$.) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of things (as they eall them in the city) in his heloved house, or did not sigh for a return of the old stiming days
when South Sea hopes were young- (he was indeed equal to the wielding of any the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in these or those days) :-but to a genuine accountant the difference of procceds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp, form was everything. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world: he was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the dying hand, that commended their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of timidity-(his few enemies used to give it a worse name)-a something which in reverence to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on this side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a eowardice which we do not despise, beeanse it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements; it betrays itself, not yon: it is mere temperment; the absence of the romantic and the enterprising; it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with Fortinbras, ${ }^{1}$ "greatly find
'gharrel in at strall," ' Whens some smpposed honor is at stake. 'Tipp mever momuted the box of a stage-coadel in his lifer or lemed against the mals of a baleony; or walked upon the ridge of a parapet; or looked down a preeipice; or let off a grom; or went upon at Water-party ; or womd willingly let yon gro if he eonld have helped it: neither wats it recorded of him, that for luere, or for intintidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

Whom next slall we smmmon from the dusty dead, ${ }^{2}$ in whom common (phalities beome nneommon? Can I forget thee, Hemry Man, ${ }^{3}$ the wit, the polished man of letters, the anthor, of the Sonth-Sea Ihonse? Who never minterelst thy office in a morning or (puttedst it in mid-dily (what didst thou in an office?) without some (quilk that left a sting! 'Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forsolten volmmes, which I had the grod fortme to rescue from a stall in Barbiean, ${ }^{4}$ not three days ator, and found thee terse, fiestr, epigrammatic, as alive. 'Thy wit is a little gone ly in these finstidious days thy topies are staled by the "new-bom gatuds" of the time: but great thon used to be in Publie bedgers, and in Chronieles," upon Clatham, and Shelhurme, and ForkBorlam, and Ilowe, and Bumerone, and Clintom, ${ }^{7}$ and the wand wheh conded in the teating from (ireat britain her relodlions colonies, and Kipped, and Wilkes, and Sawhoidge, amd Bull, and Dnming, and I'att, and Richmond ${ }^{x}$ - imal such small perlities.

A litule less facetions, and a great deal moter ols-
streperous, was fine rattling, rattleheaded Plumer. ${ }^{1}$ He was descended,--not in a right line, reader (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favored a little of the sinister bend)-from the Plumers of Ifertfordshire. So tradition gave him out; and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion. Certainly old Walter Plumer (his reputed author) lad been a rake in his days, and visited much in Italy, and had seen the world. He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old whig still living, ${ }^{2}$ who has represented the county in so many successive parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware. Walter flourished in George the Second's days, ${ }^{3}$ and was the same who was summoned before the House of Commons about a business of franks, with the old Duchess of Marlborough. You may read of it in Johnson's "Life of Cave." \& Cave cane off cleverly in that business. It is certain our Plumer did nothing to discountenance the rumor. He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinbated. But, besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously.

Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild, childlike, pastoral $\mathrm{M}-{ }^{5}$; a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Areadian melodies, ${ }^{6}$ when, in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst ehant that song sung by Amiens to the hanished Duke, ${ }^{7}$ which proclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful. Thy sire was old surly I_—, the mapproachable churehwarden of Bishops-
gate. He knew not what he did, when he begat thee, tike spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter:only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like.-

Much remains to sing. Many fantastir shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private:-already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent;-else could I omit that strange creature Woollet, who existed in trying the question, and bought litigations?and still stranger, inimitable, solemm Hepworth, from whose gravity Newton ${ }^{1}$ might have dednced the law of gravitation. IIow profoundly wonld he nib a pen -with what deliberation wond he wet a wafer!-

But it is time to close-night's wheels are rattling fast over me-it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery.

Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while-peradventure the rery nomes, which I have summoned up before thee, are fantastic-insubstantial-like Henry Pimpernel, and old John Naps of Grecee: ? $\qquad$
Be satisfied that something answering to them las had a being. Their iuportance is from the past.

## ONFORD IN TTIE TACATION

Casting a preparatory glance at the bottom of this article-as the wary comoisseur in prints, with cursory eye (which, while it reads, serems as though it reads not), never fails to consult the quis sculpsit
in the eomer, before he pronomees some rare picce to be a Vivares, or a Woollet ${ }^{1}$ __methinks I hear you cxclaim, Reader, who is Elia?

Because in my last I tried to divert thee with some half-forgotten humors of some old elerks defunet, in an old house of busincss, long since gone to decay, doubtless you have already set me down in your mind as one of the sclfsame college-a votary of the desk -a notehed and cropt scrivener-one that sucks his sustenance, as certain siek pcople are said to do, through a quill.

Well, I do agnize something of the sort. I confess that it is my humor, my fancy-in the forepart of the day, when the mind of your man of letters requires some relaxation-(and none better than such as at first sight scems most abhorrent from his beloved studies) -to while away some good hours of my time in the eontemplation of indigos, eottons, raw silks, piece-goods, flowered or otherwisc. In the first place ** * and then it sends you home with such increased appetite to your books * * * not to say; that your outside shcets, and waste wrappers of foolscap, do receive into them, most kindly and naturally, the impression of sonncts, epigranis, cssays -so that the very parings of a eounting-house are, in some sort, the settings up of an author. The minauchised quill, that has plodded all the morning among the eart rucks of figrues and ciphers, frisks and curvets so at its ease over the flowery carpetground of a midnight dissertation.-It feels its pro-
motion. * * * * * So that you see, upon the whole, the literary dignity of Elia is very little, if at all, compromised in the condescension.

Not that, in my anxious detail of the many commodities ineidental to the life of a publie office, I would be thought blind to certain flaws, which a eunning earper might be able to pick in this Joseph's vest. And here I must have leave, in the fulness of my soul, to regret the abolition, and doing-a way-with altogether, of those consolatory interstices, and sprinklings of freedom, through the fonr seasons,- the redleller days., now become, to all intents and purposes, dead-letter days. There was Paul, and Stephen, and Barmabas-

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\text { Andrew and John, men famous in old times } 2
$$

-we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as I was at school at Christ's. ${ }^{3}$ I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old Baslee Prayer Book. ${ }^{4}$ There hung Peter in his uneasy posture ${ }^{5}$ $\qquad$ holy Bartlemy in the tronblesome act of flaying," after the famous Marsyas by Spagnoletti ${ }^{7}-1$ homored them all, and eonld almost have wept the defalealtion of Iseariot-so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred:-only methought I i littla grudged at the eoalition of the better Judes with Simon clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together, to make mp one poor gandy-day between them-as an economy unworthy of the dispensation.

These were bright risitations in a scholar's and a
clerk's life-"far' off their eoming shone." 1 - I was as grood as an almanae in those days. I could have told you such a saint's-day falls out next week, or the week after. P'eradventure the Epiphany, ${ }^{2}$ by some periodical infelicity, would, once in six years, merge in a Sabbath. Now am I little better than one of the profane. Let me not be thought to arraign the wisdom of my civil superiors, who have judged the further observation of these holy tides to be papistical, superstitious. Only in a enstom of such long standing, methinks, if their Inolinesses the Bishops had, in decency, been first sounded-but I am wading ont of my depths. I am not the man to deeide the limits of civil and ceclesiastical authority-I am plain Elia-no Selden, nor Arehbishop Usher 3 though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Boclley. ${ }^{4}$

I cam here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one ats myself, who has been defranded in his yomg years of the sweet food of academie institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a fow idle weeks alt, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with ours. Here I can take my walks ummolested, and faney myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem ardmitted ad sundem. ${ }^{5}$ I fetch up past opportmities. I (am rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for me. In moods of lmmility I can be a Sizalr, or a Servitor. When the peaenck
rein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed verurers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtsy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favors the notion. Only in Clurist Church's reverend quadrangle I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so mueh one's own, the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! ${ }^{1}$ The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a devoir to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense cares of kitehens, kitchen fireplaees, cordial recesses; orens whose first pies were baked fonr centuries ago ; and spits which have cooked for Chancer! ? Not the meanest minister amoner the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook groes forth a Manciple.

Antiguity ! thou wondrous charm. Where art thon? that, being nothing, art every thing! When thon uert, thon wert not antiquity-then thon wem nothing, but ladst a remoter untiquity, as thou called'st it, to look back to with blind veneration: thou thyself being to theself flat, jejune, modern! What myster?
lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses ${ }^{\text {* }}$ arc we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! the mighty future is as nothing, being everything! the past is everything, being nothing!

What were thy dark ages? Surely the sum rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning. Why is it that we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying fecling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, and that our ancestors wandered to and firo groping!

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, ${ }^{2}$ what do most arride and solace me, are thy repositories of moldering learning, thy shelves-

What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labors to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-shects. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odor of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those carive lectiones ${ }^{3}$ so tempting to the more crudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. I am no Treceulanean raker. ${ }^{4}$ The eredit of

[^1]the three witnesses might have slept mimpeached for me. I leare these curiosities to Porson, and to C. D. ${ }^{1}$-whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press, in a nook at Oriel. ${ }^{2}$ With long poring, he is grown almost into a book. He stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I lonted to new-coat him in Russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula. ${ }^{3}$
D. is assiduous in his visits to these seats of learming. No inconsiderable portion of his moderate fortune, I apprehend, is consumed in journeys between them and Clifford's Imn -where, like a dove on the asp's nest, he has long taken up his unconscious abode'. amid an incongruous assembly of attorncrs, attorneys' clerks, apparitors, promoters, vernin of the law, among whom he sits, "in calm and sinless peace." The fangs of the law pieree him not-the winds of litigation blow over his humble climbers--the hard sheriff's officer moves his lat as he passes-legal nor illegal diseourtesy touches him-none thimks of offering violence or injustice to him-you would as sumu "strike an abstract idea."
D. has been encraged, le tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into atl curions matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately lit upon a MS. collection of charters, relatire to C-By which he hopes to settle some disputed points-particularly that long controversy between them as to priority of foundation. The ardor with
which he engages in these liberal pursuits, I am afraid, has not met with all the encouragement it deserved, either here, or at C -_. Your eaputs and heads of eolleges, eare less than anybody else about these questions. - Contented to suek the milky fountains of their Alma Maters, without inquiring into the venerable gentlewomen's years, they rather hold such euriosities to be impertinent-unreverend. They have their good glebe lands in manu, ${ }^{1}$ and eare not mueh to rake into the title-deeds. I gather at least so much from other sourees, for $D$. is not a man to eomplain.
D. started like an unbroke heifer, when I interrupted him. A priori it was not very probable that we should have met in Oriel. But D. would have done the same, had I accosted him on the sudden in his own walks in Clifford's Inn, or in the Temple. ${ }^{2}$ In addition to a provoking shortsightedness (the effeet of late studies and watehings at the midnight oil) D. is the most absent of men. He made a eall the other morning at our friend II.'s ${ }^{3}$ in Bedford Syuare; and, finding nobody at home, was ushered into the hall, where, asking for pen and ink, with great exactitude of purpose he enters me his name in the book-which ordinarily lies about in such places, to reeord the failures of the untimely or unfortmate visitor-and takes his leave with many ceremonies, and professions of regret. Some two or three homrs after, his walking destinies returned him into the same neighborhood again, and again the quiet
image of the fire-side cirele at M.'s-Mrs. M. presiding at it like a Queen Lar, ${ }^{1}$ with pretty A. S. ${ }^{2}$ at her side-striking irresistibly on his faney, he makes another call (forgetting that they were "eertainly not to return from the eountry before that day week') and disappointed a second time, inquires for pen and paper as before: again the book is bronglit, and in the line just above that in whieh he is about to print his seeond name (his re-seript) his first name (scarce dry) looks out upon him like another Sosia, ${ }^{3}$ or as if a man should suddenly eneounter his own duplieate!--The effeet may be coneeived. D. made nany a good resolution against any sueh lapses in future. I hope he will not keep them too rigorously.

For with G. D.-to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present with the Lord. At the very time when, personally eneountering thee, lie passes on with no reeognition —or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprisedat that moment, reader, he is on Mount T'abor-or Parnassus ${ }^{4}$-or co-sphered witl Plato-or, with Harrington, ${ }^{5}$ framing "immortal commonwealths"--levising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species-peradventure meditating some individual kindness or eourtesy, to be done to thee thyself, the returning eonscionsuess of which made him to start so griiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.
D. is delightful anywhere, but he is at the best in
sueh plaees as these. IIe eares not mueh for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, at Searborough, or Harrowgate. The Cam and the Isis ${ }^{1}$ are to him "better than all the waters of Damaseus." ${ }^{2}$ On the Muses' hill he is happy, and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Deleetable Mountains; ${ }^{3}$ and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the Ilouse Beantiful. ${ }^{4}$

## CIIRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE AND TIIIRTY YEARS AGO

In Mr. Lamb's "Wrorks," "published a year or two sinee, I find a magnifieent enlogy on my old sehool,* such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the years 1782 and $1789 .^{7}$ It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly eorresponding with his; and, with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the eloisters, I think he has eontrived to bring together whatever ean be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingenionsly.

I remember L. at sehool; and ean well recolleet that he had some peeuliar advantages, which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. Uis friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was

[^2]denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple ean explain how that happened. Ife had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battening upon our quarter of a penny loaf our crug-moistened with attennated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitehed leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porriteh, blue and tasteless, and the pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriehed for him with a slice of "extraordinary bread and butter," from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant=-(we had three banyan to four meat days in the week)-was endeared to his palate with a hmp of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our half-pichiled Sundays, or quite fresh boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as caro equina), ${ }^{1}$ with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the brothour seanty mutton erags on Fridays-and rather more salrory, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rot-ten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomaehs, in ahmost equal proportion)-he hard his hot plate of roast real, or the more tempting griskin (exoties unknown to our palates), cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing) and brought him daily hy his maid or annt! I remember the good old relative (in whon love fortade pride) symatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters,
diselosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite); ${ }^{1}$ and the contending passions of $L$. at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down of the stony fenees of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should eare for me, were far away. Those few aequaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great eity, after a little foreed notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thonglit them few enough! and one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

O, the eruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come baek, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclainı upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire! ${ }^{2}$

To this late hour of my life, I trace inpressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they
bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those whole-day-leaves, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned ont, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing exeursions to the New River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can-for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes:-How merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like young dace in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penmiless (our seanty morning crust long since exhamsted) had not the means of allaying-while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings - the very beanty of the day, and the exereise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them!- How faint and languid, finally we would return, towards nightfall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless-shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extraet a little ammsement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit (where onr individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own elarges) to the Lions in the

Tower '- to whese levee, by eourtesy immemorial, we had a preseriptive title to admission.
L.'s governor ${ }^{2}$ (so we ealled the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a mamer under his paternal roof. Any eomplaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effeetual sereen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-siekening to eall to reeollection. I have been ealted out of my bed, and waked for the purpose, in the eoldest winter nights-and this not onee, but night after might-in my shirt, to receive the diseipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callow overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, 10 make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offense they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder.-The same exeerable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow; and under the erucllest penalties, forbade the indulgenee of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season, and the day's sports.

There was one II-. ${ }^{3}$ who, I learned, in after days, was seen explating some maturer offense in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fomeying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered-
at Nevis, ${ }^{1}$ I think, or St. Kitts, ${ }^{2}$ — some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero ${ }^{3}$ actually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red-hot iron; and nearly starmed forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, ineredible as it may seem, with the comnivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his) he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the ward, as they ealled our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must ery roast meat-happier than Caligula s minion, ${ }^{4}$ could he have kept his own coun-sel-but, foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables-waxing fat, and kicking, in the fulness of bread, one unlueky minute would needs proelain his good fortume to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's hom blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jerieho) set coneealment any longer at defiance. The elient was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the oceasion. This was in the stewardship of L.'s admired Perry.

Under the same facile administration, ean I. have forgoten the eool impunity with which the musses nsed to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one ont of two of every hot joint, which the careful matron had been seeing serupulously
weighed out for our dimners? These things were daily practiced in that magnifieent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume) praises so highly for the grand paintings "by Verrio, ${ }^{1}$ and others," with which it is "hung round and adorned." But the sight of sleek, well-fed bhe-coat boys ${ }^{2}$ in pietures was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies; and ourselves redueed (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)
". To feed our mind with idle portraiture." ${ }_{3}$
L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to guys, or the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (chitdren are universally fat-haters) and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, unsalled, are detestable. A gag-cater in our time was equivalent to a goule, and held in equal detestation. -suffered inder the imputation.

> "___"Twas saicl, He ate strange flesh," ${ }^{4}$

- Ite was observed, after dimner, carefully to gather up the remmants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, yon may credit me)-and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would eonvey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bed-side. None saw when he ate
them. It was rumored that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported, that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large bhe check handkerehief, full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imarine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one wonld play with him. IHe was excommunicated; put ont of the pare of the school. He was too porrerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he perserered. At length he was observed by two of his sehool-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traeed him one leare-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out buidding, such as there exist specimens of in Chancery Lane, which are let out to various seales of panperism with open door, and a common stairease. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by anl aged woman, meanly elad. Suspicion was now ripened into eertainty. The informers had seemed their vietim. They had him in their toils. Aecusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then sterrard (for this happened a little after my time), with that patient sagacity
which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter, before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of -_, an honest couple come to decay,-whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds!The grovernors on this occasion, much to their honor, voted a present relief to the family of - , and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon Rish JUDGMENT, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to -, I belicve, would not be lost upon his auditory.-I had left school then, but I well remember -_. He was a tall shambling youth, with a cast in his cye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself, as he had done by the old folks.

I was a hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven; and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had run auray. This was the punishment for the first offense.-As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bed-
lam ${ }^{1}$ cells, where a boy could just lie at length upon straw and a blanket-a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted-with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison-orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water-who might not speak to him; or of the beadle, who came twice a week to eall him out to receive his periodical chastiscment, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude:-and here he was shut up by hinself of nights, out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might sub)ject him to.* This was the penalty for the second offense.-Wouldst thou like, reader, to see what became of him in the next degree?

The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn auto da $f$ é, arrayed in meonth and most appallingr at-tirc-all trace of his late "watchet weeds" carefinlly effaced, he was exposed in a jacket, resembling those which London lamplighters formerly dehighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture

[^3]was sueh as the ingenious devisers of it eould have antieipated. With his pale and frighted features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante ${ }^{1}$ had seized upon him. In this disguisement he was brought into the hall (L.'s favorite state-room), where awaited him the whole number of his schoolfellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, clad in his state robe for the oceasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors; two of whom, by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to offieiate at these Ultima Supplicia, ${ }^{2}$ not to mitigate (so at least we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne, and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagnes on one oceasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The soourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lietor aecompanied the eriminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting circumstanees, to make aeeurate report with our eyes of the degree of eorporal suffering inflicted. Report, of enurse, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his San Benito, ${ }^{3}$ to his friends, if he had any (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless), or to his parish offiecr, who, to enhance the effect of the seene, had his sta-
tion allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate.
These solemu pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of excreise and recreation after school hours; and, for myself, I must confess, that I was never happier, than in them. The Upper and Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room; and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrences. ${ }^{1}$ The Rev. James Boyer was the Upper Master: but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment, of which I had the good fortume to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learmed about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across the shoulders (just enough to disturb a fly) was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod; and in truth he wielded the cane with no great grood will -holding it "like a daneer." It looked in his hands rather like an emblem than an instrmment of anthority ; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good easy man, that did not care to rufile his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upn the value of juvenile time. He came among us, now
and then, but often stayed away whole days from us; and when he came, it made no difference to us-he had his private room to retire to, the short time he stayed, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to "insolent Greece or haughty Rome," ${ }^{1}$ that passed current among usPeter Wilkins ${ }^{2}$-the Adventures of the Hon. Capt. Robert Boyle-the Fortunate Blue Coat Boy-and the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic or scientific operation; making little sum-dials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called catcradles; or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe; or studying the art military over that laudable game "French and English," and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time-mixing the useful with the agreeable-as would have made the souls of Roussean and John Locke ${ }^{3}$ chuckle to have seen us.

Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian; but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition. He was engaged in gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some episcopal levée, when he should have been attending upon us. He lad for many years the classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education; and his very highest form seldom proceeding further than two or three of
the introduetory fables of Phedrus. ${ }^{1}$ How things were suffered to go on thus, I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, perhaps felt, a delieacy in interfering in a provinee not strietly his own. I have not been without my suspicions, that he was not altogether displeased at the contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of IIelots ${ }^{2}$ to his young Spartans. He would sometimes, with ironie deferenee, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with Sardonie grin, observe to one of his upper boys, "how neat and fresh the twigs looked." While his pale students were battering their brains over Xenophon and Plato, ${ }^{3}$ with a silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite, ${ }^{4}$ we were enjoying ourselves at our ease in our little Coshen. ${ }^{5}$ We saw a little into the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more reconeile us to our lot. His thunders rolled innocuous for us: his storms eame near, but never tonched 115 ; eontrary to Gideon's miracle, ${ }^{6}$ while all around us were drenched, our flecee was dry.* His boys turned out the better seholars; we, I suspeet, have the advantage in temper. His pupils eannot speak of him without something of terror allaving their gratitude: the remembrance of Field eomes baek with all the soothing images of indolence, and summer slumbers, and wonk like play, and innocent idleness, and Elysian exemptions, and life itself a "playing loliday."

[^4]Though sufficiently removed from the jurisdiction of Boyer, we were near enough (as I have said) to understand a little of his system. We oceasionally heard sounds of the Ululantes, ${ }^{1}$ and caught glances of Tartarus. ${ }^{2}$ B. was a rabid pedant. His English style was cramped to barbarism. IIis Easter anthems (for his duty obliged him to those periodical flights) were grating as serannel pipes.* 3- Ile would laugh, ay, and heartily, but then it must be at Flaccus's quibble about Rex ${ }^{4}$ ——or at the tristis severitas in vultu, or inspicere in patinas, of Terence ${ }^{5}$-thin jests, which at their first broaching eould hardly have had vis enough to move a Roman musele.-He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different omen. The one serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old diseolored, unkempt, angry eaxon, dcnoting frequent and bloody exeention. Woe to the sehool, when he made his morning appearance in his passy, or passionate wig. No comet expounded surer. J. B. had a heary hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling ehild (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips) with a "Sirrall, do you presume to set your wits at me?"--

* In this and every thing $B$. was the antipodes of his coadjutn. While the former was digging his brains for crude anthems, worth a pig-nut, F. would be recreating his gentlemanly fancy in the more flowery walks of the Muses. A little dramatic effusion of his, under the name of Vertmmus and Pomoma, is not yet formoten by the chroniclers of that sort of literature. If was aecepted ly Garrick, but the town did not give it their sane inn.- B. nsed to say of it, in "1 way of half-mmpliment, half-irony, that it was ton clussical for representation.

Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the schoolroom, from his inner recess, or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "Od's my life, Sirral"' (his favorite adjuration), "I have a great mind to whip you,"-then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, Hing back into his lair-and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong ont again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil's Litany, with the expletory yell -" and I will too."- In his gentler moods, when the rabidus furor ${ }^{1}$ was assuaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping the boy, and reading the Debates, at the same time; a paragraph, and a lash between; which in those times, when parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not calculated to impress the pal tient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.

Once. and but once, the uplifted rod was known to fall ineffectual from his hand-when droll squinting W- having been caught putting the inside of the master's desk to a use for which the architect had clearly not designed it, to justify himself, with great simplicity arerred, that he did not linow that the thing had been forcurarned. This exquisite irreeognition of any law antecedent to the oral or declaratory struck so irresistibly upon the fancy of all who heard
it (the pedagogue himself not excepted) that remission was unavoidable.
L. has given eredit to B.'s great merits as an instructor. Coleridge, in his literary life, has pronounced a more intelligible and ample eneomium on them. The author of the Country Speetator ${ }^{1}$ doubts not to compare him with the ablest teachers of antiquity. Perhaps we eannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of C .-when he heard that his old master was on his death-bed-"Poor J. B.!may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little eherub boys, all head and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities."

Under him were many good and sound seholars bred.-First Grecian of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since Co-grammarmaster (and inseparable companion) with Dr. T-e. ${ }^{2}$ What an edifying speetacle did this brace of friends present to those who remembered the antisocialities of their predecessors!-You never met the one by chanee in the street without a wonder, which was quiekly dissipated by the almost inmediate subappearance of the other. Generally arm in arm, these kindly coadjutors lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession, and when, in advanced age, one found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in diseovering that it suited him to hay down the fasces also. Oh, it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the Ciccro De

Amicitia, ${ }^{1}$ or some tale of Antique Friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate! -Co-Grecian with S. was Th——, ${ }^{2}$ who has since exccuted with ability various diplomatic funetions at the Northern courts. Th-- was a tall, dark, saturnine youth, sparing of spceeh, with raven locks. -Thomas Fanshaw Middleton followed him (now Bishop of Calcutta) a scholar and a gentleman in his tcens. He has the reputation of an cxcellent eritie; and is author (besides the Country Spectator) of a Treatise on the Greck Artielc, against Sharpe-M. is said to bear his miter high in India, where the regni novitas ${ }^{3}$ (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing. A humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker ${ }^{4}$ might not be exactly fitted to impress the minds of those Anglo-Asiatic dioecsans with a reverence for home institutions, and the ehurch whieh those fathers watered. The mamers of M. at school, though firm, were mild, and massuming.Next to M. (if not senior to him) was Richards. author of the Aboriginal Britons, the most spirited of the Oxford Prize Poems; a pale, studious (irecian.Then followed poor S-_, ill-fated M-_! ${ }^{\circ}$ of these the Muse is silent.

Finding some of Edward's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by. ${ }^{7}$
Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a hery column before thee-the dark pillar not yet turnedSamuel Taylor Coleridge-Logrician, Metaphysician,

Bard!-How have I seen the easual passer through the Cloisters stand still, entraneed with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Mirandula), ${ }^{1}$ to hear thee unfold, in thy decp and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jambliehus, or Plotinus ${ }^{2}$ (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at sueh philosophie draughts), or reeiting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar ${ }^{3}$ _ while the walls of the old Grey Friars recehoed to the aceents of the inspired charity-boy! Many were the "wit-combats" (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller) between him and C. V. Le G-_, "'whieh two I behold like a Spanish great gallion, and an English man-of-war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performanecs. C. V. L., with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, eould turn with all tides, taek about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Nor shalt thou, their eompeer, be quiekly forgotten, Allen, with the eordial smile, and still more cordial laugh, with which thou wert wont to make the old Cloisters shakc, in thy eognition of some poignant jest of theirs; or the antieipation of some more material, and, peradrenture, practical one, of thine own. Extinet are those smiles, with that beantiful eountenanee, with whieh (for thou wert the Nireus formosus ${ }^{5}$ of the school), in the clays of thy maturer wagrery, thou didst disam the wrath of infuriated
town-damsel, who, incensed by provoking pineh, turning tigress-likie romd, suddenly converted by thy amgel-look, exchanged the half-formed terrible "bl_—," for a gentler greeting-"bless thy handsome face!"

Next follow two, who onght to be now alive, and the friends of Elia-the jumior Le C - — and F - ; ${ }^{1}$ who impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect-ill eapable of enduring the slights poor Sizars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning-exchanged their Alma Mater for the eamp; perishing, one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanea: ${ }^{2}$-Le $(\mathrm{r}-$ - samguine, volatile, sweet-natured: F - dogred, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height abont him.

Fine, frank-hearted Fr-_, ${ }^{3}$ the present master of Hertford, with Marmadnke $T$ '——, mildest of Mis-sionaries-and both my good ifrends still-close the cataloguc of Grecians in my time.

## TIIE TWO RACES OF MEN

Trie hmman species, aecorting to the best theory 1 can form of it, is composed of two distinct raees, the men who borrow, and the men who lend. To these two original diversities may be redneed all those impertinent classifications of Cothie and Celtic tribes, white inen, hack men, red men. All the dwellems upon earth, "l'arthians, amd Medes, and Elamites," ${ }^{6}$
floek hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinetions. The infinite superiority of the former, whieh I ehoose to designate as the great race, is diseernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinetive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. "IIe shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspieious; ${ }^{1}$ eontrasting with the open, trusting, generous manner of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages-Aleibiades-Falstaff-Sir Riehard Steeleour late incomparable Brinsley ${ }^{2}$-what a family likeness in all four!

What a eareless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful relianee on Providence doth he manifest,--taking no more thought than lilies! What eontempt for money-aeeounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantie distinetions of moum and turm! ${ }^{3}$ or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), ${ }^{4}$ resolving these supposed opposites into one elear, intelligible pronoun adjective!-What near approaehes doth he make to the primitive community,to the extent of one-half of the prineiple at least !He is the true taxer who "ealleth all the world up to be taxed;" and the distanee is as vast between him and one of $u s$, as subsisted betwixt the Angustan Majesty and the poorest obolary Jew that paid it tribute-pittance at Jerusalem!-His exaetions, too,
have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state-gatherers,-those ink-horn varlets, who carry their want of weleome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no reeeipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his Feast of IDoly Michacl. ${ }^{1}$ He applieth the lene tormentum 2 of a pleasant look to your rurse, -which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveler, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontie ${ }^{3}$ which never ebbeth! The sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the vietin, whom he delighteth to honor, struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lendthat thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives! ${ }^{4}$-but, when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light he makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

Reflections like the foregoing were foreed upon my mind by the death of my old friend, Ralph Bigod, Esq., ${ }^{5}$ who departed this life on Wednesday evening; dying, as he had lived, without much tronhle. Ife boasted himself a deseentant from mirhty ancestors of that name, who heretofore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. Jiarly in life
he found himself invested with ample revenues; which, with that noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the great race, he took almost inmediate measures entirely to dissipate and bring to nothing; for there is something revolting in the idea of a king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished, by the very act of disfurnishment; getting rid of the cumbersome luggage of riehes, more apt (as one sings)

Tos slacken rirtue, and abate her edge, ${ }^{1}$
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise,
he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise, "borrowing and to borrow!"

In his periegesis, or triumphant progress throughout this island, it has been ealeulated that he laid a tithe part of the inhabitants under eontribution. I rejeet this estimate as greatly exaggerated:-but having had the honor of aceompanying my friend, divers times, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own, I was greatly struek at first with the prodigions number of faces we met, who elaimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems, these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; gentlemen, his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he had necasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did in no way diseoncert him. He rather took a pride in numbering
them; and, with Comms, seemed pleased to be " stocked with so fair a herd." 1

With such sourees, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorisin, which he had often in his mouth, that "money kept longer than three days stinks." So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he was an excellent tosspot), some he gave away, the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from himas boys do burrs, or as if it had been infections, into ponds or ditches, or deep holes,--inserutable cavities of the earth;-or he would bury it (where he would never seek it again) by a river's side under some bank, which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest-but out away from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar's offspring ${ }^{2}$ into the wilderness, while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which fed his fise. When new supplies beeame neeessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to eontribute to the deficiency. For Bigod had an undeniable way with him. Ife had a chenful. open exterior, a quick jovial eye, a bald forehead, just tonched with gray (cana fides). ${ }^{3}$ Te anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waiviner for a whil, my theory as to the great race, I would put it to the most untheorizing reader, who. may at times litro disposable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindliness of his nature to refuse
such a olfe is 1 illu deseribing, than to say $n \%$ to it poor prlitionary rogne (yon bastard bomower), who, loy his mmmping vismomy, folls yon, that he expects nothing belter; and, horedore, whose presenceived mofions and expertations yon do in reality so much less shoek in the rerlissat.

When I think of this man; his fiery glow of heart; his swell of forling ; how magnifeent, how ideal he Was; how gitelt at the midnight homs ; and when 1 compante with him the eompanions with whom 1 have assocrialed since, 1 grudge the saving ol a liew idfe durats, :mid lliank that I im Sallem into the society ol. loudris, and lillle men.

For onte like kilia, whose treasimes are vather cased in hather eovers thant elosed in iron coffers, theres is a chass ol alienatoms mone lomalalale than that, which I have fouched upon; I mesan yonn berrowers "f books-those matilatoms al eoltections, spoilers of the symmetry of shodves, alld ceraton's of odd volumes. There is (omberbatch,' matrhless in his depmedations!
'That loml gat in the bettom sholf lacing yont like a greal cye-looth knocked ont- (yont ine now with me in my lifle back stady in Bhomshary, reader!) with the hatge Switare-like tomes ${ }^{2}$ on carch side (like
 ghardant of mothing) omee hold the tallesi ol my
 (6) which ifs 1 wo supportors (selool divinity also, but ol' a lesser (alibur, Ballamme, and Holy Thomas),"


Comberbatch abstracted upon the faith of a theory he holds, which is more easy, I confess, for me to snffer by than to refute, namely, that "the title to property in a book (my Bonaventure, for instance), is in exact ratio to the clamant's powers of mederstanding and appreciating the same." Should he go on acting mpon this theory which of our shelves is safe?

The slight vacumm in the left hand ease-two shelves from the eciling-searcely distingnishable but by the quick eye of a loser-was whilom the commodious resting-place of Brown on Lrn Burial. ${ }^{1}$ C. will hardly allege that he knows more abont that treatise than I do, who introdnced it to him, and was indeed the first (of the moderns) to diseover its beanties-but so have I known a foolish lover to praise his mistress in the presence of a rival more qualified to carry her off than himself.-Just below Dodsley's dramas ${ }^{2}$ want their fourth volnme, where Vittoria Corombona is ! ${ }^{3}$ The remander ume are as distasteful as Priam's refuse sons, when the Fates borrouced Hector. ${ }^{4}$ Here stood the Anatomy of Melancholy, ${ }^{5}$ in sober state.-There loitered the Complete Ansler; ${ }^{3}$ quiet as in life, by some stream side.-In yonder nook, John Buncle," a widower-volume. with "eves closed," momrns his ravished mate.

One justice I must do my friend, that if he sometimes, like the sea, sweeps away a treasmre, at another time, sea-like, he throws up as rich an equivalent to mateln it. I have a small under-collection of this nat-
ture (my friend's gatherings in his various calls), picked up, he has forgotten at what odd places, and deposited with as little memory at mine. I take in these orphans, the twice-deserted. These prosclytes of the gate are welcome as the true Hebrews. There they stand in conjunction; natives, and naturalized. The latter seemed as little disposed to inquire out their true lineage as I am.-I charge no warehouseroom for these deodands, nor shall ever put myself to the ungentlemanly trouble of advertising a sale of them to pay expenses.

To lose a volume to C. ${ }^{1}$ carries some sense and meaning in it. You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it. But what moved. thee, wayward, spiteful K., ${ }^{2}$ to be so importunate to carry off with thee, in spite of tears and adjurations to thec to forbear, the Letters of that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle? ${ }^{3}$-knowing at the time, and knowing that I knew also, thou most assuredly wouldst never turn over one leaf of the illustrious folio:-what but the mere spirit of contradiction, and childish love of getting the better of thy friend?Then, worst cut of all! to transport it with thee to the Gallican land-

Unworthy land to harbor such a sweetness,
A virtue in which all ennobling thoughts dwelt,
Pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts, her sex's wonder!
-hadst thou not thy play-books, and books of jests and fancies, abont thee, to keep thee merry, even as thon keepest all companies with thy quips and mirthful tales?-Child of the Green-room, it was unkindly done of thee. Thy wife, too, that part-French, better-part Englishwoman!-that she could fix upon no other treatise to bear away in kindly token of remembering us, than the works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brook ${ }^{1}$-of which 110 Frenchman, nor woman of France, Italy, or England. was ever by mature constituted to comprehend a tittle! Was there not Zimmerman on solitude?:

Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be slyy of showing it; or if thy heart orerfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; lont let it be to such a one as S. T'. C.-he will retmen theme (temerally anticipating the time appointed) with nsury; enriched with amotations, tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are these precious Mss. of his- (in maller oftentimes, find almost in quantity not infrequently, rying with the originals) - in no very elerkly hand-legible in my Damiel; ${ }^{3}$ in old Burton; in Sir Thomas Browne: and those abstruser cogitations of the fireville, now, alas! wanderiner in Pagan lands-I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library, against S. T. C.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

Every man hath two birth-days; two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his normal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth his. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birth-day hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand any thing in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from whieh all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the rativity of our common Adam.

Of all sound of all bells (bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven)-most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never. hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or negleeted-in that regrette? time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal color; nor was it a poctical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed

[^5]It is no more than what in sober sadness every one of us seems to be conscious of, in that awful leavetaking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some of my companions affected rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predeecssor. But I am none of those who -

## Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest. 1

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books; new faces, new years,-from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sangluine only in the prospects of other (formere) years. I plunge into foregone visious and conclusions. I eucomber pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armor-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overeome in faney, old adversaries. I play over again for love, as the gamesters phrase it, games, for which I onee paid so dear. I wonld scaree now have any of those montoward aceidents amb events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-entrived novel. Wethinks. it is better that I should have pimed away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fail hair, and fairer eves of $A$ lice $\mathbb{I V}^{-n}{ }^{2}{ }^{2}$ than that so passionate a love-adrentme shonld be lost. It was better that our family shomld have missed that legacy which old Dorimill cheated us of, than that I
should have at this moment two thousand pounds in banco, and be without the idea of that specious old rogue.

In a degree beneath manlood, it is my infirmity to look back upon those early days. Do I advance a paradox, when I say, that, skipping over the intervention of forty years, a man may have leave to love himself, without the imputation of self-love?

If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective-and mine is painfully so-can have a less respect for his present identity, than I have for the man Elia. I know lim to be light, and vain, and humorsome; a notorious * * * ; addicted to * * * : averse from comsel, neither taking it, nor offering it;- * * * besides; a stanmering buffoon; what you will; lay it on, and spare not; I subscribe to it all, and much more, than thou canst be willing to lay at his door_-but for the child Elia-that "other me," there, in the back-ground-I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master-with as little reference, I protest, to this stupid changeling of five-andforty, as if it had been a child of some other louse, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow at Christ's, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its slecp. I know how it shank from any the least color of falschood.-God
help thee, Elia, how art thou changed! Thou art sophisticated.-I know how honest, how comrageous (for a weakling) it was-how religious, how imaginative, how hopcful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself,-and not some dissembling guardian, presenting a false identity, to give the rule to $11 y$ unpracticed steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being!

That I am fond of indulging, beyond a hope of sympathy, in such retrospection, may be the symptom of some sickly itiosyncrasy. Or is it owing to another cause; simply, that being without wife or family, I have not learned to project myself enourh out of myself ; and having no offspring of my own to dally with, I turn back upon memory, and adopt my own early idea, as my heir and favorite? If these speculations seem fantastical to thee, reader(a busy man, perchanee), if I tread out of the way of thy sympathy, and am singularly-conceited only, I retire, impenctrable to ridicule, under the phantom clond of Elia.

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the saceed observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept ly them with eireumstances of peculiar ceremony.-In those days the sound of those midnight chimes thongh it seemed to raise hilarity in all aromed me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imatery into my: fancy. Yet I then searce conceived what it meant. or thought of
it as a reekoning that eoneerned me. Not ehildhood alone, but the young man till thir'ty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth?-I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle." "Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the impalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity: and reluet at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in lore with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitndes, and the sweet seeurity of streets. I would set up my tabernaele here. I am eontent to stand still at the age to which $I$ an arrived; $I$, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, is they say, into the grave.-Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzales and discomposes me. My houschold-gods plant a
terrible fixed font, and are not rooted up withont blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. ${ }^{1}$ A new state of being staggers me.

Sum, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greemmess of fields, and the delicions juices of meats and fishes, and socicty, and the eheerful glass, and eandle-light, and fire-side conversations, and imoeent ranities, and jests, and irony itsclf-do these things go out with life?

Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?

And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios! must I part with the intense delight of haring you (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar proeess of reading?

Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here.the recognizable face-the "sweet assurance of a look' ${ }^{\prime}$ ? ${ }^{2}$

In winter this intolerable disinelination to dyingto give it its mildest name-does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do suelı poor snakes as myself enjoy an iminortality. Then we expand and burgeon. Then are we as strong agnin, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me. puts ine in thought of death. All
things allied to the insubstantial, wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral ap-pearanees,-that cold ghost of the sun, or Phebus' sickly sister, ${ }^{1}$ like that innutritious one denounced in the Canticles: ${ }^{2}$ - I' am none of her minions-I hold with the Persian. ${ }^{3}$

Whatsoever thwarts, or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind. All partial evils, like humors, run into that capital plague-sore.I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some liave wooed death- - but out upon thee, I say, thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) ${ }^{4}$ give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but slumned as a universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thec, thou thin, melancholy Pricalion, or more frightful and confounding Posilive!

Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man, that he shall "lie down with kings and emperors in death." ${ }^{5}$ who in his life-time never greatly coreled the society of such bedfellows?- or, forsooth, that, "so shall the fairest face appear?'"-why, to eomfort me, must

Alice $\mathrm{W}-\mathrm{n}$ be a goblin? More than all, I conccive disgust at those impertinent and misbeeoming familiarities, inseribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that "such as he now is, I must shortly be." Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the mcantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Years' Days are past. I sur'vive, a jolly candidate for 1821. Another cup of wine-and while that turn-eoat bell, that just now mournfully elanted the obsequies of $18 \div 0$ departed, with ehanged notes lustily rings in a suecessor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion, by hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton.- ${ }^{1}$

## TIIE NEW YEAR

Hark, the coek erows, and yon bright star
Tells us, the day himself's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Jams 2 doth appear,
Peeping into the futme year,
With such a look as seems to sare,
The prosipect is not grood that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And egainst ourselves to prophesy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief hrings,
Mpre full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direst miseliefs cam befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight.

Better inform'd by elearer light, Diseerns sereneness in that brow, That all contracted seem'd but now. His revers'd face may show distaste, And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear, And smiles upon the New-born Year. He looks too from a place so high, The Year lies open to his eye; And all the moments open are To the exact discorerer. Yet more and more he smiles upon The happy revolution. Why should we then suspect or fear
The influenees of a year, So smiles upou us the first morn, And speaks us good so soon as born? Plague on't! the last was ill enough, This cannot but make better proof; Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason shou'd Be superexeellently good:
For the worst ills (we daily see)
Have no more perpetuity,
Than the best fortumes that do fall ;
Which also bring us wherewithal
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort:
Aud who has one good year in three,
And yot repines at destiny,
Appears ungrateful in the calse,
And merits not the good he has,
Then let us weleome the New Guest
With lusty brimmers of the best;
Mirtl always should Cood Fortune meet,

And render e'en Disaster sweet:
And though the Princess turn her back, Let us bot line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out,
Till the next lear she face about.
How say you, reader-do not these verses smaek of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial; enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood, and generous spirits, in the eoncoction? Where be those puling fears of death, just now expressed or affeeted?-Passed like a clond-absorbed in the purging sunlight of elear poetry-clean washed away by a wave of genuine Hhlieon, ${ }^{1}$ your only Spa ${ }^{2}$ for these hypochondriesAnd now another cup of the generous! and a merry New Year, and many of them, to you all, my masters!

## MRS. BATTLLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST

" $A$ CLEER fire, a elean hearth, and the rigor of the game." 'This was the eclebrated wish of old Sarah Battle (now with God) who, next to her devotions, loved a grood game at whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half and half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber: who affirm that they have no pleasure in wiming: that the like to win one game and lose another : that they can while away an hour very atreeably at a card-table, but are indiferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary,
who has slipped a wrong eard, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the eurse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said, that they do not play at eards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul; and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no eoncessions. She hated favors. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exaeting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: eut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her eards) "like a daneer." She sat bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side-their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favorite suit.

I never in my life-and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it-saw her take ont her snuftbox when it was her turn to play; or snfuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced or connived at, miscellaneous eonversation during its proeess. As she emphatically observed, cards were eards: and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine lasteentury countenanee, it was at the airs of a young rentleman of a literary turn, who had been with dif-
ficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his exeess of eandor, deetared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in reereations of that kind! She eould not bear to have her noble oecnpation, to whieh she wound up her faeulties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she eame into the world to do,-and she did it. She umbent her mind afterwards-orer a book.

Pope ${ }^{1}$ was her favorite author: his Rape of the Loek ${ }^{2}$ her favorite work. She onee did me the favor to play over with me (with the eards) his celebrated game of Ombre ${ }^{3}$ in that poem ; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, tradrille. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them 10 Mr . Bowles : ${ }^{4}$ but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to alhure young persons. The meertainty and quick shifting of partners-a thing which the constaney of whist abhors; the dazaling supremacy and regal investiture of Spadille "-absurd, as she justly ob)served, in the pure aristocracy of whist. where his erown and garter gave him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the Aees:-the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone:-
above all, the overpowering attraetions of a Sans Prendre Vole, ${ }^{1}$ - to the trimmph of which there is eertainly nothing parallel or approaching, in the contingeneies of whist;-all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of eaptivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the soldier game: that was her word. It was a long meal; not like quadrille, a feast of snatehes. One or two rubbers might eoextend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to eultivate steady enmities. She despised the ehance-started, eapricious, and ever fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depieted by Maehiavel; ${ }^{2}$ perpetually ehanging postures and eonneetions; bitter foes today, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breatlo;-but the wars of whist were eomparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational, antipathies of the great Freneh and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favorite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in eribbage--nothing superfluous. No flushos-that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being ean set up:-that anyone should claim four by virtue of holding eards of the same mark and color, wiflout reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretentions of the eards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at eards as alliteration is in
authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colors of things. Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them: but what shonld we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit for dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshaled-never to take the field?-She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and, in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably allowed of. She saw un reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps? - Why two colors, when the mark of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it? -
"But the eve, my dear Madan, is agrecably refreshed with the variety. Nan is not a creature of pure reason-he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your rmaker spirit of unsensualizing would have kept out.-You, yourself, have a pretty collection of paintings-but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, ${ }^{1}$ or among the Panl Potters ${ }^{2}$ in the ante-room, you ever felt yomr bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all eomparable to that yon have it in rour power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the
court cards?- the pretty antie habits, like heralds in a procession-the gay triumph-assuring searlets the eontrasting deadly-killing sables-the 'hoary majesty of spades'-Pam in all his glory! ${ }^{1}$ -
"All these might be dispensed with; and, with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, pietureless. But the beauty of eards would be extinguished forever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling.--Imagine a dull deal board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to nature's), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and tourneys in!-Exchange those delicately turned ivory markers-(work of Chinese artist, unconseious of their symbol,-or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman ${ }^{2}$ that turned out those little shrines for the goddess) - exchange them for little bits of leather (our aneestors' money) or chalk and a slate!'"

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favorite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a emrious cribhage board, made of the finest Sienna marble, ${ }^{3}$ which her maternal mele (Old Walter Plumer, ${ }^{4}$ whom I have elsewhere eelebrated) brought with him from Florence:-this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds came to me at her death.

The former' bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religions care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially rulgar game, I have heard her say,-disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She eould never heantily bring her mouth to pronounce "go," or "that's a go." She ealled it an ungrammatieal game. The perging teased her. I onee knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five dollar stake), becanse she would not take adrantage of the turned-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she mmst have clamed by the disgraceful temure of deelaring "/wo for his hecls." There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the eards for two persons, though she would ridienle the pedantry of the terms-sueh as pique repique-the capotthey sarored (she thought) of affeetation. But games for two, or eren three, she never greatly eared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She woukd argne thus:-Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport: when smole adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is foo elose a fight: with spectators, it is not murch bettered. No looker-on can be interested. exeept for a but, and then it is a mere affair of monery he cares not for your luck symputhatically, or for your play.-'Three
are still worse; a mere naked war of every man agrainst every man, as in eribbage, without leagne or alliance ; or a rotation of petty and contradietory interests, a suceession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infraetions of them, as in tradrille. But in square games (she mount whist) all that is possible to be attained in eard-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honor, common to every speeies-thongh the latter cau be but very imperfeetly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and prineipals too. They are a theater to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold-or even an interested -bystander wituesses it, but beeause your parlme: sympathizes in the contingeney. You win for two. You trimmph for two. Two are cxalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousuess) your glories. Two losing to two are better reeoreiled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the elamels. War beeomes a civil grame.- By such reasonings as these the old lady was acenstomed to defend her favorite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play
at any game where any ehanee entered into the composition, for nothing. Chance, she would argue -and here again, admire the subtlety of her con-clusion!-ehanec is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious, that camot be glory. What rational eause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size aee a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending?-Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tiekets with but one fortunate numberand what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times suecessively, withont a prize? -Therefore she disliked the mixture of ehance in baekgammon, where it was not played for moncy. She ealled it foolish, and those people idiots, who were taken with a lueky lit under sueh eireumstanees. Games of pure skill were as little to her faney. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of over-reaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit-his memory, or eom-bination-faculty rather-against another's; like a moek cngagement at a review, bloodless and profit-less.-She could not ennecive a game wanting the sprightly infusion of ehance, -the handsome exenses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a roon whilst whist was stirring in the eenter, would inspire her with msufferable horror and emmui. Those well-cut similitndes of Castles, and Knights, the imagery of the board, she would
argue (and I think in this ease justly) were entircly misplaeed, and senseless. Those hard head-contests ean in no instance ally with the faney. They reject form and eolor. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such eombatants.

To those puny objeetors against eards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. IIe must be always trying to get the better in something or other:-that this passion ean seareely be more safely expended than upon a game of eards: that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but play at being mightily eoncerned, where a few idle shillings arc at stake, yet, during the illusion, we are as mightily coneerned as those whose stake is erowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; mueh ado; great battling, and little blood shed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious gumes of life, which men play, without esteeming then to be sueh.

With great deference to the old lady's judgment on these matters, I think I have expericneed some moments in my life, when playing at cards for nothing has even been very agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet for love with my cousin Bridget-Bridget Elia. ${ }^{1}$

I grant there is something sneaking in it: but with a toothache or a spraincd ankle,-when you are
subdued and humble,-you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of aetion.

There is sueh a thing in nature, I am conrineed, as sick whist.-

I grant it is not the highest style of man-I depreeate the manes of Sarah Battle-she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologize.-

At sueh times those torms which my old friend objeeted to, come in as something admissible.-I love to get a tierce or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdned to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted her) - (dare I tell thee how foolish I am?) I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play: I would be eontent to go on in that idle folly for ever: The pipkin should be ever boiling, that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over: and as I do not much relish applianees, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and 1 should be ever playing.

## A CIIAPTER ON EARS

I
indre no ear-
Mistake me not, reader,-mer imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages. hanging ornaments, and (architectmrally speaking)
handsome volutes to the human eapital. Better my mother had never borne me.-I am, I think, rather delicately than eopiously provided with those eouduits; and I feel no disposition to envy the mule for his plenty, or the mole for her exaetness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets-those indispensable side-intelligencers.

Neither have I incurred, nor done anything to ineur, with Defoe, ${ }^{1}$ that hideous disfigurement, whieh constrained him to draw upon assurance-to feel "quite unabashed," and at ease upon that artiele. I was never, I thank my stars, in the pillory; nor, if I read them aright, is it within the empass of my destiny, that I ever should be.

When therefore I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean-for music.-To say that this heart never melted at the coneourse of sweet sounds, would be a foul self-libel.- "Water parted from the sea' never fails to move it strangely. So cloes "In Infancy." But they were used to be sung at her harpsichord (the old-fashoned instrument in rogue in those days) by a gentlewomanthe gentlest, sure, that ever merited the appellationthe sweetest-why slould I hesitate to name Mrs. S-.-.,2 once the blooming Fanny Weatheral of the Temple-who had power to thrill the soul of Elia, small imp as he was, even in his long eoats; and to make him glow, tremble, and blush with a passion, that not faintly indicated the day-spring of that absorbing sentiment, which was afterwards destined
to overwhelm and subdue his natmre quite, for Alice $\mathrm{W}-\mathrm{n}$.

I even think that sentimentally I am disposed to harmony. But organicully I an incapable of a tune. I have been practicing "God sate the King', all my life; whistling and humming of it over to myself in solitary corners; and ann not yet arrived, they tell me within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

I am not without suspieion, that I have an undeveloped faculty of musie within me. For, thrumming, in my wild way, on my friend A.'s piano, the other morning, while he was engaged in an adjoining parlor,-on his return he was pleased to say, "he thought it could not be the maid!" On his first surprise at hearing the keys tonched in somewhat an airy and masterful way, not dreaning of me, his suspicions had lighted on Jenny. But a grace, snatched from a superior refinement, soon eonvineed him that some being.---technieally perhaps deficient, but higher informed from a prineiple common to all the fine arts,-had swayed the keys to a mood which Jemyy, with all her (less conltivated) enthmsiasm, could never have elicited from them. I mention this as a proof of my friend's penctration and not with any view of disparaying Jemy.

Scientifically 1 eonld never be made to understand (ret have I taken some pains) what a note in music is; or how one note shomld difter from another. Much less in roices can I distinguish a soprano from
a tenor. Only sometimes the thorongh bass I contrive to guess at, from its being supereminently harsh and disagreeable. I tremble, however, for my misapplication of the simplest terms of that which I disclaim. While I profess my ignorance, I searee know what to say I ans ignorant of. I hate, perhaps, by misnomers. Sostemuto and adagio ${ }^{1}$ stand in the like relation of obscurity to me; and Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, is as conjuring as Baralipton. ${ }^{2}$

It is hard to stand alone-in an age like this,(constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages, since Jubal ${ }^{3}$ stumbled upon the gamut) to remain, as it were, singly unimpressible to the magic influences of an art, which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating and refining the passions.-Yet rather than break the candid current of my confessions, I must avow to you, that I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this so eried-up faculty.

I an constitutionally suseeptible of noises. A carpenter's hammer, in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more than midsummer madness. But those ineomected, unset sounds are nothing to the measured malice of music. The ear is passive to those single strokes; willingly enduring stripes, while it hath no task to con. To music it camot be passive. It will strive-mine at least will-'spite of its inaptitude to thrid the maze: like an unskilled cye painfully pouring upon hicroglyphics. I have sat through
an Italian Opera, till, for sheer pain, and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest place's of the erowded streets, to solace myself with somuls, whieh I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of endless, fruitless, barren attention! I take refuge in the unpretending assemblage of honest, eommon-life sounds;-and the purgatory of the Enraged Musieian becomes my paradise.

I have sat at an Oratorio (that profanation of the purposes of the eheerful playhouse) watehing the faces of the auditory in the pit (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing Audience!) immovable, or affecting some faint emotion,-till (as some have sairl, that our oceupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted us in this) I have imagined myself in some cold Theater in Itades, ${ }^{1}$ where some of the forms of the earthly one should be kept up, with none of the enjoyment; or like that-

> All silent, and all damarn:
> Party in a parlor:

Above all, those insufterable eoncertos, and pieees of mnsic, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension.-Words are something: but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a dying, to lie stretched mpon a rack of roses: to keep up langror by unintermitted effort ; to pile honcy. upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and
strain ideas to keep pace with it ; to gaze on empty frames, and be foreed to make the pietures for yourself ; to read a book, all stops, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime-these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty instrumental music.

I deny not, that in the opening of a concert, I have experienced something vastly lulling and agree-able:-afterwards followeth the languor, and the oppression. Like that disappointing book in Patmos; ${ }^{1}$ or, like the comings on of melancholy, described by Burton, doth musie make her first insinuating ap-proaches:- "Most pleasant it is to such as are melancloly given, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by some brook side, and to meditate upon some delightsome and pleasant subject, which shall affeet hine most, amabilis insaniu, and mentis gratissimus error. ${ }^{2}$ A most incomparable delight to build eastles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose, and strongly inagine, they act, or that they see done.-So delightsome these toys at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years in such contemplations, and fantastical meditations, whieh are like so many dreams, and will hardly be drawn from them-winding and unwinding themselves as so many elocks, and still pleasing their humors, until at last the scene turns lupon a scdden,
and they being now habitated to such meditations, and solitary places, can endure no company, can think of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, subrusticus pudor, ${ }^{1}$ discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them on a sudden, and they ean think of nothing else: continnally suspeeting, no sooner are their eres open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds; which now, by no means, no labor, no persuasions they ean woid, they cannot be rid of it, they cannot resist."

Something like this "scene-turning" I have experieneed at the evening parties, at the honse of my good Catholie friend Nou-_; ${ }^{2}$ who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.*

When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side aisles of the dim abbey, some five and thirty years since, waking a new scuse, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension-whether it be that, in which the psahmist. weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dore's wings-or that other. which. with a like measure of sohriety and pathos, inquireth by what

[^6]means the young man shall best eleanse his mind-a holy ealm pervadeth me,-I am for the time.
——_rapt above carth,
And possicess joys not promised at my birth
But when this master of the spell, not eontent to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to infliet more bliss than lies in her capaeity to receive, --impatient to overcome her "earthly" with his "hearenly,"-still pouring in, for protraeted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted German ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions Haydr and Mozart, ${ }^{1}$ with their attendant tritons, Bach, Berthoven, ${ }^{2}$ and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,-I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wit's end; -_clonds, as of frankineense, oppress me--priests, altars, eensers, dazzle before me-the genius of his religion hath me in her toils-a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, fate so naked, so ingenious-he is Pope,-and hy him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreans, a she-Pope too,-tri-eoroneted like himself! I am conrierted, and yet a Protestant;-at onee mallous hercticormm. ${ }^{3}$ and myself grand heresiarch : or three heresies center in my person:-I am Marcion, Ebion, and Cer-inthus-Gog and Magog ${ }^{4}$ - what not ?-till the coning in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly
my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reeonciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine unterrifying aspects of my pleasantcountenanced host and hostess.

## ALL FOOLS' DAY

Tue eompliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all!

Many happy returns of this day to you-and youand you, Sir--nay, never frown, man, nor put a long face upon the matter. Do not we know one another? what need of ceremony among friends? we have all a touch of that same-you understand me-a speck of the motley. Beshrew the man who on such a day as this, the general festival, should affeet to stand aloof. I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to-day, shall meet with no wise-acre, I can tell him. Stultus sum. ${ }^{2}$ Translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for rour pains. What, man, we have four (quarters of the globe on our side, at the least computation.

Fill us a cup of that sparkling gooseberry-we will drink no wise, molancholy, politic port on this dayand let us troll the eateh of Amiens-duc ad meduc ad me ${ }^{3}$-how goes it?

Here shall he see Grose fools as he. 4

Now would I give a tritle to know historically and authentically, who was the greatest fool that ever lived. I would eertainly give him in a bumper. Marry, of the present breed, I think I could without mueh difficulty name you the party.

Remove your eap) a little further, if you please; it hides my bauble. And now each man bestride his hobby, and dust away his bells to what tune he pleases. I will give you for my part,
_-_The crazy old church clock, And the bewildered chimes.

Good master Kimpedoeles, ${ }^{1}$ you are weleome. It is long sinee you went a salanander-gathering down Atna. Worse than samphire-pieking by some odds. This a merey your worship did not singe your mustachios.

Ha! Cleombrotus $!^{2}$ and what salads in faith did yon light upon at the bottom of the Mediterranean? Yon were founder, I take it, of the disinterested seet of the Calenturists. ${ }^{3}$
(Gedir, ${ }^{4}$ my old free-mason, and prinee of plasterers at Babel, ${ }^{5}$ bring in yonr trowel, most Ancient Grand! You lave claim to a seat here at my right hand, as patron of the stammerers. You left your work, if I remember Herodotus" eorrectly, at eight hundred million toises, or thereabont, above the level of the sea. Bless us, what a long bell you must have pulled, to (all your top workmen to their mumehion on the low gromuds of Semmar. ${ }^{7}$ Or did you send up your garr-
lick and onions by a rocket? I am a rogue if I am not ashaned to show you our Monument on Fish Street Ilill, after your altitudes. Yet we think it somewhat.

What, the magnanmous Alexander in tears? ${ }^{1}$ ery, baby, put its finger in its eye, it shall have another globe, round as an orange, pretty moppet!

Mister Adams-'odso, I honor your coat-pray do us the favor to read to us that sermon, whieh you lent to Mistress Slipslop-the twenty and second in your portmanteau there-on Female Ineontinencethe same-it will come in most irrelerantly and imspertinently seasonable to the time of the day.

Good Master Raymond Lully, ${ }^{2}$ you look wise. Pray correct that error.-

Duns, ${ }^{3}$ spare vour definitions. I must fine you a bumper, or a paradox. We will have notling said or done syllogistieally this day. Remove those logieal forms, waiter, that no gentleman break the tender shins of his apprehension stumbling across them.

Master Stephen, you are late.-Ha! Cokes, is it you?- Agnecheek, my dear knight, let me pay my devoir to fon- Master Shallow, your worship's poor servant to eommand.-Master Silence, I will use few words with you.-Slender. ${ }^{4}$ it shall go hand if I erfer not you in somewhere.-You six will eneroses all the poor wit of the company to-day.-I know it, I know it.

Ha! honest R-_. my fine old Librarian of Ladgate, time out of mind, art thou liere again? Bless
thy doublet, it is not over-new, threadbare as thy stories:-what dost thou flitting about the world at this rate?-Thy customers are extinet, defunct, bedrid, have ceased to read long ago.-Thou goest still among them, sceing if, peradventure, thou canst hawk a volume or two.-Good Granville S-_, thy last patron is flown.

King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapt in lead.2-
Nevertheless, noble R-, come in, and take your seat here, between Armado and Quisada: ${ }^{3}$ for in true conrtesy, in gravity, in fantastic smiling to thyself, in eourteous smiling upon other's, in the goodly ornathre of well-appareled speceh, and the commendation of wise sentences, thon art nothing inferior to those accomplished Dons of Spain. The spirit of chivalry forsake me for ever, when I forget thy singing the song of Macheath, ${ }^{4}$ which declares that he might be happy with either, situated between those two ancient spinsters-when I forget the inimitable formal love which thon didst make, turning now to the one, and now to the other, with that Malvolian smile ${ }^{5}$-as if Cervantes, not Gay, ${ }^{6}$ had written it for his hero; and as if thousands of periods must revolve, before the mirror of conrtesy enuld have given his invidions preference between a pair of so goodly-propertied and meritorions-equal damsels. * * *

To desecnd from these altitudes, and not to protract our Fools' Banquet beyond its appropriate day,
-for I fear the seeond of April is not many hours distant-in sober verity I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a Fool-as naturally, as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a ehild, with childlike apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those Parables-not guessing at their involved wisdom-I had more yearnings towards that simple arehiteet, that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more eatious neighbor; I grudged at the hard eemsure pronouneed upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and-prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat unfeminine wariness of their eompetitors-I felt a kindliness, that almost amomeded to a tendre, for those five thoughtless virgins - I have never made an aequaintance since, that lasted; or ia friendship, that answered; with any that had not some tineture of the absurd in their elaracters. I rencrate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more langhable blunders a man shall eommit in your company, the more tests he giveth yon, that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety which a palpable hallueination warrants: the seemrity, whieh a word ont of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it ron, if you please. that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture. had pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is observed, that "the fonlistier the fowl or fish -woodeoeks,-dnterels.-med's-leerds, cte.. the finere the flesh thereof," and what are commonly the world's re.
ceived fook, but such whereof the world is not worthy? and what have been some of the kindliest patterns of our species, but so many darlings of absurdity, minions of the goddess, and her white boys?Rader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the April Fool.

## A QUAKERS' MEETING

Still-hom Silence? thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
Oflspring of a heavenly kind!
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind!
Sercerey's (ondidant, and he
Who makes religion mystery!
Admimaton's speaking'st tongue! Leabe, thy desert shades among, lieverend hermits' hallowed cells, Where retired devotion dwells!
With thy enthusiasms come,
Sceize ont tumernes, and strike us dmmb!*
RE.DDER, would'st thou know what true peace and friet hean: would'st thou find a refure from the noises and clamoms of the multitude; wonld'sit thon enjoy at once solitule and society; would'st thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shat ont fiom the consolatory faees of thy speries: wonld'st thon be alone, and yet aeeompanied; solitary, yut not desolate; singular, yet not withont somm to keep there in eommtenanee;-a unit in agrere-
. Firom " l'ocms of all sorts," hy Richard Fleckno, lanis.
gate; a simple in composite:-come with me into a ( Luakers' Mecting.

Dost thou love silener deep as thrat "lopfore the winds were made?" go mot out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; slant not up thy easements: nor pour wax into the litfle cells of thy (ars, with little-faith'd self-mistrusting Clysses. ${ }^{1}$ - Retire with me into a Quakers' Mecting.

For a man to refrain even from grood worls, and to hold his peaer, it is commendable; but for a multitude, it is great mastery.

What is the stillness of the dusert, eompared with this place? what the uneommmieating mateness of fishes?- here the goddess reigns and revels.- "Boreas, and Cesias, and Argestes loud, "'" do not with their in-ter-eonfounding uproars more angment the brawl nor the waves of the blown Baltie with their clabloed sounds-than their opposite (Silence her satered self) is multiplied and rendered more intense her munbers, and by sympathy. She ton hath her deeps, that call mento deeps. Negation itself hath a positive mote or less: and closed eyes would seen to obseure the irreat obsemrity of midnight.

There are wonnds, which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfert I mean that which a man enjoyeth hy himself. The perfeet is that which he ean sometimes aftain in erowds, hat nowhere so alisnlutely as in a Quakers' Meetiner.-Those first hembits did emerainly madrestand this prineriple, when they retired into Eerphtian soliturles, not singly, hut in shonk,
to enjoy one another's waut of conversation. The Carthusian ${ }^{1}$ is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of ineommunicativeness. In secular oceasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by-say, a wife-he, or she, too (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption, or oral communication? -can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words?-away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-haunting solitariness. Give me, Master Zimmerman, ${ }^{2}$ a sympathetic solitude.

To pace alone in the cloisters, or side aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken:

> Or under hanging mountains, Or by the fall of fountains;
is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those enjoy, who eome together for the purposes of more complete, abstraeted solitude. This is the lonetiness "to be felt." - The Abbey Chureh of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, ${ }^{3}$ so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benehes of a Quakers' Meeting. Here are no tombs, no inseriptions,
-_ sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings -
but here is something, whieh throws Antiquity herself into the foreground-Silence-eldest of thingslanguage of old Night-primitive Discourser-to which the insolent deeays of moldering grandeur have
but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, monatural progression.

> How reverend is the view of these hushed heads, Looking tranquillity!

Nothing-plotting, nought-caballing, umnishievous synod! convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read to Council, and to consistory ! if my pen treat of you lightlyas haply it will wander-yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting among you in deepest peace, which some out-welling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your begimnings, and the sorrings of the seed by Fox ${ }^{1}$ and Dewesbury.-I have witnessed that, which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquillity, inflexible to the rude jests and serions violences of the insolent soldiery, republiean or royalist, sent to molest you-for ye sate betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the outcast and ofl-scowering of ehurch and preshytery--I have seen the reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle, with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place reccive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amidst lambs. And I remembered Penn before his accusers, ${ }^{\text {a }}$ and Fox in the bail-docks, where le was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and "the Judere and the Jury becalme as dead men under his feet."

Reader, if you are not acpuainted with it, I would
recommend to you, above all ehureh-narratives, to read Sewel's History of the Quakers. ${ }^{1}$ It is in folio, and is the abstract of the journals of Fox, and the primitive 'Friends. It is far more edifying and affecting than anything you will read of Wesley, and his colleagues. ILere is nothing to stagger you, nothing to make you mistrust, no suspicion of alloy, no drop or dreg of the worldly or ambitious spirit. You will here read the true story of that mueh-injured, ridiculed man (who perhaps hath been a by-word in your mouth)—James Naylor: ${ }^{2}$ what dreadful sufferings, with what patienee, he endured even to the boring through of his tongue with red-hot irons without a murmur ; and with what strength of mind, when the delusion he had fallen into, whieh they stigmatized for blasphemy, had given way to elearer thoughts, he could renounce his error, in a strain of the beantifulest humility. yet keep his first grounds, and be a Quaker still!-so different from the practiee of your common converts from enthusiasm, who, when they apostatize, apostatize all, and think they ean never get far enough from the society of their former errors, even to the renumeiation of some saving truths, with which they had been mingled, not implieated.

Get the Writings of John Woolman ${ }^{3}$ by heart; and love the early Quakers.

How far the followers of these good men in our days have kept to the primitive spirit, or in what proportion they have substituted formality for it, the sudge of Spirits ean alone determine. I have seen
faces in their assemblies, upon which the dove sate visibly brooding. Others again I have watched, when my thoughts should have been better engaged, in which I could possibly detect nothing but a blank inanity. Burt quiet was in all, and the disposition to umamimity, and the absence of the fieree controversial workings. -If the spiritual pretensions of the Quakers have abated, at least they make few pretenses. Hypocrites they certainly are not, in their preaching. It is seldom indeed that yom shath see one get up amongst them to hold forth. Only now and then a trembling femate, generally ancient, voice is heard-you cannot guess from what part of the meeting it proceeds-with a low buzaing, musical sound, laying ont a few words which "she thought might suit the condition of some present," with a duaking diffidence, which leaves no possibility of supposing that any thing of female vanity was mixed up, where the tones were so full of tenderness, and a restraning modesty.- The men, for what I have observed, speak seldomer.

Once only, and it was some years ago, I witnessed a sample of the old Foxian orgasm. It was a man of giant stature, who, as Wordsworth phrases it, might have danced "from head to foot eqnipt in iron mail." His frame was of iron too. But he was malleable. I saw him shake all ower with the spinitI dare not say, of delusion. The strivinge of the onter man were mutterable-he seemed mot to speak, but to be spoken from. I saw the strongr man bowed down, and his knees to fail-his joints all seemed loosening-
it was a figure to set off against Paul Preachingthe words he uttered were few, and sound-he was evidently resisting his will-kceping down his own wordwisdom with more mighty effort, than the world's orators strain for theirs. "ITe had been a Wit in his youth," he told us, with expressions of a sober remorse. And it was not till long after the impression had begun to wear away, that I was enabled, with something like a sinile, to reeall the striking ineongruity of the eonfession-understanding the term in its worldly acceptation-with the frame and physiognomy of the person before me. His brow would have seared away the Levites-the Jocos Risus-que ${ }^{1}$ faster than the Loves fled the face of Dis at Enna. ${ }^{2}$ By wit, even in his youth, I will be sworn he understood something far within the limits of an allowable liberty.

More frequently the Meeting is broken up without a word haviug been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon, not made with hands. You have been in the midder eaverns of Trophonius; ${ }^{3}$ or as in some den, where that fiereest and savarest of all wild ereatures, the Tongue, that unruly mumber, has strangely lain tied up and eaptive. You hare bathed with stillness.-O when the spirit is sore fettered, even tired to siekness of the janglings, and nonsense noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is, to go and seat yourself for a quiet half hour, upon some undisputed eorner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers!

Their garb and stillness eonjoined, present an miformity, tranquil and herd-like-as in the pasture"forty feeding like one." -

The very garments of a Quaker seem ineapable of receiving a soil: and cleanliness in then to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lity; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsnn-conferences, ${ }^{1}$ whitening the casterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingrlom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones. ${ }^{2}$

## TIIE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOLAMSTER.

My reading has been lamentably desultory and inmethodieal. Odd, out of the way, old English plays, and treatises, have supplied me with most of my notions, and ways of feeling. In every thing that relates to science. I am a whole Encyelopedia behind the rest of the world. I should have scarcely eut a fignre among the franklins, or comntry gentlemen, in King John's days. I know less geography than a school-boy of six weeks' standing. 'To me a map of old Ortelius ${ }^{4}$ is as authentie as Arrowsmith. ${ }^{5}$ I do not know whereabout Africa merges into Asia; whether Ethiopia lie in one or other of those erreat divisions; nor can form the remotest eonjectme of the position of New South Wales, or Van Dieman's Land. ${ }^{8}$ Yet do I hold a eorrespondence with a very dear friend in the first-mamed of these two Terma Thengnitar. ${ }^{7}$ I have no astromomy. I do not know where to look for the Bear, or Charlos's Wain; ${ }^{s}$ the plaee of any star: or the name of any of
them at sight. I guess at Venus ${ }^{1}$ only by her bright-ness--and if the sun on some portentous morn were to make his first appearance in the West, I verily believe, that, while all the world were gasping in apprehension about me, I alone should stand unterrified, from sheer incuriosity and want of observation. Of history and ehronology I possess some vague points, such as one cannot help pieking up in the course of miscellaneous study; but I never deliberately sat down to a clroniele, even of my own country. I have most dim apprehensions of the fonl great monarehies; and sometimes the Assyrian, sometimes the Persian, floats as first in my faney. I make the wildest eonjectures coneerning Egypt, and her shepherd kings. My friend $M .{ }^{2}$ with great painstaking, got me to think I understood the first proposition in Euelid, ${ }^{3}$ but gave me over in despair at the second. I an entirely unaequainted with the modern languages; and, like a better man than myself, have "small Latin and less (ireck." * I am a stranger to the slapes and texture of the commonest trees, herbs, flowers- 1 not from the ciremstance of my being town-born-for I should have bronght the same inobservant spirit into the world with me, had I first seen it, "on Devon's leafy shores," -and sm 110 less at a loss among purely townobjeets, tools, engines, meehanic processes.-Not that I affect ignorance-but my head has not many mansions, nor spacious; and I have been obliged to fill it with such eabinct euriosities as it ean hold without aching. I sometimes wonder how I have passed my
probation with so little discredit in the world, as I have done, upon so meager a stock. But the fact is, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out, in mixed company; everybody is so muelr more ready to produce his own, than to eall for a display of your acquisitions. But in a têtc-à-tête there is no shuffling. The truth will out. There is nothing which I dread so much, as the being left alone for a quarter of an hour with a sensible, well-informed man that does not know me. I lately got into a dilemma of this sort.-

In one of my daily jaunts between Bishopsgate and Shacklewell, the coach stopped to take up a staid-looking gentleman, about the wrong side of thirty, who was giving his parting directions (while the steps were adjusting), in a tone of mild authority, to a tall youth, who seemed to be neither his elerk. his son, nor his servant, but something partaking of all three. The youth was dismissed, and we drove on. As we were the sole passengers, he naturally enough addressed his conversation to me; and we discussed the merits of the fare, the eivility and punctuality of the driver; the cireumstance of an opposition eoach having been lately set up, with the probabilities of its success-to all which I was enabled to return pretty satisfactory answers, having been drilled into this kind of etignette by some years' daily practice of riding to and fro in the stare aforesaid-when he suddenly alarmerl me by a startling question, whether I liad seem the show of prize cattle that morning in Smithfield? Now as

I had not seen it, and do not greatly eare for such sort of exhihitions, I was olliged to return a cold negative. He seemed a little mortified, as well as astonished, at my deelaration, as (it appeared) he was just come fresh from the sight, and doubtless had hoped to compare notes on the subjeet. However he assured me that I had lost a fine treat, as it far exceeded the show of last year. We were now approaching Norton Falgate, when the sight of some shop-goods ticlieted freshened him up into a dissertation upon the eheapness of eottons this spring. I was now a little in heart, as the nature of my morning avoeations had brought me into some sort of familiarity with the raw material; and I was surprised to find how cloquent I was becoming on the state of the Indian market-when, presently, he dashed my ineipient vanity to the earth at once, by inquiring whether I had ever made any calculation as to the value of the rental of all the retail shops in London. Had he asked of me, what song the Sirens ${ }^{1}$ sang, or what name Aehilles assumed when he hid himself among women, ${ }^{2}$ I might with Sir Thomas Browne, have hazarded a "wide solution." * My companion saw iny embarrassinent, and, the almshouses beyond Shorediteh just coming in view, with great good-nature and dexterity shifted his conversation to the subject of publie eharities; which led to the eomparative merits of provision for the poor in past and present times, with observations on the old monastic institutions, and charitable orders; but, find-

[^7]ing me rather dimly impressed with some ghimmering notions from old poetic associations, than strongly fortified with any speeulations reducible to ealculation on the subject, he gave the matter up; and, the country beginning to open more and more upon us, as we approached the turmpike at Kingsland (the destined termination of his journey), he put a home thrust upon me, in the most unfortunate position he could have chosen, by advancing some queries relative to the North Pole Expedition. While I was muttering out something about the Panorama of those strange regions (which I had actually scen), by way of parrying the question, the eoach stopping relieved me from any further apprehensions. My companion getting ont, left me in the comfortable possession of my ignorance; and I heard him, as he went off, putting questions 10 an outside passenger, who had alighted with him, regarding an epidemie disorder, that had been rife about Dalstom : and which, my friend assured him, had gone through five or six sehools in that neighborhood. The truth now flashed upon me, that my companion was a schoolmaster; and that the youth, whom he had parted from at our first acquaintance, must have been one of the bigger boys, or the nsher.He was evidently a kind-hearted man, who did not seem so muth desirous of provoking disenssion ly the questions which he put, as of ohtaining information at any rate. It did not apperar that he took any interest, either, in such kind of ingnieses, for their own sake; but that he was in some way bomd to seek for
knowledge. A greenish-colored coat, which he had on, forbade me to surmise that he was a clergyman. The adventure gave birth to some reflections on the difference between persons of his profession in past and present times.

Rest to the souls of those fine old Pedagogues; the breed, long sinee extinet, of the Lilys, and the Linacres: ${ }^{1}$ who believing that all learning was contained in the languages which they tanght, and despising every other acquirement as superficial and useless, eame to their task as to a sport! Passing from infancy to age, they dreamed away all their days as in a grammar-school. Revolving in a perpetual cyele of declensions, conjugrations, syntaxes, and prosodies; renewing eonstantly the occupations which had charmed their studious ehildhood; rehearsing continually the part of the past; life must have slipped from them at last like one day. They were always in their first garden, reaping harvests of their golden time, among their Fiori and their Spici-logia; in Arcadia ${ }^{2}$ still, but lings: the ferule of their sway not much harsher, but of like dignity with that mild seepter attributed to king Basilens; the Greek and Latin, their stately Pamela and their Philoclea; with the oecasional dunecry of some untoward Tyro, serviug for a refreshing interlude of a Mopsa, or a clown Dametas! ${ }^{3}$

With what a savor doth the Preface to Colet's, ${ }^{4}$ or (as it is sometimes called) Panl's "Aeridence," set forth! "To exhort every man to the learning of grammar, that intendeth to attain the understanding
of the tongttes, wherein is contained a great treasury of wisdom and knowledere, it would seem but vain and lost labor; for so much as it is known, that nothing can surely be ended, whose begimning is either feeble or faulty: and no building be perfect, whereas the foundation and ground work is ready to fall, and unable to uphold the burden of the frame." How well doth this stately preamble (eomparable to those which Milton eommendeth as "having been the usage to prefix to some solemn law, then first promulgated by Solon, or Leeureus"' ${ }^{1}$ correspond with and illustrate that pious zeal for eonformity, expressed in a succeeding elause, which would fence about grammarrules with the severity of faith-articles!--"as for the diversity of grammars, it is well profitably taken away by the King's Majesties wisdom, who foreseeng the inconvenience, and farorably providing the remedie, caused one kind of grammar by sundry learned men to be diligently drawn, and so to be set out, only everywhere to be taught for the use of learners, and for the hurt in changing of schoomasters." What a gusto in that which follows: "wherein it is profitable that he [the pupit] can orderly decline his noun and his verb." II is noun!

The fine dream is fading away fast: and the least concern of a teacher in the present day is to inculcate grammar-rules.

The modern selroohnastere is expeeted to know a little of everything, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of anything. He mmst be super-
ficially, if I may so say, omniscient. He is to know something of pueumatics; of chemistry; of whatever is curious, or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanies is desirable, with a touch of statisties; the quality of soils, etc., botany, the constitution of his country, cum multis aliis. ${ }^{1}$ You may get a notion of some part of his expected duties by consulting the famous Tractate on Education addressed to Mr. Hartlib.²

All these things-these, or the desire of them-he is expected to instil, not by set lessons from professors, which he may charge in the bill, but at school-intervals, as he walks the streets, or saunters through green ficlds (those natural instruetors), with his pupils. The least part of what is expected from him, is to be done in school-hours. Ile must insinuate knowledge as the moltia tempora fandi.3 He must seize every oe-easion-the season of the year-the time of the daya passing cloud-a raimbow- a wagon of hay-a regiment of soldiers going by-to inculcate something useful. He can receive no pleasure from a casual glimpse of Nature, but must eatch at it as an object of instruction. He must interpret beauty into the picturesque. He cannot relish a beggar-man, or a gipsy, for thinking of the suitable improvement. Nothing comes to him, not spoiled by the sophisticating medium of moral uses. The Universe-that Great Book, as it has been called - is to him indeed, to alt intents and purposes, a book, nut of which he is domed to read tedions homilies to distasting school-
boys.-Vacations themselves are none to him, he is only rather worse off than before; for commonly he has some intrusive upper-boy fastened upon him at such times; some eadet of a great family; some neglected lump of nobility, or gentry ; that he must drag after him to the play, to the Panorama, to Mr. Bartley's Orrery, to the Panopticon, or into the eountry, to a friend's house, or his favorite watering-place. Wherever he goes, this uneasy shadow attends him. A boy is at his board, and in his path, and in all his movements. He is boy-rid, sick of perpetual boy.

Boys are eapital fellows in their own way, among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people. The restraint is felt no less on the one side, than on the other.-Even a ehild, that "plaything for an hour," tires alwellys. The noises of children, playing their own fancies-as I now hearken to them by fits, sporting on the green before my window, while I am engaged in these grave speeulations at my neat suburban retreat at Shaeklewell-by distance made more swent-inexpressibly take from the labor of my task. It is like writing to musie. They seem to modulate my periods. They ought at least to do sofor in the voice of that tender age there is a kind of poetry, far unlike the harsh prose-accents of man's eonversation.-I should but spoil their sport, amd diminish my own sympathy for them, by mingling in their pastime.

I would not be domesticated all my days with a person of very superior capaeity to my own-not, if I
know myself at all, from any considerations of jealousy or self-comparison, for the oceasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felieity of my life-but the habit of too constant intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you, keeps youl down. T'oo frequent doses of original thinking from others, restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's gronnds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides out-pace yours to lassitnde. The constant operation of such potent ageney would reduce me, I am convinced, to imbeeility. You may derive thoughts from others; your way of thinking, the mold in whieh your thoughts are east, must be your own. Intellect may be imparted, but not each man's intelleetual frame.-

As little as I should wish to be always thus dragged upwards, as little (or rather still less) is it desirable to be stunted downwards by your associates. The frumpet does not more stun you by its loudness, than a whisper teases you by its prowking inandibility.

Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a school-master?-beeanse we are conseious that he is not quite at his ease in ours. He is awkward, and ont of place, in the society of his equals. IIe eomes like Culliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to ronrs. He cammet mect you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player.

He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching you. One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were any thing but methodical, and that I was mable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which young gentlemen in his seminary were taught to compose English themes.- The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not tell out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal and didactive hypocrisy in company, as a clerpyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in socicty, than the other can his inclinations.He is forlorn among his co-evals; his jumiors cannot be his friends.
"I take blame to myself," said a sensible man of this profession, writing to a friend respecting a youth who had quitted his school abruptly, "that your nephew was not more attached to me. But persons in my situation are more to be pitied, than ean well be imagined. We are surrounded by young, and, consequently, ardently affectionate hearts, but we can never hope to share an atom of their affections. The relation of master and scholar forbids this. How plasing this must be to you. how I cmy your ferlings, my friends will sometimes say to me, when they see romeng men, whom I have edncated, retinn after some tears' absence from sehool. their cyes shining with pleasure, while they shake hands with their old master, bringing a present of game to me, or a foy to my wife, and thanking me in the warmest terms for my care of their
echucation. 1 holiday is begred for the boys; the house is a seene of happiness; I, only, ain sad, at heart.-This fine-spirited and warm-hearted youth, who fancies he repays his master with gratitude for the eare of his boyish years-this young man-in the eight long years I watehed over him with a parent's anxiety, never could repay me with one look of genuine feeling. He was proud, when I praised; he was submissive, when I reproved him; but he did nerer. love me-and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but the pleasant sensation, which all persons feel at revisiting the seene of their boyish hopes and fears; and the seeing on equal terms the man they were aceustomed to look up to with reverence. My wife too," this interesting correspondent goes on to say: "my onee darling Anna, is the wife of a schoohmaster:-When I married her-knowing that the wife of a sehoolmaster ought to be a busy notable ereature, and fearing that my gentle Ama would ill supply the loss of my dear bustling mother, just then dead, who nerer sat still, was in every part of the house in a moment, and whom I was obliged sometimes to threaten to fasten down in a chair, to save her from fatiguing herself to death-I expressed my fears, that I was bringing her into a way of life unsuitable to her: and she. who loved me tenderly. promised for my sake to exert herself to perform the duties of her new situation. She promised, and she has kept her word. What wonders will not a woman's love perform? - My house is managed with a propriety and
decorum, unknown in other schools; my boys are well fed, look healthy, and have every proper accommodation; and all this performed with a careful ceonomy, that never deseends to meanness. But I have lost my gentle, helpless Anna!-When we sit down to enjoy an hour of repose after the fatigue of the day, I am eompelled to listen to what have been her useful (and they are really useful) employments through the day, and what she proposes. for her to-morrow's task. Her heart and her features are ehanged by the duties of her situation. To the boys she never appears other than the master's wife, and she looks up to me as the boys ' mastor; to whom all show of love and aftection would be highly improper, and unbecoming the dignity of her situation and mine. Yet this my gratitude forbids me to hint to her. For my sake she submitted to be this altered ereature, and cam I reproaeh her for it?"-For the commmieation of this letter, I am indebted to my cousin Bridget.

## YALENTTNE'S DAY

Hall to thy retmrning festival. otd Bishop Valentinc! ! Great is thy mame in the mbrie. thou venerable Arehflamen of Hemen! ${ }^{3}$ Immortal (io-betweern! who and what manner of person art thon? Art thon but a name, typifying the restless prineiple which impels poor humans to seek perfection in mion? or wert thon inderd a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mys-
terious personage ! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril; ${ }^{1}$ nor the consigner of undipped infants to eterual torments, Austin, ${ }^{2}$ whom all mothers hate; nor he who hated all mothers, Origen ; ${ }^{3}$ nor Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Parker, nor Whitgift. ${ }^{4}$ Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. ${ }^{5}$
Singing Cupids ${ }^{6}$ are thy choristers and thy preeentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borme before thee.

In other words, this is the day on which those charming little inissives, yeleped Valentines, cross and intrieross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all for-spent twopemy postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is searecely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knoekers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so common as the lecurt, - that litthe threeeornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,- the hestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegrories and affectations than an opera hat. What anthority we have in history or mythology for placing the headruarters and metropolis of God Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we lave got it, and it will serve
as well as any other. Else we might casily imagine, upon some other system which might hase prevailed for any thing which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, "Madame, my lirer and fortme are entirely at your disposal;" or putting a delicate cuestion, "Amanda, have you a midriff to bestow?" lBut custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortmate neighbors wait at animal and anatomical distance.

Not many sounds in life, and I include all mrban and all rural sounds, exeeed in interest a knock at the door. It "gives a very echo to the throne where IIope is seated." But its issnes seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to sec comes. But of all the clamorous visitations the weleomest in expectation is the somed that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announeed the fatal entranee of Dunean, ${ }^{1}$ so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth grood tidings. It is less mechanical than on other days: you will say, "That is not the post I am sure." Tisions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens!-delightful eternal eommon-places, which "having been will always be;" which no school-hoy nor school-man can write away having your irreversible throne in the fancy and affections-what are your tramsports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger,
eareful not to break the emblematie seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful faney, not without verses-

> Lovers all,
> A madrigal,

or some such deviee, not over abundant in senseyoung Love diselaims it,-and not quite silly-something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Areadia.

All Valentines are not foolish ; and I shall not easily forget thine, my kind friend (if I may have leave to eall you so) E. B. ${ }^{1}-\mathrm{E}$. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlor window in C-e Street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy reeeiving a Valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good hmor. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many a well-excented vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half-way. E. B. meditated how he enuld repay this yonng maiden for many a favor she had done hin unknown; for when a kindly face greets ns, though but passing by, and never knows ms again, nor we it, we shonld feel it as an olligation; and $\mathrm{E} . \mathrm{B}$. did. This grood artist set himself at work to please the damsel. It was just
before Valentine's day three years since. He wrought, unseen and mususpeeted, a wondrous work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with bordersfull, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Orid, ${ }^{1}$ and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar'). There was Pyramus and Thisbe, ${ }^{2}$ and be sure Dido ${ }^{3}$ was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, ${ }^{4}$ and swans more than sang in Cayster, ${ }^{5}$ with mottoes and fanciful devices, such as beseemed,--a work, in short, of magie. Iris dipped the woof. 'This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice(O ignoble trust !) - of the emmmon post ; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand, the next morning, he saw the eheerful messenger knock, and by and by the precious eharge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, elap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love, or foolish expectations, for she had no lover, or, if she had, none she knew that eould have ereated those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pions ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It woukd do her no harm. It would do her grood for ever after. It is good to lose the unknown. I only grive this as a speeimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a ennceated kinduess.
(food-morrow to my Valentine, sings poon Ophetia; ${ }^{\circ}$
and no better wish, but with better auspiees, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine, and his true churel.

## IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES

I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathizeth with all things; I have no antipathy, or rather idiosynerasy in anything. Those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudiee the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch.-Religio Hedici.

That the author of the Religio Medici, ${ }^{2}$ mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction, conversant abont notional and conjectural essences ; in whose categories of Being the possible took the upper hand of the actual; shomld have overlooked the impertinent individualities of such poor concretions as mankind, is not much to be admired. It is rather to be wondered at, that in the genius of animals he should have condescended to distinguish that species at all. For myself-earthbound and fettered to the secne of my activities,-

Standing on carth, not rapt above the sky,
I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind, national or individual, to an unlicalthy cexcess. I ean look with no indifferent eye upon things or persons. Whatever is, is to me a matter of taste or distaste: or when once it beeomes indifferent, it begins to be disrelishing. I am, in plainer words, a bundle of preju-
dices-made up of likings and dislikings-the reriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies. In a eertain sense, I hope it may be said of me that I am a lover of my species. I can feel for all indifterently, but I cannot feel towards all efqually. The more purcly-English word that expresses sympathy will better explain my meaning. I can be a friend to a worthy man, who upon another account eamot be my mate or fellow. I eannot like all people alike.*

I have been trying all miy life to like Scotchmen, and an obliged to desist from the experiment in do-

[^8]> We Wy proof find there should be
> 'Twixt man and man such an antipathy.
> That though he can show no just reason why For any former wrong or injury,
> Can noither find a blemish in his fame. Nor aught in face or feature justly blame. Can elallenge or aecuse him of no evil. Yet notwithstanding hates him as a devil.

The lines are from old Heywood's "Hierarchie of Amgels," and he subjoins a curions story in enntimation, of a Spaniard Who attempted to amassinate a King Ferdinand of Spain, and being put to the rack could give no other rason for the deme but an inveterate antipathy which he had taken to the first sight of the King.

[^9]spair. They eannot like me-and in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proeeeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfeet intelleets (under whieh mine must be eontent to rank) whieh in its eonstitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. ${ }^{1}$ The owners of the sort of faeulties I allude to, have minds rather suggestive than eomprehensive. They have no pretenses to mueh elearness or preeision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intelleetual wardrobe (to eonfess fairly) has few whole picees in it. They are content with fragments and seattered pieees of Truth. She presents no full front to them-a feature of side-faee at the most. IIints and glimpses, germs and erude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradrenture-and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that liphts them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting; waxing, and again waning. Their eonversation is aeeordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be eontent to let it pass for what it is worth. They eannot speak always as if they were upon their oath-but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defeetive discoveries as they arise, withont waiting for their full development. They are no sys-
tematizers, and woukd but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Ninerva ${ }^{1}$ is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth-if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of cloekwork. You never eateh his mind in an undress. He never lints or sugrests anything, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfeet order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riehes are always about him. He never stoops to eatch a glittering something in your presence, to share it with you, hefore he quite knows whether it be true touch or not You camot ery hulues to anything that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian-you never see the first dawn, the early streaks.-He has no falterings of self-suspieion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intnitions, semi-conseiousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instinets, embryo eoneeptions, have $n o$ place in his brain, or rocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox-he has no doubts. Is he an infidel-he has nome either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You camot hover with him upon the eonfines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He ahways keens thr path. Yom
rammot make exemsions with lim-for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. Ile camot compromise, or muderstand midele actions. There cells be but a right and a wrong. His eomversation is as a book. His affirmatoms have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the sulare with him. He stops at metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's comentry. " $\Lambda$ healthy book!' -satid one of his comentrymen to me, who harl ventured to give that appellation to John Buncle, - "dirl I catch rightly what youl sairl? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that eppithet can be propery applicrl to a book." Above all, yon monst beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extingnisher upon your irony, if yon are unhappily blest, with a vein of it. Remomber you are upon your oatli. T have a print of a graceful female aftor Leonaldo da Vinci, ${ }^{2}$ which $T$ was showing off to Mr. ****. After he had examined it minntoly, I rentured to ask him how he liked my meanty (a foolish nanm it gros by among my frients) - when he very gravely assured me, that, "he had eonsiderable resperet for my character and talents" (so be was pleased on say), "lout had mot given himself much thonest abont the derree of my personal pertensions." 'The miseonecption stagerered me, but did not seem murh to diseonerert him. - Persons of this nation are partiolatly fomd of affimine a tronthwhich mobody dombs. 'Tlery do not so property af-
firm, as ammeiate. They do inteed appear to have such a love of truth (as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself) that all truth becomes equally valmable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become: a suljject of disputation. I was present not long since at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns ${ }^{1}$ was expected; and happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way), that I wishrel it were the father instead of the son-when fomr of them started up at onee to inform me, that "that was impossible, becanse he was dead." An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they eonld eonceive. Swift ${ }^{2}$ has hit off this part of their chameter, namely, their love of truth, in his biting way, but with an illiberality that neecssarily confines the passages to the margin.* The tediousness of these people is certainly provoking. I wonder if they ever tire onc another!-In my early life I had a passionate fond ness for the poetry of Burns. I have sometimes foolishly hoped to ingratiate myself with his countrymen by expressing it. But I have always found that a true Scot resents your admiration of his compatriot,

[^10]even more than he would your contempt of him. The latter he imputes to your "imperfect acquaintance with many of the words which he uses;" and the same objection makes it a presumption in you to suppose that you ean admire him.-Thomson ${ }^{1}$ they seem to have forgotten. Smollett ${ }^{2}$ they have neither forgotten nor forgiven for his delineation of Rory and his companion, ${ }^{3}$ upon their first introduction to our me-tropolis.-Speak of Smollett as a great genius, and they will retort upon you Hume's History ${ }^{4}$ eompared with his Continuation of it. What if the historian had continued "Humphrey Clinker"?

I have, in the abstract, no disrespect for Jews. They are a picec of stubborn antiquity, compared with which Stonchenge ${ }^{5}$ is in its nonage. They date beyond the pyramids. But I should not care to be in habits of familiar intercourse with any of that nation. I confess that I have not the nerves to cnter their synagogues. Old prejudices cling abont me. I cannot shake off the story of Hugh of Lineoln. ${ }^{6}$ Centuries of injury, contempt, and hate, on the one side, -of eloaked revenge, dissimulation, and hate, on the other, between onr and their fathers, must, and ought to affect the blood of the children. I eannot belicve it can rmn clear and kindly yet; or that a few fine words, such as candor. liberality, the light of a nineteenth century, can close up the breaches of so deadly a disunion. A Hebrew is nowhere congenial to me. $\mathrm{H}_{\mathrm{c}}$ is least distastcful on 'Change--for the mereantile spirit levels all distinetions, as all are beauties
in the dark. I boldly eonfess that I do not melish the approximation of Jew and Christian, which has become so fashionable. The reciprocal endearments have, to me, something hypocritical and unnatural in them. I do not like to see the Chureh and Symagorue kissing and eongeeing in awkward postures of an affeeted civility. If they are eonverted, why do they not come over to us altogether? Why keep up a form of separation, when the life of it is fled? If they ean sit with us at table, why do they keek at our cookery? I do not understand these half eonvertites. Jews ehristianizing-Christians judaizing-puzzle me. I like fish or flesh. A moderate Jew is a more eonfounding piece of anomaly than a wet Quaker. The spirit of the synagogue is essentially separative. $B-{ }^{1}$ would have been more in keeping if he had abided by the faith of his forefathers. There is a fine scorn in his face, whieh nature meant to be of -Christians. The IIebrew spirit is strong in him, in spite of his proselytism. He eannot eonquer the Shibboleth. How it breaks out, when he sings, "The Children of Israel passed through the Red Sea!' The auditors, for the moment, are as Eqyptians to him. and he rides over our neeks in triumph. There is no mistaking him.- P -_ has a stromg expression of sense in his comenance, and it is eonfirmed by his singing. The foumdation of his voeal exeellenee is sense. He sings with moderstanding, as Kemble ${ }^{2}$ delivered dialogne. Ite would siner the Commandments. and give an appropriato character to ach prohili-
tion. His nation, in general, hare not orer-sensible countenances. How should they ?--but you seldom see a silly expression among them. Gain, and the pursuit of gain, sliarpen a man's visage. I never heard of an idiot being born among them.-Some admire the Jewish female physiognomy. I admire it-but with trembling. Jael ${ }^{1}$ had those full dark inscrutable eyes.

In the Negro countenance you will often meet with strong traits of benignity. I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces-or rather masks-that lave looked out kindly upon one in casual encounters in the streets and highways. I love what Fuller " beantifully calls-these "images of Cod cut in ebony." But I should not like to associate with then, to share my meals and my good-nights with them-because they are black.

I love Quaker ways, and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day when I meet any of their people in my path. When I am ruffled or disturbed by any occurrenee, the sight, or quiet voice of a Quaker, acts upon me as a rentilator, lightening the air, and taking off a load from the bosom. But I cannot like the Quakers (as Desdemona ${ }^{3}$ would say") "to live with them." ${ }^{4}$ I am all over sophisticated-with humors, fancies, craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theaters, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whim-whams, which their simpler taste can do without. I should starve at their primitive banquet. My appetites are too high for the
salads which (aceording to Evelyn) ${ }^{1}$ Hee dressed for the angel, my grusto too excited

To sit a guest with Diniel at his pulse.
The indirect answers wheh (quakers are often found to return to a question put to them may be explained, I think, without the vulgar assumption, that they are more given to evasion and equivocating than other people. They naturally look to their words more carefully, and are more cantious of committing themselves. They have a peeuliar character to keep up on this head. They stand in a mamer upon their veracity. A Quaker is by law exempted from taking an oath. The custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases, sanctified as it is by all religious antiquity, is apt (it must be confessed) to introduce into the laxer sort of minds the notion of two kinds of truth-the one applieable to the solem affairs of justice, and the other to the eommon proceedings of daily intercourse. As tinth bound upon the conseience by an oath can be but truth, so in the common affimations of the shop and the market-place a latitude is expected, and conceded upon questions wanting this solemn covenant. Something less than truth satisfies. It is common to hear a person saly, "you do not expect me to speak as if I were upon my oath." Hence a great deal of incorrectuess and inadrertency, short of falsehond, creeps into ordinary conversation : and a kind of secondary or laic-truth is tolerated, where cherey-truth-oath-truth, bey the ma-
ture of the eircumstances, is not required. A Quaker knows none of this distimetion. Lis simple atfirmation being received, upon the most sacred oceasions, without any further test, stamps a value upon the words which he is to use upon the most indifferent topies of life. He looks to them, naturally, with more severity. You ean have of him no more than his word. He knows, if he is eaught tripping in a casual expression, he forfeits, for himself, at least, his claim to the invidious exemption. He knows that his syllables are weighed-and how far a conseiousuess of this partieular watehfulness, exerted against a person, has a tendeney to produce indirect answers, and a. direrting of the question by honest means might be illustrated, and the practice justified, by a more sacred example than is proper to be addueed upon this oeeasion. The admirable presence of mind, which is notorious in Quakers upon all contingeneies, might be traced to this imposed self-watehfulness-if it did not seem rather an humble and seenlar seion of that old stock of religions constancy, whieh never bent or faltered in the Primitive Friends, or gave way to the winds of persccution, to the violence of judge or aeeuser, under trials and racking examinations. "You will never be the wiser, if I sit here answering your questions till midnight," said one of those mpright - Justices to Penn, who had been putting law-eases with a puzzling subtlety. "Thereafter as the answers may be," retorterl the Quaker". The astonishing composur, of this people is sometimes ludicrously displayed in
lighter instances.- 1 was traveling in a stage coach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the straitest nonconformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea-table. I in nyy way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions diseovered that she had charged for hoth meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very elamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The ghard came in with his usial peremptory notice. The (enakers pulled ont their money, and formally tendered it-so much for tea-I, in humble imitation, tendering mine-for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her dematud. So they all three quietly put up thoir silver, as did myself, and marehed out of the room, the chdest and glavest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thonght I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warraitable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The enach drowe off. The murnurs of mine hostess, not very indistinetly on ambignonsly pronounced, becane after a tinte in-audible-and now my conscience, which the whimsieal seene had for a time suspended, berimning to grive some fwitchese, I waited, in the hope that some justifiration would be offered by these serions permons for the seeming injustice of their cennduct. 'To my' great
surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sat as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by inquiring of his next neighbor, "Hast thee heard how indigos go at the India House?" ${ }^{1}$ and the question operated as a soporifie on my moral feeling as far as Excter.

## WITCIIES, AND OTHER NIGHT-FEARS

We are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous ineonsisteneies (as they seem to us) involved in their ereed of witeheraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historie anomaly, as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opencd, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of deeency, of fitness, or proportionof that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd-enuld they have to guide them in the rejection or admission of any particular testimony?that maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire-that corn was lodged, and cattle lamed-that whirlwinds uptore in diabolie revelry the naks of the forest-or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent vagaly about some rustie's kitchen when no wind was stirring -were all equally probable where no law of ageney was understond. That the prinee of the powers of darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth,
snould lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of indigent eld-has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood a priori to us, who have no measure to guess at his poliey, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may feteh in the devil's market. Nor, when the wicked are expressly symbolized by a grat, was it to - be wondered at so meh, that he should come sometimes in that body, and assert his metaphor.-That the intereourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake-but that once assumed, I see no reason for disbelieving one attested story of this nature more than another on the seore of absurdity. There is no law to judge of the lawless, or eanon by which a dream may be eriticized.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in the days of reeeived witcheraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Onr ancestors were bolder or more obtuse. Amidst the universal belief that these wretehes were in league with the anthor of all evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple Justice of the Peace secms to have scrupled issuing, or silly Headhorough serving, a warrant upon them-as if they should subpona Satan!-Prospero ${ }^{1}$ in his boat. with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be convered away at the merey of his ememies to an umknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think, on the passare. IIs aerpuiescemeer is in exact analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the eonstituted powers.-What stops the Fiend in Spenser
from tearing Guyon to pieces ${ }^{1}$ - or who had made it a condition of his prey, that Guyon must take assay of the glorious bait-we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch-stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's bookcloset, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, ${ }^{2}$ oceupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds-one of the ark, in particular, and another of Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot-attracted my childish attention. There was a picture, too, of the Witch raising up Samucl, ${ }^{3}$ which I wish that I had never seen. We shall come to that hercafter. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes-and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage, from the situation which they ocenpied upon an upper shelf. I have not met with the work from that time to this, but I remember it consisted of Old 'Testament stories, orderly set down, with the objection appended to each story, and the solution of the objection regularly tacked to that. The objection was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history, by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary execss of candor.

The solution was bricf, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before yon. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there seemed to be an cmod for ever. The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample onf. But-like as was rather feared than realized from that slain monster in Spenserfrom the womb of those erushed errors young drar()nets would ereep, exeecling the prowess of so tender at Saint Ceorge ${ }^{1}$ as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage, set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I beeame staggered and perplexed, a seeptic in long eoats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in chureh, lost their purity and sinecrity of impression, and were thried into so many historic or chronologie theses to be defended against whatever impugners. I was not to disbelieve them, bint-the next thing to that - I was to be quite sure that some one or other would or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel, is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Credulity is the man's weakness, but the ehild's strengith. O, how ugly sound seriptural doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling! -I shonld have lost myself in these mays, and have pined away, I think, with such mont sustemamee as these hasks afforded, but for a fortumate piece of illfortune, which about this time befell me. 'Turning over the pieture of the ark with too mmelh haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenions fabric-driv-
ing my ineonsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds-the elephant, and the eamelthat stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the stecrage in that mique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was heneeforth loeked up, and became an interdieted treasure. With the book, the objections and solutions gradually eleared out of my head, and have seldom returned since in any force to tronble me.-But there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse, which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my ehildish nerves rather more se-riously.-That detestable pieture!

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The nighttime solitnde, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I enchured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose. from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life-so far as memory serves in things so long ago-without an assuranee, which realized its own propheey, of seeing some frightful speeter. Be old Stackhouse then acpuitted in part, if I say, that to his picture of the Witch raising up Samnel-(O that old man covered with a mantle!) I owe-not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infaney-but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who (Hessecl up) for me a hag that nightly sat upon my pillow-a sure bedfellow, when my annt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking orer his delineation,
and at night (if I may use so bohd an expression) awoke into sleep, and fonnd the vision true. I durst not, even in the daylytht, once enter the chamber where I slept, withont my face tumed to the window, aversely from the bed where 1 wy witch-ridden pillow was.-D'arents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm-the hoping for a familiar voiee-when they wake sereaming -and find none to soothe them-what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! 'The keeping them up till midnight, through eandle-light and the mowholesome homes, as they are called, -woukd, I ant satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better eation.-That detestable picture, as I have said, wave the fashon to my dreams-if dremus they were-for the seene of them was in variahly the room in wheh I lay. Had I never met with the pieture, the fears wonld have eome self-pietured in some shape on other-

Headless bear, back man, or :apri-
but, as it was, my imaginations took that form. - It is not book, or picture, or the stomies of foolish servants, which ereate these termes in children. They ean at most but give them a dieedion. Dear little 'T'. II. ${ }^{2}$ who of ath chideren has been bromerhe with the most serupulons exolasion of erory taint of superstition who was nerer ahlowed to heal of eroblin or appation. or seareely to be told of batl men, of to beat or heal of any distressing story-finds all this world of fear.
from which he has been so rigidly exelutled ab extra, in his own "thiek-eoming fancies;" and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-ehild of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to whieh the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras ${ }^{1}$-_dire stories of Celano and the Harpies 2-may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition-but they were there before. They are transeripts, types-the arehetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that, whieh we know in a waking sense to be false, eome to affeet us at all?-or
> - Names, whose sense we see not,

> Fray us with things that be not?

Is it that we naturally eoneeive terror from such objeets, considered in their capaeity of being able to infliet upon us bodily injury?-- O , least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body -or, without the body, they would have heen the same. All the eruel, tomnenting, defined devils in Dantetearing, mangling, choking, stifling, scorehing de-mons-are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man, as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him-

Like one that on a lonesome roud
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;

Because he knows a frightiful fiend
Doth close behind him treal.* 1
That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritnal - that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth-that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy-are difficulties, the solntion of which might afford some probable insight into our antemundane condition, and a peep at least into the shad-ow-land of pre-existence.

My night-fancies have long ceased to be aftlictive. I confess an occasional night-mare; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the extinguished taper, will come and look at me; but I know them for mockeries, even while I cannot elnde their presence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and prosaic my dreams are grown. They are never romantic, soldom even rural. They are of architecture and of buildings-cities abroad, which I have never seen, and hardly have hope to see. I have traversed, for the seeming length of a matural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Jaris, Lisbontheir churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs, rnins, with an inexpressible sense of delight - a map-like distinctness of trace-and a daylight vividness of vision, that was all but being awake.I have formerly traveled among the Westmoreland fells,-my highest Aps,-but they are objects too mighty for the grasp of $m y$ dreaming recognition :

[^11]and I have again and again awoke with ineffectual struggles of the imner cye, to make out a shape in any way whatever, of Helvellyn. ${ }^{1}$ Methought I was in that country, but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortifies me. There is Coleridge, at his will can conjure up icy domes, and pleasurehouses for Kubla Khan, and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

Where Aph, the sacred river, rums, ${ }^{2}$
to solace his night solitudes-when I eannot muster a fiddle. Barry Commall ${ }^{3}$ has his tritons and his nereids gamboling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune ${ }^{4}$-when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly, in the night season, raise $u p$ the ghost of a fish-wife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light-it was after reading the noble Dream of this poet, that my fancy ran strong upon these marine spectra; and the poor plastic power, such as it is, within me set to work, to humor my folly in a sort of dream that rery night. Nethought I was upon the occan billows at some sea nuptials, riding and mounted high, with the customary train somding their eonches before me (I myself, yon may be sure, the lertling god), and jollily we went earering over the main, till just where Ino Lucotheat should have greeted me (I think it was Ino) with a white cmbrace, the billows gratually subsiding, fell from a sea-roughess to a sea-calm, and thence to a river-motion, and that river (as happens in the
familiarization of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me, in the wafture of a placid wave or two, alone, safe and inglorious, somewhere at the foot of Lambeth palaec.

The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantmm of poetical faeulty resident in the sane sonl waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humorist, used to carry this motion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintanee ambitious of beeoming a poet, his first question would be,-"'Young man, what sort of dreams have you?" I have so much faith in my old friend's theory, that when I feel that idle vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those eluding nereids, and that inanspicious inland landing.

## MY RELATIONS

I Am arrived at that point of life, at which a man may account it a blessing, as it is a singnlarity, if he have cither of his parents surviving. I have not that fe-licity-and sometimes think feelingly of a passage in Browne's Christian Morals. ${ }^{2}$ where he speaks of a man that hath lived sixty or seventy years in the world. "In snch a compass of time," he says, "a man may have a elose apprehension what it is to be forgotten, when he hath lived to find none who could remember his father, or seareely the friends of his youth, and
may sensibly see with what a face in no long time ObLivion will look upon himself."

I had an aunt, a dear and good one. She was one whom single blessedness had soured to the world. She often used to say, that I was the only thing in it which she loved; and, when she thought I was quitting it, she grieved over me with mother's tears. A partiality quite so exclusive my reason cannot altogether approve. She was from morning till night pouring over good books, and devotional exercises. Her favorite volumes were Thomas à Kempis, ${ }^{1}$ in Stanhope's Translation; and a Roman Catholic Prayer Book, with the matins and complines regularly set down,terms which I was at that time too young to understand. She persisted in reading them, although admonished daily concerning their Papistieal tendency : and went to church every Sabbath, as a good Protestant should do. These were the only books she studied; though, I think, at one period of her life, she told me, she had read with great satisfaction the Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman. Finding the door of the chapel in Essex Street open one day-it was in the infancy of that heresy-she went in, liked the sermon, and the manner of worship, and frecpuented it at intervals for some time after. She eame not for doctrinal points, and never missed them. With some little asperities in her constitution, which I have above hinted at, she was a steadfast, friendly being, and a fine old Christian. She was a woman of strong sense, and a shrewd mind
-extraordinary at a repartce; one of the few oceasions of her breaking silenee-clse she did not much value wit. The only seenlar employment I remember to have seen her engaged in, was, the splitting of French beans, and dropping them into a China basin of fair water. The odor of those tender vegetables to this day comes baek upon my sense, redolent of soothing recollections. Certainly it is the most delicate of culinary operations.

Nale amts, as somebody calls them, I had noneto remember. By the unche's side I may be said to have been born an mrphan. Brother, or sister, I never had any-to know them. A sister, I think, that should have been Elizabeth, died in both our infancies. What a comfort, or what a eare, nay I not have missed in her!-But I have eousins, sprinkled about in Hertfordshire-besides tuo, with whom I have been all my life in habits of the elosest intimacy, and whom I may term eousins par excellonec. These are James and Bridget Elia. ${ }^{1}$ They are older than myself by twelre, and ten, years; and neither of theon seems disposed, in matters of adviee and gudance, to waive any of the prerogatives which primoreniture confers. May they continue still in the same mind; and when they shall be seventy-five, and seventythree years old (I cannot spare them sooner), persist in treating me in my grand climacterie precisely as a stripling, or younger brother!

James is an inexplicable eousin. Nature hath her unities, which not every rritie can penctrate; or, if
we feel, we cannot explain them. The pen of Yoriek, ${ }^{1}$ and of none since his, could have drawn J. E. entire -those fine Shandian lights and shades, ${ }^{2}$ which make up his story. I must limp after in my poor antithetieal manner, as the fates lave given me grace and talent. J. E. then-to the eye of a common observer at least-seemeth made up of contradietory princi-ples.-The genuine ehild of impulse, the frigid philosopher of prudence-the phlegm of my cousin's doetrine is invariably at war with his temperament, whieh is high sanguine. With always some fire-new projeet in his brain, J. E. is the systematic opponent of innovation, and erier down of everything that has not stood the test of age and experiment. With a. hundred fine notions chasing one another hourly in his faney, he is startled at the least approach to the romantic in others; and, determined by his own sense in everything, commends you to the guidance of eommon sense on all occasions. - With a touch of the eecentrie in all whieh he does, or says, he is only anxious that you should uot commit yourself by doing anything absurd or singular. On my once letting slip at table, that I was not fond of a certain popular dish, he begred me at any rate not to say so-for the world would think me mad. He disguises a passionate fondness for works of high art (wherenf he hath amassed a ehoiee collection), under the pretext of buying only to sell again-that his entlusiam may give no enemragement to yours. Yet, if it were so, why does that piece of tender, pastoral Dominiehino ${ }^{3}$
hang still by his wall?-is the ball of his sight mueh more dear to him?-or what picture-dealer can talk like him?

Whereas mankind in general are observed to warp their speculative conclusions to the bent of their individual humors, his theories are sure to be in diametrical opposition to his constitution. IIe is courageous as Charles of Sweden, ${ }^{1}$ upon instinet; chary of his person, upon principle, as a traveling Quaker.-He has been preaching up to me, all my life, the doetrine of bowing to the great-the necessity of forms, and manner, to a man's getting on in the world. He himself never aims at either, that I ean discover,--and has a spirit, that wonld stand upright in the presenee of the Cham of Tartary. ${ }^{2}$ It is pleasant to hear him diseourse of patience-extolling it as the truest wis-dom-and to see him during the last seven minutes that his dimer is getting ready: Nature never wan up in her haste a more restless piece of workmanship, than when she molded this impetnons cousin-and Art never turned out a more elaborate orator than he ean display himself to be, upon his favorite topie of the advantages of quiet, and eontentedness in the state, whaterer it be, that we are plaeed in. He is trimmphant on this theme, when he has you safe in one of those short stages that ply for the western road, in a very obstructing manner, at the font of Jolm Mnrray's street-where yon get in when it is emptr: and are expected to wait till the vehiche hath combpleted her just freight-a treving three-fuanters of
an hour to some people. He wonders at your fidgeti-ness,- "where eould we be better than we are, thus sitting, thus consulting?"-"prefers, for his part, a state of rest to locomotion, "-with an eye all the while upon the eoachman-till at length, waxing out of all patience, at your u'ant of it, he breaks out into a pathetie remonstrance at the fellow for detaining us so long over the time which he had professed, and declares peremptorily, that "the gentleman in the coach is determined to get out, if he does not drive on that instant."

Very quick at inventing an argument, or deteeting a sophistry, he is incapable of attending you in any chain of arguing. Indeed he makes wild work with logie: and seems to jump at most admirable conchusions by some process, not at all akin to it. Consonantly enough to this, he hath been heard to deny, upon certain oceasions, that there exists such a faculty at all in man as rcason; and wondereth how man eame first to have a conecit of it-enforcing his negation with all the might of reasoning he is master of. He has some speculative notions against laughter, and will maintain that langhing is not natural to him-when peradrenture the next moment his lungs shall erow like Chanticleer. He says some of the best things in the world-and deelareth that wit is his aversion. It was he who said, upon seeting the Eton bovs at play in their grounds- What a pity to think. that these finr ingemuous larls in a fru yrars will all be changed into fricolous Members of Parliament!

Ilis yonth was fiery, glowing, tempestuous-and in age he discovereth no symptom of cooling. This is that which I admire in him. I hate people who meet Time half-way. I am for no compromise with that inevitable spoiler. While he lives, J. E. will take lis swing.-It does me good, as I walk towards the street of my daily arocation, on some fine May morning, to meet him marching in a quite opposite direction, with a jolly handsome presence and shining sanguine face, that indicates some purchase in his eye-a Claude-or a IIobbima ${ }^{1}$-for much of his enviable leisure is cousumed at Christie's, and Phillips's ${ }^{2}$-or where not, to pick up pictures, and such gauds. On these occasions he mostly stoppeth me, to read a short lecture on the advantage a person like ine possesses above himsclf, in having his time occupied with business which he must do-assureth me that he often feels it hang heary on his hands-wishes he had fewer holidays-and goes off-Westward Ho ! ${ }^{3}$ -chanting a tune, to P'all Mall-perfectly convinced that he has convinced me-while I proceed in my opposite direction tuncless.

It is pleasant again to see this Professor of Indifference doing the honors of his new purchase, when he has fairly housed it. Yon must view it in every light till le has found the best-placing it at this distance, and at that, but always sniting the focus of your sight to his own. You must spy at it throurh your fingers, to catch the aerrial prepseretivethough you assure him that to you the landseape
shows inueh more agreeable without that artifice. Woe be to the luekless wight, who does not only not respond to his rapture, but who should drop an unseasonable intimation of preferring one of his anterior bargains to the present!-The last is always his best hit-his "Cynthia of the minute." 1 Alas! how many a mild Madonna ${ }^{2}$ have I known to come in -a Raphael! ! -keep its aseendency for a few brief moons-then, after eertain intermedial degradations from the front drawing-room to the baek gallery, thenee to the dark parlor,-adopted in turn by each of the Carracei, ${ }^{4}$ under suecessive lowering ascriptions of filiation, mildly breaking its fall-eonsigned to the oblivious lumber-room, go out at last a Lucea Giordano, ${ }^{5}$ or plain Carlo Maratti! ${ }^{6}$-which things when I beheld-musing upon the ehanees and mutabilities of fate below, hath made me to reflect upon the altered eondition of great personages, or that woeful Queen of Richard the Second-
> - set forth in pomp,

> She came adorned hither like sweet May.
> Sent back like Hollowmass or shortest day. ${ }^{7}$

With great love for you, J. E. hath but a limited sympathy with what you feel or do. He lives in a world of his own, and makes slender guesses at what passes in your mind. He never pierees the marrow of your habits. He will tell an old established playgoerr, that Mr. Sueh-a-one, of So-and-so (naming one of the theaters), is a rery lively comedian-as a picee
of news! He advertised me but the other day of some pleasant green lanes which he had found out for me, knowing me to be a great waller, in my own immediate vicinity-who have haunted the identical spot any time these twenty years!- He has not much respect for that elass of feelings which goes by the name of sentimental. He applies the definition of real evil to bodily suffering exclusively-and rejecteth all others as imaginary. He is affeeted by the sight, of the bare supposition, of a creature in pain, to a degree which I have never witnessed out of womankind. A constitutional acuteness to this class of sufferings may in part account for this. The animal tribe in partienlar he taketh under his especial protection. A broken-winded or spur-galled horse is sure to find an advoeate in him. An over-loaded ass is his elient for ever. IIe is the apostle to the broute kind-the never failing friend of those who have none to care for them. The contemplation of a lobster boiled, or cels skinned alice, will wring him so, that "all for pity he could dic." It will take the savor from his palate, and the rest from his pillow, for days and nights. With the intense feeling of Thomas Clarkson, ${ }^{1}$ he wanted only the stradiness of pursnit, and unity of purpose, of that "trne yoke-fellow with Time,"' ${ }^{\text {to }}$ have effeeted as much for the Animal, as he hath done for the Negro Crealion. But my mocontrollable cousin is but imperfectly formed for purposes which demand co-operation. The camot wait. His amelioration-plans must be ripened in a day.

For this reason he has cut but an equivocal figure in benevolent societies, and combinations for the alleviation of human sufferings. His zeal constantly makes him to outrun, and put out his co-adjutors. He thinks of relieving,-while they think of debating. He was black-balled out of a society for the Relief of * * * * *, because the fervor of his humanity toiled beyond the formal apprehension, and creeping processes, of his associates. I shall always consider this distinction as a patent of nobility in the Elia family !

Do I mention these seeming inconsistencies to smile at, or upbraid, my mique cousin? Marry, heaven, and all good manners, and the understanding that should be between kinsfolk, forbid?-With all the strangeness of this strangest of the Elias-I wonld not hare him in one jot or tittle other than he is; neither wonld I bartcr or exchange my wild kinsman for the most exact, regular, and every-way consistent kinsinan breathing.

In my next, reader, I may perhaps give you some account of my cousin Bridget-if you are not already surfeited with cousins-and take you by the hand, if you are willing to go with ns , on an exemrsion which we made a summer or two since, in search of more cousins-

Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire. ${ }^{1}$

## MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSIIIRE

Bridget Elli has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house torether, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolcrable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for onc, find in myself no sort of disposition to go ont upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, ${ }^{2}$ to bewail my eclibacy. We agree pretty well in onr tastes and habits-yet so, as "with a diffecrence." We are gencrally in harmony, with occasional bick-erings-as it should be among near relations. Onr sympathies are rather understood, than expressed: and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my consin burst into tear's. and complained that I was altered. We are botly great readers in different dircetions. While I am hanging over (for the thonsandth time) some passage in old Burton, ${ }^{3}$ or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure. whereof our conmon reading-table is daily fed with assiduonsly fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little eoneern in the procress of events. She must have a story-well, ill, or indifferently toldso there be life stirring in it, and plenty of grod or evil aecidents. The fluctuations of fortume in fietion -and ahmost in real life-have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humors
and opinions--heads with some diverting twist in them--the oddities of authorship please me most. My eousin has a native disrelish of any thing that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her, that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She "holds Nature more elever." I ean pardon her blindness to the beautiful oblicquities of the Religio Mediei; ${ }^{1}$ but she must apologize to me for eertain disrespeetful insinuations, whieh she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touehing the intelleetuals of a dear favorite of mine, of the last century but one-the thrice noble, ehaste, and virtuous,--but again somewhat fantastieal, and original-brain'd, generous Margaret Neweastle. ${ }^{2}$

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers-leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor aeecpts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays trieks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little ton positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost miformly this-that in matters of fact, dates, and eircmmstances, it turns ont, that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone: whatever heat of opposition, or steadiness of conviction, I set out with,

I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must tonch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company : at which times she will answer yes or no to a question withont fully understanding its pmrport-which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon tritling oceasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she ean speak to it greatly: but in matters which are not stufí of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasomably.

Her edneation in youth was not much attended to: and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of aceomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacions closet of good old English reading, withont much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it ; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most ineomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest eomfurter : but in the teasing aecidents, and minor perplexities.
whieh do eall out the will to meet them, she somethmes maketh matters worse by an exeess of participation. If she does not alwars divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter oceasions of life she is sure always to treble yomr satisfaction. She is exeellent to be at a play with, or upon a risit; but best, when she grees a journey with yon.

We made an exeursion together a few summers sinee. into Hertfordshire, to beat $u p$ the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine eorm comutry.

The ohlest thing 1 remember is Naekery End: or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire : a farm-house,delightfully sitnated within a gentle walk from Wheathanpstead. I ean just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a ehild. under the eare of Bridget: who. as I have said, is ohder than melf by some ten years. I wish that I conld thew into a heap the remainder of omr joint existenees, that we might share them in equal division. lont that is impossible. The honse was at that time in the ocempation of a substantial reoman, who had manced my grandmother's sister. Itis name was (iladman. Dy grandmother was a Bronton, married to a Field. The Cladmans and the Brontons are still flomishing in that part of the emontry, but the Fields are almost extinct. Nore than forty rears had clapsed since the risit I speak of : and for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other
two branehes also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End-kindred or strange folk-we were afraid almost to eonjeeture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a eirenitous ronte, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from St. Alban's, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-honse, thongh every trace of it was effaced from my reeollection, affected me with a pleasmre which I had not experienced for many a year. For thongh $I$ had forgotten it, we had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part beeame mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thonght I knew the aspeet of a place, which, when present, O how mulike it was to that, which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed bahmily about it ; the season was in the "heart of June," and I eonld say with the poet,

> But thou, that didst appear so fair To fond imagination, Dost rival in the light of day Iler delicate creation! 1

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old aeguaintanee arainsome altered features of eourse, a little gruded at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy: but the seene soon re-eonfirmed itself in her affections -and she traversed every out-post of the old man-
sion, to the wood-house, the orehard, the plaee where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown) with a breathless impatience of reeognition, which was more pardonable perlaps than deeorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house-and that was a diffieulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than seruple, winged my eousin in without me; but she soon returned with a ereature that might luave sat to a seulptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A eomely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the eounty. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all-more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just reeolleeted in early life to have had their cousin Bridget onee pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred, and of cousinship, wats pnough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoronghly aequainted as if we had been boru and hred up together: were faniliar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should eall
one another. 'Io have seen Bridget, and her-it was like the meeting of the two seriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palate-or so we thought it. We were made weleome by husband and wife equally-we, and our friend that was with us.I had almost forgotten him-but B. F. ${ }^{1}$ will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the Kangalroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was ahready so, as if in anticipation of 0 on coming; and, after an appropriate glass of mative wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introdnce us (as some new-found ranty) to her mother and sister Giadmans, who did indecal know something more of nss, at a time when she almost knew nothing. - With what eorresponding kindness we were reecived by them also-how Bridget 's memory, exalted by the oceasion, warmed into a thensand half-obliterated reeollections of things and persons, to my ntter astonishment, and her own-and to the astoundment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,-old effaced imatres of more than half-forgotten names and cireumstances still erowding baek upon her, as words written in kemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmeth, -when I forget all this, then may my country eonsins forget me: and Bridget no more remember, that in
the days of weakling infaney I was her tender charge -as I have been her care in foolish manhood sincein those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

## MODERN GALLANTRY

In comparing modern with ancicnt manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry; a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as feinales.

I shall behieve that this principle actuates our eonduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth century of the cra from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the corrsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England women are still occasionally-hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I sliall believe in it, when Dorimant ${ }^{2}$ hands a fishwife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to piek up her wandering fruit, whieh some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life. whe would be thought in their way untable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places
where they are not known, or think themselves not observed-when I shall see the traveler for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenseless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain-when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theater, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares "she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger, and handsomer." Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a eircle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess yon have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than me-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes. I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be eron disposed to rank it among the salutary lictions of life, when in polite cireles I shall swe the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to
clear-to the wroman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beanty, a fortune, or a title.

I shatl belipe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dresserd gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of female old age without rexciting, and intending to excite, a sneer:-when the plrases "antiquated virginity," and such a one has "overstood her market," pronomeed in good comparyy, slall raise immediate offense in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paiee, of Bread Street IIill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South-Sea company-the same to whom Edwards, the Shakespeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet-was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his preeepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fanlt that I did not profit more. Thougl bred a Presbytrrian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. Ife had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and another in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, ore orerlooked it in the easualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare-headed-smile if you please- io a poor servant girl, while she has been incuriring of him the way to some street-in sueh a posture of $u$ fored civility, as neither to embar-
rass her in the aceeptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. ILe was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women: but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, womanhood. I have seen him-nay, smile nottenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his mbrella over her poor basket of firuit, that it might receive no damare, with as much earefulness as if she had been a Comutess. To the reverend form of Female Ehd he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggarwoman) with more eeremony than we can afford to slow our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier ${ }^{1}$ of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, ${ }^{2}$ to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thenee, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beantiful Susan Winstanley-cild Winstanley's daughter of Clapton-who dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetnal bachelorship. It was during their short courtslij, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profnsion of eivil speceles-the common gallantries-to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnancebut in this instance with no effece. He could not ob)tain from her a decent acknowledgment in retnrn. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He eould not set it down to caprice. for the lady had
always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humored, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her ; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women :. but that-a little before he had eommenced his eomplinients-she had overheard him by accident, in a rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, "As I am Niss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady-a reputed beanty, and known to be a fortume, -I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me-but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (naming the milliner), -and had failed of bringing home the eravats to the appointed hom-though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them-what sort of eompliments should I have reecived then?-And my Woman's pride eame to my assistance: and I thought, that if it were only to do me honor, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage: and I was determined not to aeeept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest clam and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uneommon strain of eourtesy, whieh through life regulated the aetions and behavior of my friend towards all of womankind indiseriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of eonsistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man-a pattern of true politeness to a wife-of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister--the idolater of his female mistress-the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate-still femake-maiden eousin. Just so mueh respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed-her handmaid, or dependent-she deserves to have diminished from herself on that seore; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in enurtship, or after it, is first-respeet for her as she is a woman;-and next to that-to be respeeted by him above all nther women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, ineident to individual preference, be so many pretty addita-
ments and ornaments-as many, and as fanciful, as you please-to that main structure. Let her first lesson be-with sweet Susan Winstanley-to revercuce hor scx.

## THE OLD BENCIIERS OF TIIE INNER 'TEMIPLE

I was born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its chureh, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said-for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?-these are my oldest recollections. I repeat, to this day, no verses to myself more frequently, or with kindler emotion, than those of Spenser, where he speaks of this spot.

There when they came, whereas those bricky towers, The which on Themmes brode aged back doth ride, Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers, There whylome wont the Templar knights to bide, Till they decayd through pride. ${ }^{2}$

Indeed, it is the most elegant spot in the metropolis. What a transition for a countryman, visiting London for the first time-the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street, by mexpected avenmes, into its magnifieent ample squares, its classic green recesses! What a checrful, liberal look hath that portion of it, which, from three sides, overlooks the greater garden; that goodly pile

## Of building strong, albeit of P'aper hight,

confronting, with massy contrast, the lighter, older, more fantastically shrouded one, named of Harcourt, with the cheerful Crown Office Row (place of my kindly engendure), right opposite the stately stream, which washes the garden-foot with her yet seareely trade-polluted waters, and scems but just weaned from her Twickenham Naiades! ${ }^{1}$ a man would give something to have been born in such places. What a collegiate aspeet has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays, which I have made to rise and fall, how many times! to the astoundment of the young mechins, my contemporaries, who, not being able to guess at its recondite maehinery, were ahnost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magie! What an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials with their moral inscriptions, sceming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondenee with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal impereeptibly on, watehed by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never eatched, nice as an evamescent clond, or the first arrests of sleep!

Ah! yet doth beaty like a dial-hand
Steal from his figure, and no pace perecived! 2
What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemm dnllness of commmication, eompared with the simple
altar-like structure, and silent heart language of the old dial! It stood as the garden grod of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished? If its business use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its eontinuance. It spoke of moderate labors, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance, and good-hours. It was the primitive elock, the loorologe of the first world. Adam eould scarce have missed it in Paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by. The shepherd "carved it out quaintly in the sun"; ${ }^{1}$ and, turning philosopher by the very oecupation, provided it with mottoes more touching than tombstones. It was a pretty device of the gardener, recorded by Marvell, ${ }^{2}$ who, in the days of artificial gardening, made a dial out of herbs and flowers. I must quote his verses a little higher up, for they are full, as all his serious poctry was, of a witty delicacy. They will not come in awkwardly, I hope, in a talk of fountains and sundials. He is speaking of sweet garden scenes:

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head.
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do ernsh their wine.
The neetarine, and eurious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,

Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.
Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.
The mind, that occan, where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade
Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit tree's mossy ront, Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughis does ghide:
There, like a lind, it sits and sings,
Then whets and elaps its silver wings;
And, till prepared for longer flight, Waves in its phimes the various light.
How well the skilful gardener drew, Of flowers and herbs, this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiae run:
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers? * 1
The artifieial fountains of the metropolis are, in like manner, fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up, or bricked over. Yet, where one is left, as in that little green nook behind the Soutly Sea House, what a freshness it gives to the dreary pile! Fonr little winged marble boys used to play their viruin faneies, spouting out ever fresh streams from their

[^12]imnocent-wanton lips, in the square of Lineoln's Inn, when I was no bigger than they were figured. They are gone, and the spring choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Why not then gratify children, by letting them stand? Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. They are awakening images to them at least. Why must everything smack of man, and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left, to respond to its carliest enchantments? The figures were grotesque. Are the stiff-wigged living figures that still Hlitter and chatter about that area, less gothic in appearance? or is the splutter of their hot rhetorie one half so refreshing and imocent as the little enol playful streams those exploded cherubs uttered?

They have lately gothicized the entrance to the Imner 'Temple hall, and the library front, to assimilate them, I suppose, to the body of the hall, whieh they do not at all resmble. What is become of the winged horse that stood over the former? a stately arms! and who has removed those frescoes of the Virtnes, which Italianized the end of the Paper-buildings?-my first hint of allegory! They must aecoment to me for these things, which I miss so greatly.

The terrace is, indeed, left, which we used to call the parade; but the traces are passed away of the
footsteps which made its parement awful! It is beeome common and profane. The old benehers had it ahmost sacred to themselves, in the forepart of the day at least. They might not be sided or jostled. Their air and dress asserted the parade. You left wide spaces bewixt you, when you passed them. We walk on even terms with their successors. The roguish eye of $\mathrm{J}-\mathrm{ll},{ }^{1}$ ever ready to be delivered of a jest, almost invites a stranger to vie a repartee with it. But what insolent familiar durst have mated Thomas Coventry?-whose person was a quadrate, his step massy and elephantine, his face square as the lion's, his gait peremptory and path-keeping, indivertible from his way as a moving column, the scarcerow of his inferiors, the brow-beater of efuals and superiors, who made a solitude of ehildren wherever he came, for they fled his insufferable presence, as they would have shumed an Elisha bear. Ilis growl was as thunder in their ears, whether he spake to them in mirth or in rebuke, his invitatory notes being, indeed, of all, the most repnlsive and horrid. Clouds of snuff, argravating the natural terors of his speech, broke from each majestic nostril, darkenins the air. He took it, not by pinches, but a palmful at onee, diving for it under the mighty flans of his oldfashioned waisteoat pocket; his waisteoat red ancl angly, his coat dark rappee, tinctured by dye orig. inal, and by adjuncts, with buttons of obsolete frold. And so he paced the terrace.

By his side a milder form was sometimes to be seen;
the pensive gentility of Samucl Salt. ${ }^{1}$ They were coevals, and had nothing but that and their benchership in common. In politics Salt was a whig, and Coventry, a staunch tory. Many a sarcastic growl did the latter cast nut-for Coventry had a rough spinous humor-at the political confederates of his associate, which rebounded from the gentle bosom of the latter like eannon-balls from wool. You could not ruffle Samuel Salt.
S. had the reputation of being a very clever man, and of excellent discernment in the chamber practice of the law. I suspect his knowledge did not amount to much. When a casc of difficult disposition of money, testamentary or otherwise, came before him, he ordinarily handed it over with a few instructions to his man Lovel, ${ }^{2}$ who was a quiek little fellow, and would despatel it out of hand by the light of natural understanding of which he had an nncommon share. It was incredible what repute for talents S . cnjoyed by the mere trick of gravity. He was a shy man; a child might pose him in a minute-indolent and proerastinating to the last degree. Yet men would give him credit for vast application in spite of himself. He was not to be trusted with himself with impunity. He never dressed for a dinner-party but he forgot his sword-they wore swords then-or some other necessary part of his equipage. Lovel had his eye upm him on all these oceasions, and ordmarily gave him his cue. If there was anything which he could speak unseasonably, he was sure to do it.-Ite was to
dine at a relative's of the mertunate Miss Blandy ${ }^{1}$ on the day of her exeeution;-and L. who had a wary foresight of his probable halhucinations, before he set out, sehooled him with great anxiety not in any possible manner to allude to her story that day. S. promised faithfully to observe the injunction. Ie had not been seated in the parlor, where the company was expecting the dimer summons, four minutes, when, a pause in the eonversation ensning, he got up, looked out of window, and pulling down his ruf-fles-an ordinary motion with him-observed, "it was a gloomy day," and added, "Miss Blandy must be hanged by this time, I suppose." ' Instanees of this sort were perpetnal. Yet S. was thonght by some of the greatest men of his time a fit person to be eonsulted, not alone in matters pertaining to the law. but in the ordinary niceties and embarrassments of conduct-from foree of manner entirely. He never laughed. Ite had the same goorl fortune among the female world,-was a known toast with the ladies, and one or two are said to have died for love of him-I suppose, beeanse he never triffed or talked gallantry with them, or paid them, indeed, hardly common attentions. Ite had a fine face and person, but wanterd, methought, the spirit that should have shown them off with adrantage to the women. His ere lackerl luster.-Not so, thought Snsan P-_: who, at the advaneed age of sixty, was seen in the eold erening time, macemmanied, wetting the parement of $B-d$ Row with tears that fell in drops which might
be heard, because her friend had died that day-he, whom she had pursued with a hopeless passion for the last forty years-a passion, which years could not extinguish or abate; nor the long resolved, yet gently enforced, puttings off of unrelenting bachelorhood dissuade from its cherished purpose. Mikd Susan P -_, thou hast now thy friend in heaven.

Thomas Coventry was a cadet of the noble family of that name. He passed his youth in contraeted eireumstances, which gave him early those parsimonious habits which in after-life never forsook him; so that, with one windfall or another, about the time I knew him he was master of four or five hundred thousand pounds; nor did he look, or walk, worth a moidore less. He lived in a ghomy house opposite the pump in Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street. J., the counsel, is doing self-imposed penance in it, for what reason I divine not at this day. C. harl an agreeable seat at North C'ray, where he seldom spend above a day or two at a time in the summer; but preferred, during the hot months, standing at his window in this damp, close, well-like mansion, to watch as he said, "the maids drawing water all day lonr." I suspect he had his within-door reasons for the preference. Jlic surrus of armu furre. ${ }^{1}$ He might think his treasures more safe. IIis house had the aspert of a strong box. C. was a close hunks-a hoarder rather than a miseror, if a iniser, none of the inarl Elwes breed, ${ }^{2}$ who have brought discredit upon a eharacter, which cannot exist without certain arhnirable points of steadi-
ness and unity of purpose. One may hate a true miser, but cannot, I suspeet, so easily despise him. By taking eare of the pence, he is often cmabled to part with the pounds, mon a seale that leaves us careless generous fellows halting at an immeasurable distance behind. C. gave away $£ 30,000$ at onec in his life-time to a blind eharity. II is housekeeping was severely looked after, but he kept the table of a gentleman. He would know who eame in and who went out of his house, but his kitehen chimney was never suffered to freeze.

Salt was his opposite in this, as in all-never knew what he was worth in the world; and having but a competency for his rank, which his indolent halbits were little calculated to improve, might have suffered severely if he lad not had honest penple about him. Lovel took eare of everything. He was at once his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his "flapper," his guide, stop-wateh, auditor, treasnrer. He did nothing without eonsulting Lovel, or failed in anything without expeeting and fearing his admonishing. He put himself almost ton much in his hands, had they not been the purest in the world. IIe resigned his title almost to respect as a master, if L/. could ever have forgoten for a moment that he was a servant.

I knew this Lavel. To was a man of an incorrigible and losing honesty. A good fellow withal. and "would strike." In the canse of the oppressed lie never eonsidered inefualities, or ealculated the
number of his opponents. He once wrestled a sword out of the hand of a man of quality that had drawn upon him: and pommeled him severely with the hilt of it. The swordsman had offered insult to a female -an oecasion upon which no odds against him eonld have prevented the interference of Lovel. He would stand next day bare-headed to the same person, modestly to exeuse his interferenee-for L. never forgot rank, where something better was not eoneerned. L. was the liveliest little fellow breathing, had a faee as gay as Garriek's, ${ }^{1}$ whom he was said greatly to resemble (I have a portrait of him which eonfirms it), possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry-next to Swift and Prior ${ }^{2}$-molded heads in clay or plaster oî Paris to admiration, by the dint of natural genius merely; turned eribbage boards, and sueh small eabinet toys, to perfeetion; took a hand at quadrille or bowls with equal faeility; made puneh better than any man of his degree in England; had the merriest quips and eoneeits, and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you eould desire. He was a brother of the angle, moreover, and just sueh a free, hearty, honest eompanion as Mr. Isaae Walton ${ }^{3}$ wonld have ehosen to go fishing with. I saw him in his old age and the deeay of his faeulties, palsysmitten, in the last sad stage of human weakness"a remmant most forlorn of what he was," -yet even then his eve would light up upon the mention of his favorite (iarrick. He was greatest, he would say, in Bayes + - "was upon the stage nearly throughont
the whole performance, and as busy as a bee." At intervals, too, he would speak of his former life, and how he came up a little boy from Lincoln to go to service, and how his mother eried at parting with him, and how he returned, after some frew years' absence, in his smart new livery to see her, and she blessed herself at the ehange, and could hardly be brourght to believe that it was "her own bairn." And then, the excitement smbsiching, he would weep, till I have wished that sad seeond-childhood might have a mother still to lay its head upon her lap. But the eommon mother of us all in no long time after reeeived him gently into heres.

With Coventry, and with Salt, in their walks upon the terrace, most commonly Peter Pierson would join, to make up a third. They did not walk linked arm-in-arm in those days-"as now our stout triumvirs sweep the streets,' -but generally with both hands folded behind them for state, or with one at least behind, the other earrying a eane. P. was a benerolent, hut not a prepossessing man. Ite had that in his face Which you coukd not terin mhappiness: it rather implied an incapacity of being happy. Ilis cheeks were colorless, aven to whiteness. His look was momviting, resembling (but withont his sommess) that of our great philanthropist. I know that he did cood acts, but I conld never make out what he wers. Contemporary with these, but subordinate, was Danes Barrington-another oddity-he walked louly and scuare-in imitation, I think, of Coventry-howberit
he attained not to the dignity of his prototype. Nevertheless, he did pretty well, upon the strength of being a tolerable antiquarian, and having a brother a bishop. When the account of his year's treasurership cauc to be audited, the following singular charge was unanimously disallowed by the bench: "Iten, disbursed Mr. Allen, the gardener, twenty shillings, for stuff to poison the sparrows, by my orders." Next to him was old Barton-a jolly negation, who took upon him the ordering of the bills of fare for the parliament chamber, where the benchers dineanswering to the combination rooms at college-much to the easement of his less epicurean brethren. I know nothing more of hint.-Then Read, and Two-penny-Read, good-hmmored and personable-Twopenny, good-humored, lut thin, and felicitous in jests upon his own figure. If T'. was thin, Wharry was attemuated and fleeting. Many must remember him (for he was rather of later date) and his singular gait, which was performed by three steps and a jump regularly sueceeding. The steps were little efforts, like that of a child begimning to walk; the jump comparatively vigorous, as a foot to an inch. Where he learned this figure, or what nceasioned it, I could never discover: It was neither graseful in itself, nor seemed to answer the purpose any better than eommon walking. 'The extreme tenuity of his frame I suspect set him upon it. It was a trial of poising. Twopenny would often rally him upon his leanness, and hail him as Brother Lasty; but W. had no relish
of a joke. His features were spitefnl. I have heard that he wonld pinch his cat's can's extremely, when anything had offended him. Jackson-the omniseient Jackson he was called-was of this periorl. He had the reputation of possessing more multifarions knowledge than any man of his time. He was the Friar Baeon ${ }^{1}$ of the less literate portion of the Temple. I remember a pleasint passage, of the eook applying to him, with much formality of apology, for instruetions how to write down cdye bone of beef in his bill of commons. He was supposed to know, if any man in the world did. He deeided the orthography to be-as I have given it-fortifying his anthority with such anatomical reasons as dismissed the maneiple (for the time) learned and happy. Some do spell it yet perversely, aitch bone, from it fancifnl resemblanee between its shape, and that of the aspirate so denominated. I had almost forgotten Mingay with the iron hand-but he was somewhat later. Ile had lost his right hand by some aceident, and supplied it with a grappling hook, which he wielded with a tolerable adroitness. I detected the substitute before I was old enongh to reason whether it were artificial or not. I remember the astonishment it raised in me. He was a bhasturiner, loud-talking person: and I reeoneiled the phenomenon to my ideas as an emblem of power-somewhat like the liorns in thr forehead of Miehacl Angelo's Moses. ${ }^{2}$ Baron Maseres, who walks (or did till very lately) in the rostmone of the reign of Georwe the Second, eloses my imperfeet ree-
ollections of the old benchers of the Inner Temple. F'antastic forms, whither are ye fled? Or, if the like of you exist, why exist they no more for me? Ye inexplicable, half-understood appearanees, why comes in reason to tear away the preternatural mist, bright or gloomy, that enshrouded you? Why make ye so sorry a figure in my relation, who made up to meto my childish eyes-the mythology of the Temple? In those days I saw Gods, as "old men eovered with a mantle," walking upon the earth. Let the dreams of classic idolatry perish,-extinct be the fairies and fairy trumpery of legendary fabling,-in the heart of childhood, there will, for ever, spring up a well of innoeent or wholesome superstition-the seeds of exaggeration will be busy there, and vital-from everyday forms educing the unknown and the uneommon. In that little Goshen there will be light, when the grown world flounders about in the darkness of sense and materiality. While childhood, and while dreams, redueing ehildhood, shall be left, imagination shall not have spread her holy wings totally to fly the earth.
P. S. I have done injustice to the soft shade of Samuel Salt. See what it is to trust to imperfect memory, and the erring notices of childhood! Yet I protest I always thought that he had been a baehelor! This gentleman, R. N. ${ }^{1}$ informs me, married young, and losing his lady in child-bed, within the first year of their mion, fell into a deep melancholy,
from the effects of which, probably, he never thoronglyly recovered. In what a new light does this place his rejection ( $O$ call it by a gentler name!) of mild Susan P——, muraveling into beanty eertain peculiarities of this very sly and retiring character! - Henceforth let no one receive the narratives of Elia for true records! They are, in troth, but shadows of fact-verisimilitudes, not verities-or sitting but upon the remote edges and outskirts of history: He is $n 0$ sueh honest elnonicler as R. N., and would have done better perhaps to have eonsulted that gentleman, before he sent these incondite reminiscences to press. But the worthy sub-treasurer who respeets his old and his now masters-would but have been puzzed at the indecorons liberties of Elia. I'he good man wots not, peradventure, of the liernse which Magazines have arrived at in this plam-speaking age, or hardly dreams of their existence beyond the Gentle-man's-his furthest monthly exemsions in this nature having been long confined to the holy gromed of honest Uiban's nlituary. May it be long before his own name shall help to swell those eolmmes of menvied flattery !-Meantime, O ye New Benchers of the Inner Temple, cherish him kindly, for he is himself the kindliest of hmman creatnres. Should infirmities over-take him-he is seet in green and vigomens senil-ity-make allowances for them, rememberiner that "ye yourselves are old." So may the Winered Horse, rour ancient barlge and eonnizanee, still flomrish! so may future Ilookers and Seldons * illustrate gonr
church and chambers! So may the sparrows, in default of more melodious choristers, umpoisonced hop about your walks! so may the fresh-colored and cleanly nursery maid, who by leave, airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsy as ye pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion! so may the younkers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration, with which the child Elia gazed on the Old Worthies that solemnized the parade before ye!

## GRACE BEFORE MEAT

The custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing; when a belly-full was a windfall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumplaal songs with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of decr's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered liome, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern graec. It is mot otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of foodthe act of eating-should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dimer. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts-a grace before Milton-a grace before Shakespeare-a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Fairy Queen? ${ }^{1}$-but, the received ritual having preseribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall eonfine my observations to the experienee which I have had of the graee, properly so ealled: commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretieal, liturgy, now compiling by my friend Ilomo IHmanus, for the use of a certain shug congregation of Utopian Rabelasian ${ }^{2}$ Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form then of the benediction before cating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repasts of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceedingly graceful. The indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the uext day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food-the animal sustenance-is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daty breate.
literally his bread for the day. Their eourses are perennial.

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect mpon the ordinanec and institution of eating; when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sat (a rarus hospes) ${ }^{1}$ at rich men's tables, with the savory soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted ehoice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it secms impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epieurism put out the gentle frame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for his own. The very excess of the provision befond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustiee of returning thanks-for what?-for having too much, while so many starve. It is to praise the Gods amiss.

I have observed this awkwardness felt, searee consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the
grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others-a sort of shame-a sense of the eo-presence of eircumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapilly the speaker will fall into his eommon voice, helping himself or his neighbor, as if to get rid of some mucasy sensation of hypocrisy. Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientions in the diseharge of the duty; but he felt in his immost mind the incompatibility of the seene and the viands before him with the exereise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exelaim,-Would you have Clristians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver?-no-I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like horss. Or if their appetites must rum liot, and they mmst pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransaeked, I wo!nld have them postpone their benedietion to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice ean be heard, and the reason of the grace returnswith temperate diet and restrieted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are 110 proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeslmmon wased fat, ${ }^{1}$ we read that he kieked. Virgil knew the harpy-nature better, when he put into the moutlo of Celano ${ }^{2}$ any thing but a bessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the cleliciousness of some kinds of food berond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude: but
the proper objeet of the grace is sustenanee, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the eareass. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benedietion at some great Hall feast, when he knows that his last coneluding pious word-and that, in all probability, the sacred name which he preaches-is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little.sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Yirgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little elonded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

The severest satire upon full tables and surfeits is the banquet which Satan, in the "Paradise Regained," provides for a temptation in the wilderness:

> A table richly spread in regal mode,
> With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort And savor; beasts of chase, or fowl oi game, In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled, Gris-amber-steamed; all fish from sea or shore, Freslent or purling brook, for which was drained Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast. 1

The 'Tempter, I warrant you, thought these eates would go down without the recommendatory preface of a benedietion. They are like to be short graees where the devil plays the host.-I am afraid the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at

Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter for a IIeliogabalus. ${ }^{1}$ The whole banquet is too eivic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of sauces, which the cook-fiend eonjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. IIe that disturbed him in his dreams, from his dreams might have been taught better. To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves?--Ife dreamed indeed,
-Is appetite is wont to dream, Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.

## But what meats?-

Him thomeht, he hy the brook of Cherith stoorl, And saw the ravens with their horny beaks Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought;
He saw the prophet also low he fled Into the desert, and how there he slept Under a juniper; then how awaked He found his supper on the eoals prepared, And by the angel was bid rise and eat, And ate the second time after repose, The strength whereof sufficed him forty days: Sometimes. that with Elijalh he partook, Or as a gruest with Dauiel at his pulse.?

Nothing in Milton is finelier fancied than these temperate dreams of the divine Ilungerer. 'I'o which of
these two visonary banquets, think you, would the introduetion of what is ealled the graee have been most fitting and pertinent?
'Theoretieally I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, whiel might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the speeies. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a beeoming gratitude: but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exereise. The Quakers who go about their business, of every deseription, with more ealmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedietory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more beeause I have observed their applieations to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor wine-bibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chopped lay, with indifference, ealmness, and eleanly eireumstanees. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tueker, I eannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my foorl. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not matle to be reeeived with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating.

I snspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinetively from one who professes to like mineed veat. There is a physiognomical charactor in the tastes for food. $\mathrm{C}-{ }^{1}$ holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first imnocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for these innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their giss with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire genthe thoughts. I am impatient and quernlons mader culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instanee, experting some savory mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Bntter ill melfed-that commonest of kitehen fialures puts me beside my temor:-The anthor of the "Rambler"" noises over a fanorite food. Was this the monsic gnite proper to be preeded by the grace? or wonld the pions man have done better to postpone his dovotions 10 a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perfurbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, mor would set my thin face agamst those excellent things, in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exereises, however lambable, hawe litthe in them of grape or gratefulness, a man shomld be sure, before he ventmes so to irace them, that while he is protending his devotions otherwise, he is not secretly kissing his hand to sombe great fish-his Dagon ${ }^{3}$-with a spereial ernseceration of mo ark but the
fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding straius to the banquets of angels and ehildren: to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse; ${ }^{1}$ to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timid and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be, which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of these good things (which should be eommon) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion is to add lypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never settled ruestion arise, as to who shall say it ; while the good man of the house and the visitor elergynan, or some other guest belike of next authority from years or gravity, shall be bandying abont the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not murilling to shift the awkward bmiden of an equivocal duty from his own shoulder's?

I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my
fortune to introduce to each otler for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he ehose to say any thing. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less innportance he made answer, that it was not a custom known in his ehurch: in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manner's sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tca-grace was waired altogether. With what spirit might not Lncian ${ }^{1}$ have painted two priests, of his religion, playing into cach other's hands the eompliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice,--the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these occasions is felt to want reverence: a long one, I am afraicl, cannot-eseape the charge of impertinence. I do not quite approve of the epigrammatic conciseness with which that equirocal wag (but my pleasant school-fellow) C. V. I... ${ }^{2}$ when importuned for a grace, used to inquirc first slyly lepring down the table, "Is there no clergyman here?" significantly adding, "thank G-." Nor do I think onr old form at school quite pertinent, where we were used to preface our bald bread and eheese
suppers with a preamble, conneeting with that humble blessing a reeognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. Non tunc illis crat locus. ${ }^{1}$ I remember we were put to it to recoucile the phrase "good creatures," upon whieh the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, wilfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense,-till some one reealled a legend, whieh told how in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitallers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, eommiserating the deeeneies, rather than the palates, of the children, eommuted our flesh for garments, and gave us-horresco reforcns 2-trousers instead of mutton.

## MY FIRS' PLAY

At the north end of Cross Conrt there yet stands a portal, of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to humble use, serving at present for an entranee to a printing-office. This old door-way, if you are young, reader, you may not know was the identical pit entrance to Old Drury-Garriek's Drury ${ }^{4}$ all of it that is left. I never pass it withont shaking some forty years from off my shoukders, reeurring to the evening when I passed throngh it to see my first play. The afternoon had been wet, and the condition of our going (the chder folks and myself) Was, that the rain should cease. With what a beating
heart did I wateh from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired eessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with whieh I ran to annomece it.

We went with orders, which my godfather $\mathrm{F} .{ }^{1}$ had sent us. Ile kept the oil shop (now Davies's) at the eorner of Featherstone Building, in Iolborn. I'. was a tall grave person, lofty in speech, and had pretensions above his rank. Ile associated in those days with John Palmer, the comedian, whose gait and bearing he secmed to copy; if John (which is quite as likely) did not rather borrow somewhat of his mamer from my godfather. He was also known to, and visited by Sheridan.2 It was to his house in Holborn that young Brinsley brought his first wife on her elopement with him from a boarding-sehool at Baththe beantiful Maria Linkey. My parents were present (over a quadrille table) when lie arrived in the evening with his hamonions charge.-From either of these eonnections it may be inferred that my grodfather could conanand an order for the then Drury Lame theater at pleasure-and, indeed, a pretty liberal issue of those cheap billets, in Brinsley's casy antograph, I hase heard him say was the sole remuneration which he had reecived for many years' nightly illumination of the orehestra and ramons aremues of that theater-and he was content it should be so. The honor of Sheridan's familiarity-or supposed familiarity-was better to my godfather than money.
F. was the most gentlemanly of oilmen; grandiloquent yet conrteons. Llis delivery of the commonest matters of fact was Ciceronian. ${ }^{1}$ He had two Latin words ahmost constantly in his mouth (how odd sounds Latin from an oilman's lips!), which my better knowledge since has chabled me to correct. In striet pronunciation they should have sounded vice versu-but in those young years they impressed me with nore awe than they would now do, read aright from Sencea or Varro ${ }^{2}$ - in his own peculiar pronunciation monosyllabically elaborated, or Anglicized, into something like verse verse. By an imposing manner, and the hetp of those distorted sylables, he climbed (but that was little) to the highest parochial honors which St. Andrew's ${ }^{3}$ has to bestow.

He is dead-and thas much I thought due to his memory, both for my first orders (little wondrous tal-ismans!-slight kevs, and insignificant to outward sight, but opening to me more than Arabian paradises!) and moreover, that by his testamentary benefference I canm into possession of the only landed property which I could ever call my own-situate near the mad-way village of plasant Puckeridge, in Wherfordshire. When I jonmeyed down to take possession, and planted foot on my own ground, the stately habits of the donor deseemded upon me, and I strode (shall I eonfess the vanity?) with larger paces over my allotment of three-tuarters of an acere. with its commodions mansion in the midst, with the feeding of an Enorlish frecholder that all betwixt sky
and center was my own. The estate has passed into more prodent hands, and nothing but an agrarian call restore it.

In those days were pit orders. Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who abolished them!-with one of these we went. I remember the waiting at the door -not that which is left-but between that and an inner door in shelter-O when shall I be such an expeetant again!-with the ery of nonpareils, an indispensable play-honse accompaniment in those days. As near as I can recolleet, the fashionable prommeiation of the theatrical fruiteresses then was, "Chase some oranges, chase some nmmparels, chase a bill of the play;'"-chase pro chuse. But when we got in, and I beheld the green eurtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed —the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it in the plate prefixed to Troilns and Cressida, ${ }^{1}$ in Rowe's Shakespeare-the tent secme with Diomede ${ }^{2}$-and a sight of that plate cenl ahways bring back in a measure the feeling of that evening.-The boxes at that time, full of welldeessed women of quality, projeeted over the pit; and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistering substance (I know uot what) muder glass (as it seemed), resembling - a homely fancy-but I jndged it to be sugar-randy-yet, to my raised innarimation. divested of its hometier (qualities, it appeared a grorified candy!-The orchestra lights at length arose, those "fair Amroras!" ${ }^{3}$ Once the bell
sounded. It was to ring out yet onee again-and, incapable of the antieipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up-I was not past six years old-and the play was Artaxerxes ! ${ }^{1}$

I had dabbled a little in the Universal Historythe aneient part of it-and here was the court of Persia. It was being admitted to a sight of the past. I took no proper interest in the aetion going on, for I understood not its import-but I heard the word Darius, ${ }^{2}$ and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaees, prineesses, passed before me. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis ${ }^{3}$ for the time; and the burning idol of their devotion alnost eonverted me into a worshipper. I was awe-struck, and believed those signifieations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No sueh pleasure has since visited me but in dreams. -Harlequin's Invasion followed; where, I remember, the transformation of the magistrates into reverend beldams seemed to me a picee of grave historie justice, and the tailor earrying his own head to be as sober a verity as the legend of St. Denys. ${ }^{4}$

The next play to which I was taken was the Lady of the Manor, of which, with the exception of some senery, rery faint traces are left in my memory: It was followed by a pantomime, called Lmm's Ghost -a satiric toueh, I apprehend, upon Rich, ${ }^{5}$ not long since dead-but to my appreliension (too sincere, for
satire), Lim was as remote a piece of antiquity as Lud ${ }^{1}$-the father of a line of Harleqnins-transmitting his dagger of lath (the wooden seepter) throurgh countless ages. I saw the primeval Motley" come from his silent tomb in a ghastly rest of white patchwork, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So Harlequins (thought I) look when they are dead.

My third play followed in quiek suecession. It was the Way of the World. ${ }^{3}$ I think I must have sat at it as grave as a judge; for, I remember, the hysterie affeetations of good Lady Wishfort affected me like some solemm tragic passion. Robinson Crusoe followed; in which Crusoe, man Friday, and the parrot, were as good and authentic as in the story---The elownery and pantaloonery of these pantomimes have clean passed ont of my head. I believe, I no more langled at them, than at the same age I should have been disposed to langh at the grotesque Gothic heads (seeming to me then replete with devout meaning) that gape, and ir rin, in stone around the inside of the old Round Church (my chureh) of the Templars.

I saw these plays in the season 1781-2, when I was from six to seven years old. After the interrention of six or seven other years (for at sehool all play-going was inhibited) I again entered the doors of a theater. That old Artaxerxes evening had never done ringing in my fancy. I expeeted the same feelingrs to come again with the same oceasion. But we differ from ourselves less at sixty and sixteen, than
the latter does from six. In that interval what had I not lost! At the first period I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all-

Wias nourished, I could not tell how -
I had left the temple a devotce, and was returned a rationalist. The same things were there materially; but the cmblem, the referenee, was gone!-The green curtain was no longer a veil, drawn between two worlds, the unfolding of which was to bring back past ages, to present "a royal ghost," --but a certain quantity of green baize, which was to separate the audience for a given time from certain of their fellowmen who were to eome forward and pretend those parts. The lights-the orehestra lights-came up a chmsy machinery. The first ring, and the sceond ring, was now but a triek of the prompter's bellwhich had been, like the note of the euekoo, a phantom of a voice, no hand seen or guessed at which ministered to its warning. The actors were men and women painted. I thought the fault was in them ; but it was in myself, and the alteration which those many centuries-of six short twelvemonths-had wronght in me.-Perhaps it was fortunate for me that the play of the evening was but an indifferent comedy, as it gave me time to crop some unreasonable expectations, which might have interfered with the gemme emotions with whieh I was som after enabled to enter npon the first appearance to me of Mrs. Siddons ${ }^{1}$ in

Isabella. Comparison and retrospection soon yiekted to the present attraction of the seene; and the theater became to me, upon a new stock, the most delightful of recreations.

## DREAMI-CIIILDREN; A REVERIE

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when they were ehildren; to streteh their imagination to the eoneeption of a traditionary great-uncle or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones erept about me the other evening to hear about their great grand-mother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk: (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) whieh had been the seene-so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country-of the tragic incidents which they had lately beeome familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wrood. ${ }^{3}$ Cerrtain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly earved out in wood upon the ehimney-pieee of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin ledbreast, till a foolish rieh person pulled it down to set up a marble ome of modern invention in its stead, with' no story npon it. IIere Alice put ont one of her dear motheres sis lonks, too tender to be ealled upbradinur. Then I went on to say, how religions and how grood their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respeeted by every body. thourh she was not indeed
the mistress of this great house, but had only the eharge of it (and yet in some respeets she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purehased somewhere in the adjoining eounty; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards eame to deeay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to earry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as mueh as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she eame to die, her funeral was attended by a coneourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round. to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a grood and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the l'saltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread ber hands. Then I told what a tall, upright graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her yonth she was esteemed the best dancer-here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave. it desisterl-the best daneer, I was salying, in the enuntry, till a eruel disease, eallod is cancer, came, and
bowed her down with pain; but it coukt never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, becanse she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chmmber of the great lone house; and how she beleved that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great stairease near where sle slept, but she said "those imocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, beeanse I was never half so good or religions as she-and yet I nerer saw the infants. Here dohn expanded all his eyebrors and tried to look conrageous. 'Then I told how good she was to all her grand-ehiddrem, having as to the great honse in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many homs ly myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the 'Twelve Cassars,' that hatd been Emperors of Lome, till the old marble heads would seem to live agrim, or 1 to be turned into mambe with them: how I nevere eonld be tired with roaming abont that luge mansion with its rast empty rooms, with their wormout langings, flattering tapestry, and rarred oaken panels, with the gilding ahost rubberl ont-sometimes in the spacions old-fishlionced gerdens, which I lead almost to myself, muless when now and then a solitary gardening man would eross me-and how the neetarines and peaches hong upon the walls, withont my ever offering to pluck them, becanse they were forbdeden frome, mess new and then, and becanse

I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and pieking up the red berries, and the fir apples, whieh were good for nothing but to look at-or in lying about upoll the freshl grass, with all the fine garden smells around me-or basking in the orangery, till I eould almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth-or in watching the daee that darted to and fro in the fishpond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there at great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,-I had more pleasmre in these busyidle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like eommon baits of children. Here Jolm slyly deposited back upon the plate a bimeh of grapes, which, not molserved by Aliee, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinguish them for the present as irrelerant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone. I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her wrand-children, yet in an especial mammer she might be said to tove their mele, John L-_, beeause he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of ns: and, instead of moping about in sotitary eorners, like some of ns , he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no higrer than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the liunters when there were any ont-
and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries-and how their unele grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy-for he was a grood bit older than me-many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowanees enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an homr, it seemed as if he had died a great white ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I hore his death as I thonght pretty well at first, but afterward it hamited and haunted me; and though I did not ery or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes), rather than not have him anain, and was as uneasy withont him as he, their poor mucle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a cryingr, and asked if their little momming which they had on was not for mele John, and
they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their unele, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I eourted the fair Aliee $W-n$; ${ }^{1}$ and, as much as ehildren eonld understand, I explained to them what eoyness, and diffieulty, and denial meant in maidens-when suddenly, turning toAliee, the sonl of the first Aliee looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I beeame in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the ehildren gradually grew fainter to my view, reeeding, and still receding till nothing at last but two inoumful features were seen in the uttermost distanee, whieh, withont speech, strangely impressed upon me the effeets of speceh; "We are not of Aliee, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The ehildren of Alice eall Bartrmm father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreans. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe ${ }^{2}$ millions of ages before we have existenee, and a name"-and inmediately awaking, I found myself quictly seated in my bachelor armehair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side-but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

## DISTAX'T CORRESPONDENTS

In a Lelter to B. F'. Esq. at Sydney, New South Wales

My dear F.-When I think how weleome the sight of a letter from the world where yon were born minst - be to you in that strange one to which yon have been transplanted. I feel some compunctions risitings at my long silcnce. But, indeed, it is no easy effort to set about a correspondence at our distance. The weary world of waters between us oppresses the imagination. It is difficult to concerive how a serawl of mine should ever stretch across it. It is a sort of presumption to expect that one's thoughts should live so far. It is like writing for posterity: and reminds me of one of Mrs. Rowe's ${ }^{3}$ superseriptions, " Alcandel" to Strephon, ${ }^{4}$ in the slades." Cowley's Post-Angel is no more than would be expedient in such an intercourse. One drops a packet at Lombard Strect. and in twenty-four hours a friend in Cumberland gets it as fresh as if it came in ice. It is only like whispering through a long trmmpet. But suppose a tube let down from the moon, with yonmelf at one end, and the man at the other: it womld be some balk to the spirit of conversation, if yon knew that the dialogue exchanged with that interesting theosos) phist wonld take two or three revolntions of a higlner hmminary in its passuge. Yet for aught I know. you may be some parasangs nigher that primitive idea

Plato's man-than we in England herc have the honor to reekou ourselves.

Epistolary matter usually compriseth three topies; news, sentiment, and puns. In the latter, I include? all non-serious subjeets; or subjects scrious in themselves, but treated after my fashion, non-seriously. - And first, for news. In them the most desirable eireumstance, I suppose, is that they shall be true. But what security can I have that what I now send you for truth shall not before you get it unaceountably turn into a lie? For instanee, our mutnal friend $P$. is at this present writing-my Now-in good health, and enjoys a fair share of worldly reputation. You are glad to hear it. This is natural and friendly. But at this present reading-your Nowhe may possibly be in the Beneh, or going to be hanged, which in reason ought to abate something of your transport (i. e. at hearing he was well, ete.), or at least considerably to modify it. I am going to the play this evening, to have a langh with Munden. ${ }^{1}$ Yon have no theater, I think you told me, in your land of d-_d realities. You naturally liek your lips, and enry me my felieity. Think but a moment, and you will correct the hateful emotion. Why, it is Sunday morning with you, and 1823 . This eonfusion of tenses, this grand solecism of two presents, is in a degree eommon to all postage. But if I sent you word to Bath or the Devises, that I was expeeting the aforesaid treat this evening, though at the moment you received the intelligence iny full feast of
fun would be over, yet there would be for a day or two after, as you would well know, a smaek, a relish left upon mỵ mental palate, which would give raltional encouragement for you to foster a portion at least of the disagreeable passion, which it was in part my intention to produce. But ten months hence your enry or four sympathy would be as useless as a passion spent upon the dead. Not only does truth, in these long intervals, messence herself, but (what is harder) one cannot renture a erude fiction for the fear that it may ripen into a trutl upon the royage. What a wild improbable banter I put upon you some three years since-... of Will Weatherall having married a servant-maid! I remember gravely consulting you how we were to receive her-for Will's wife was in no case to be rejected; and your no less serious replication in the matter; how tenderly you advised an abstemions introduction of literary topies before the lady, with a cantion not to be too forward in bringing on the earpet, matters more within the sphere of her intelligence: your deliberate judgment, or rather wise suspension of sentence, how far jacks. and spits, and mops, conld with propricty be int roduced as subjects; whether the eonscions aroiding of all such matters in diseourse would not have a Worse look than the taking of them casually in our Way ; in what manner we should carry ourselves to our maid Becky, Mrs. William Weatherall being hy: whether we show more deliener, and a trmer semse of respect for Will's wife. ly treating Becky with
our customary chiding before her, or by an unusual deferential eivility paid to Becky as to a person of great worth, but thrown by the caprice of fate into a humble station. There were difficulties, I remember, on both sides, which you did me the favor to state with the precision of a lawyer, united to the tenderness of a friend. I laughed in my sleeve at your solemn pleadings, when lo! while I was valuing myself upon this flam put upon you in New South Wales, the devil in England, jealous possibly of any lic-children not his orm, or working after my copy, has actually instigated our friend (not three days since) to the commission of a matrimony which I had only conjured up for your diversion. William Weatherall has married Mrs. Cotterel's maid. But to take it in its truest sense, you will see, my dear F., that news from me must become history to you ; which I neither profess to write, nor indeed care much for reading. No person, under a diviner, can with any prospect of veracity conduct a correspondence at such arm's length. Two prophets, indeed, might thus interchange intelligence with effect; the epoeh of the writer (IIabakkuk falling in with the truc present time of the receiver (Danicl); but then we are no propliets.

Then as to sentiment. It fares little better with that. This kind of dish, above all, requires to be served up hot; or sent off in water-plates, that your friend may have it almost as warm as yourself. If it have time to cool, it is the most tasteless of all
cold meats. I have often smiled at a conceit of the late Lord C. ${ }^{1}$ It seems that traveling somewhere about Ceneva, he came to some pretty green spot, or nook, where it willow, or something, hung so fantastically and invitingly over a stream-was it?-or a rock?-mo matter-but the stilluess and the repose, after a weary jonrney 'tis likely, in a languid moment of his lordship's hot restless life, so took his fancer, that he could imagine $n 0$ place so proper, in the event of his death, to lay his bones in. This was all rery matural and exensable as a sentiment, and shows his character in a very pleasing light. But when from a passing sentiment it came to be an act; and when hy a positive testamentary disposal, his remans were actually carried all that way fom England; who was there, some resperate sentimentalists exeepted, that did not ask the question, Why could not his lorrship have found a spot as solitary, a nook as romantic, a tree as green and pendent, with a strean as emblematic to his purpose, in Smreer, in Dorset, or in Devon? Conecive the sentiment boarded up, freighted, entered at the Customi Honse (starthing the tide-waters with the novelte), hoisted into a ship. Comerive. it pawed abont and handled between the rude jests of tarpanlin ruffians--a thing of its delicater textare-the salt hilge wetting it till if berame as vapid ass a damaged hostring. Suppose it in matritill danger (mariners have some superstition abont sentiments) of beine tossed were in a fresth gale to some propitiatory shark (spirit of saint

Gothard, ${ }^{1}$ save us from a quietus so foreign to the deviser's purpose!) but it has happily evaded a fishy consmmmation. Trace it then to its lucky landingat Lyons shall we say?-I have not the map before me-jostled upon four men's shoulders-baiting at this town-stopping to refresh at t'other villagewaiting a passport here, a lieense there; the sanction of the magistracy in this district, the concurrence of the ecelesiastice in that canton; till at length it arrives at its destination, tired out and jaded, from a brisk sentiment, into a feature of silly pride or tawdry senseless affectation. How few sentiments, my dear F., I am afraid we can set down, in the sailor's phrase, as ruite sea-worthy.

Lastly, as to the agreeable levities, which, though contemptible in bulk, are the twinkling corpuscula which should irradiate a right friendly epistle-your pums and small jests are, I apprehend, extremely circumseribed in their sphere of action. They are so far from a capacity of being packed up and sent befond sea, they will searee endure to be transported by hand from this room to the next. Their vigor is as the instant of their birth. The mutriment for their brief existence is the intellectual atmosphere of the bystanders: or this last, is the fine slime of Nilus-the molior lutus,-whose maternal recipieney is as necessary as the sol-pater ${ }^{3}$ to their equivocal generation. A pum hath a hearty kind of present car-kissing smack with it ; you can no more tramsmit it in its pristine flavor, than you can send a kiss.-Have you not
tried in some instances to pahm off yesterday's pun upon a gentleman, and has it answered? Not but it was new to his hearing, but it did not seem to come new from you. It did not hitch in. It was like picking up at a village ale-house a two-days-old newspaper. You have not seen it before, but you resent the stale thing as an affront. This sort of merchandise above all requires a quick return. A pun, and its recognitory langh, must be co-instantancous. The one is the brisk lightning, the other the fieree thunder. A moment's interval, and the link is snapped. A pun is reflected from a friend's face as from a mirror. Who would consult his sweet visnomy, if the polished surface were two or three minutes (not to speak of twelve-months, my dear F.) in giving back its copy?

I cannot image to myself whereabont you are. When I try to fix it, Peter Wilkins's ${ }^{1}$ ishand comes across me. Sometimes you seem to be in the Hades of Thieves. I see Diogenes ${ }^{2}$ prying among you with his perpetual fruitless lantern. What must you be willing by this time to give for the sight of an honest man! You must almost have forgotten how we look. And tell me, what your Sydneyites ${ }^{3}$ do! ? are they th** ${ }^{*}$ ng all day long? Merciful heaven! what property can stand against such a depredation! The kan-garoos-your Aborigines-do they keep their primitive simplicity un-Europe-tainted, with those little short fore-puds, looking like a lesson framed by nature to the piekpocket! Marry, for divin! into fobs
they are rather lamely provided à priori; but if the hue and ery were onee up, they would show as fair a pair of hind-shifters as the expertest loco-motor in the eolony.-We hear the most improbable tales at this clistanee. Pray, is it true that the young Spartans among you are born with six fingers, whieh spoils their seaming?-It must look very odd; but use reconeiles. For their seansion, it is less to be regretted, for if they take it into their heads to be poets, it is odds but they turn out, the greater part of them, vile plagiarists.-Is there mueh differenee to see to between the son of a th**f, and the grandson? or where does the taint stop? Do you bleaeh in three or in four generations?-I have many questions to put, but ten Delphie voyages ${ }^{1}$ ean be made in a shorter time than it will take to satisfy my seruples. -Do you grow your own hemp?-What is your staple trade, exelusive of the national profession, I mean? Your loek-snitlis, I take it, are some of your great eapitalists.

I an insensibly chatting to you as familiarly as when we used to exchange good-morrows out of our old eontiguous windows, in pump-famed Hare Court in the Temple. Why did you ever leave that quiet cor-ner?-Why did I?-with its eomplement of four poor elins, from whose smoke-dyed barks, the theme of jesting ruralists, I picked my first lady-birds! My heart is as dry as that spring sometimes proves in a thirsty Angust, when I revert to the spaee that is between us: a length of passage enough to render

## THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

obsolete the phrases of our English letters before they can reach you. But while I talk, I think you hear me,-thoughts dallying with vain surmise-

Aye me! while thee the seas and somming shores Hold far away, ${ }^{1}$

Come back, before I am grown into a very old mana so as you shall hardly know me. Come, before Bridget walks on crutches. Girls whom you left children have beenme sage matrons, while you are tarrying there. The blooming Miss W——r 2 (you remember Sally W--r) called upon us yesterday, ab aged erone. Folks, whom you knew, die off every year. Formerly, I thought that death was wearing out.I stood ramparted about with so many healthy friends. The departure of J. W., ${ }^{3}$ two springs back corrected my delusion. Since then the ohd dimoreer has been busy. If you do not make haste to return, there will be little left to greet you, of me, or inine.

## TIIE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS

I Like to meet a sweep-understand me-not a grown sweeper-old ehimney-sweepers are by no means at-tractive-but one of those fender novees, bloominer their first nigritude, the matermal washings not guite effaced from the check-such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional motes sommeling like the perp perp of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark shond I pro-
nounce them, in their aërial ascents not seldom anticipating the sun-rise?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks -poor blots-immoeent blacknesses-

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preaeli a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the fauces Averni ${ }^{1}$ - to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling eaverns, horrid shades!-to shudder with the idea that "now," surely, he must be lost for ever!'"-tn revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered dar-light-and then ( O fnhess of delight) rumning nut of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorions like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his hrush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much milike the old stage direction in Macbeth, ${ }^{2}$ where the " $A p$ parition of a child crowned with a tree in his hand rises.'

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry
in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him two-penee. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard ocenpation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusnal accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy hmmanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the gromed-work of which I have understood to be the sweet wood 'yelept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicions Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this "wholesome and pleasant bererage," on the sonth side of Fleet Street, as thou approachest Bridge Street-the only Salopian house, ${ }^{1}$-1 have never yet ventured to dip my own partientar lip in a basin of his commended ingredients-a eantious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all dhe courtesy, deeline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical clegancies, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particnlar eonformation of the organ it happens, but I have always fonnd that this composition is surprisingly gratifyiner to the palate of a yomg ehimney-sweeper-whether the oily particles (sassafras is shightly oleagmons) do at-
tenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, whieh are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw vietims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive-but so it is, that no possible taste or odor to the senses of a young chim-ney-sweeper ean convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one seuse if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals-cats-when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can ineulcate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that lis is the only Salopian house; yet be it known to thee, reader-if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the faet -he hath a race of industrions imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savory mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) the rake. reeling lrome from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labors of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honors of the pavement. It is the time when, in smmmer, between the expired and the not yet rehmined kitchen-fires, the
kemmels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odors. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapors in more grateful coffee, chrses the mugenial fume, as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is Saloop-the precocious herb-woman's dar-ling-the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's faned piazzasthe delight, and, oh I fear, too often the enver, of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldest thon haply encomnter, with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a smmptnous basin (it will cost thee but three half-pemies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added halfpenny) -so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'er-charged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, enrl up a lighter volume to the welkin-so may the desernding soot never taint thy costly well-ingredieneed sonps-no1 the odions ery, quick-reaching from street to street, of the fired chimncy, invite the rattling engines from ten adjaeent parishes, to disturb for a casual seintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely suseceptible of street affrouts ; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the lowbred trimmph they display over the casual trip, wr splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet ran I cndure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness.- Th the last winter but one,
pacing along Cheapside with my acenstomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherons slide bronght me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough-yet ontwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had lappenedwhen the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dnsky finger to the mol), and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in partienlar, till the tears for the expuisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of clesolation, that Hogarth ${ }^{1}$ ——hut Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pie-man-there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever-with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of misehief, in his mirth-. for the grin of a genume sweep hath absolutely no malice in it-that I could have been content, if the honor of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his moekery till midnight.

I an by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of terth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies mast pardon me) is a easket, presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to "air" them as fingally as possible. 'The fine lady, or fine rentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess,
that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

A sable cloud
Turns forth her silver lining on the night. ${ }^{1}$
It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct ; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility:-and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkuess and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticements of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to chandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the secds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many moble Rachels mourning for their children, ${ }^{2}$ even in onr days, conntenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable rerity, and the recovery of the young Montagu ${ }^{3}$ be but a solitary instance of good fortunc, out of many irreparable and hopeless drfiliations.

In one of the state-berts at Armelel Castle, ${ }^{4}$ a few years since-under a ducal canopy- (that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in whiell the late duke was sepecially a connoisseur) -encireled with chrtains of delicatest
crimson, with starry eorenets inwoven-folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Aseanius ${ }^{1}$--was diseovered by ehanee, after all methods of seareh liad faiter, at noou-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney sweeper. The little ereature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intrieaeies of those lordly elimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnifieent ehamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delieions invitement to repose, whieh he there saw exlibited; so, ereeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his blaek head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.
Sueh is the aecount given to the visitors at the Castle.-But I eannot help seeming to pereeive a eonfirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the ease, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that deseription, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have rentured, under such a penalty, as he would be taught to expeet, to uneover the sleets of a Duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the earpet, presented an ohvious eoneh, still far above his pretensionsis this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, whieh I eontend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doulbtless this young uobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured ly some mem-
ory, not amoming to full conseionsmess, of his condition in infaney, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there formd, into which he was but now ereeping back as into his proper incumabula, and restingr-place.- 13 y no other theory, than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), ean I explain a deed so reuturous, and, indeed, upon any other system. so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend Jem White was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an anmal feast of chimmer-sweepers, at which it was it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the rearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. ${ }^{1}$ Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among ns, and be good-niaturedly winked at ; but our main body were infantry. One unfortmate wight, indeed, who relying mpon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our partr, but by tokens was providentially diseovered in time to be $n 0$ ehimner-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so). was quoited out of the presenee with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding grarment ; but in general the greatest harmony prevaled. The place
chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be inpervious to the agrceable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlors three tables were spread with napery, not so finc as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sansages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savor. Janes Wiilte. as head waiter, had eharge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty eompanion Bigod, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table-for Rochester in his maddest days ${ }^{1}$ could not have done the humors of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honor the company had done him, his inangural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, halfbessing, half-evrsing "the gentleman," and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concare. while hundreds of grinning tecth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable younkers liek in the unctuous meat, with his more unctuous sayings-how he would fit the tit-hits to the puny months, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors-how he would intercept
a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it "must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating' - how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-erust, to a tender juremile, adrising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, whieh were their best patrimonr,-how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good he should lose their eustom: with a speeial reeommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts-"The King," -the "Cloth," ${ }^{1}$-which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering:-and for a erowning sentiment, which never failed, "May the Brush supersede the Laurel." All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than eomprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a "Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so," which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these wecasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sansages, whieh pleased them mightily, and was the saworiest part. you may believe, of the entertaimment.

> Golden lads and lawes must.
> As elimner-swerpers, come to dust - 2

James White is extinet, ${ }^{3}$ and with him these suppers have long eeased. He carried away with him half the
fun of the world when lie died-of my world at least. His old elients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproaeh the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

## A COMPLANT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS IN THE METROPOLIS

The all-sweeping bosom of soeietarian reformationyour only modern Aleides's elub² to rid the time of its abuses-is uplift with many-handed sway to extirpate the last fluttering tatters of the bugluear Mendicity from the metropolis. Serips, wallets, bagsstaves, dogs, and erutches-the whole mendieant fraternity with all their baggage are fast posting out of the purlieus of this eleventh perseeution. From the erowded crossing, from the eorners of streets and turnings of alleys, the parting Genius of Beggary is "with sighing sent."

I do not approve of this wholesale going to work, this impertinent erusado or bellum ad exterminationcm, proclaimed ingainst a species. Much grood might be sucked from these Beggrars.

They were the oldest and the honorablest form of pauperism. Their appeals were to our eommo:i nature: less revolting to an ingennous mind than to be a suppliant to the particular humors or eaprice of any fellow-ereature, or set of follow-ereatures, parochial or soectarian. Theirs were the only rates
uninvidious in the levy, ungrudged in the assessment.

There was a dignity springing from the very depth of their desolation; as to be naked is to be so much nearer to the being a man, than to go in livery.

The greatest spirits have felt this in their reverses; and when Dionysius ${ }^{1}$ from ling turned schoolmaster, do we feel any thing towards him but contenpt? Could Vandyke ${ }^{2}$ have made a picture of him, swaying a ferula for a seepter, which would have affeeted our minds with the same heroie pity, the same compassionate admiration, with which we regard his Belisarius ${ }^{3}$ begging for an obolus? Would the moral have been more graceful, more pathetic?

The Blind Beggar ${ }^{4}$ in the legend-the father of pretty Bessy-whose story doggrel rhymes and akehouse signs cannot so degrade or attenuate, but that some sparks of a histrous spirit will shine throngh the disguisements-this noble larl of Cornwall (as indeed he was) and memorable sport of fortme, flecing from the minist sentence of his liege lord, stripped of all, and seated on the flowering ereen of Bethmal, with his more fresh and springing danghter by his side, illumining his rars and his beggarywould the child and parent have cut a befter figure, doing the honors of a eonnter, or expiating their fallen condition upon the three-foot cminence of some sempstering shop-loard?

In tale or history your Begrar is ever the just antipode to your King. The poets and romancical
writers (as dear Margaret Neweastle would eall them) when they would most sharply and feelingly paint a reverse of fortune, never stop till they have brought down their hero in good earnest to rags and the wallet. The depth of the deseent illustrates the height he falls from. There is no medium which ean be presented to the imagination without offense. There is no breaking the fall. Lear, thrown from his palace, ${ }^{1}$ must divest him of his garments, till he answer "mere nature"; and Cresseid," fallen from a prinee's love, must extend her pale arms, pale with other whiteness than of beauty, supplicating lazar ahms with bell and elapdish.

The Lueian wits ${ }^{3}$ knew this very well; and, with a eonverse poliey, when they would express seorn of greatness without the pity, they show us an Alexander in the shades cobbling shoes, or a Semiramis, ${ }^{*}$ getting up foul linen.

How would it sound in song, that a great monarch had deelined his affections upon the daughter of a baker! yet do we feel the imagination at all violated when we read the "true ballad," where King Cophetua ${ }^{5}$ woos the beggar maid?

P'auperism, pauper, poor man, are expressions of pity, but pity alloyed with contempt. No one properly eontemns a beggar. Poverty is a comparative thing, and each degree of it is mocked by its "neighbor griee." Its poor rents and comings-in are soon summed up and told. Its pretenses to poverty are almost ludicrous. Its pitiful attempts to save ex-
cite a smile. Every scornful companion can weigh his trifle-bigger purse against it. Poor man reproaches poor man in the streets with impolitic mention of his condition, his own being a shade better, while the rich pass by and jeer at both. No raseally comparative insults a Beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the seale of comparison. He is not nuder the measure of property. He confessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuses him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with hins for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedencr: No wealthy neighbor seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man snes him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentlemau that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a Beggar.

Rags, which are the reproaeh of poverty, are the Begrar's robes, and gracefnl insignia of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the snit in which he is expected to show himself in public. IIe is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not reguired to put on court mourning. He weareth all eolors, fearing none. His eostume hath mudergone less change than the Quaker's. IIe is the only man in the miverse who is not ohliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world con-
eern him no longer. He alone continueth in onc stay. The price of stock or land affeeteth him not. The fluetuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but clange his customer's. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any onc. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

The Mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights, her lions. I can no more spare them than I could the Cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the Ballad Singer; and in their pieturesque attire as ornamental as the Signs of old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementos, dial-mottoes, the spital sermons, the books for eliildren, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry-
-_Look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there.
A bove all, those old blind Tobits ${ }^{1}$ that used to line the wall of Lincoln's Inn Garden, bcfore modern fastidiousness had expelled them, casting up their ruined orbs to eatel a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful $\operatorname{Dog}$ Guide at their feet,whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sun-warmfli? immersed between four walls, in what withering poor-house do they en-
dure the penalty of double darkness, where the chink of the dropped half-penny no more consoles their forlorn bereavement, far from the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger? Where hang their useless staves? and who will farm their dors? Have the overseers of St. L- eaused them to be shot? or were they tied up in saeks, and dropped into the Thames, at the suggrestion of B - , the mild Rector of --?

Well fare the soul of unfastidions Vineent Bourne. ${ }^{1}$ most elassieal, and at the same time, most linglish, of the Latinists!-who has treated of this human and quadrupedal allianee, this dog and man friendship, in the sweetest of his poems, the Epitaphium in Cancm. or Dog's Epitaph. Reader, pernse it; and say, if enstomary sights, which could call up sueh gentle poetry as this, were of a nature to do more harm or good to the moral sense of the passengers through the daily thoroughfares of a vast and busy metropolis.

Pauperis hic Iri requiesen Iyciacus, herilis,
Dum vixi, tutela vigil columengue senectar,
Dux ceren fidus: nec, me drecente, solehat.
Pretenso hine atque lrine baculo, per inigua locorum
Incertan explorare vian: sed fila secutus,
Quæ dulhios regerent passûs veni irria tuta
Fixit inoffen-o gressu; gelidumgue sedile
In mudo nactus saxo, qua prarteremotium
U'uda frequens confluxit, ihi miseringue tenchras
Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam.
Ploravit nee frostra; obolnm dedit alter ditar,
Queis corda et mentem indiderat matura hemignam.

Ad latus interea jaeni sopitus herile, Vel mediis vigil in sommis; ad herilia jussa Auresque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula amicè Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei Tadir perpessus, reditum sub nocte parabat. Hi mores, hæe vita fuit, dum fata sinebant, Dun neque languebam morbis, nee inerte senecta; Quic tanden obrepsit, veterique satellite ciecum
Orbavit dominum: prisei sed gratia facti Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per amos, Exigumm hune Irus tumulum de eespite fecit, Etsi inopis, non ingrate, munuscula dextre;
Carmine signavitque brevi, dominumque eancmque Quod memoret, fidumque eanem dominunque henignum.

Poor I'ms' faithful wolf-dog here I lie, That wont to tend my old blind master's steps, His guide and guard: nor, while my service lasted, Had he oceasion for that staff, with which He now goes picking out his path in fear Over the highways and crossings ; but would plant, Safe in the conduet of my friendly string, A firm foot forward still, till he hath reachiol His poor scat on some stone, nigh where the tide Of passers by in thickest confluence flow'd: To whom with loud and passionate laments From morn to eve his dark estate he waild.
Nor wail'd to all in vain: some here and there, Tlie well-disposed and good, their pemies gave.
I meantime at his feet obsequious slept; Not all-asleep in sleep but heart and ear Prick'd up at his least motion ; to receive At his kind hand my eustomary crmmbs, And common portion of his fenst of seraps; Or when night warn'd us homeward, tired and spent With our long day and tedious becrgary.

These were my manners, this my way of life, Till age and slow disease me overtook, And sever'd from my sightles master's side, But lest the grace of so good deeds should die, Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost, This slender tomb of turf hath Irus reared, Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand, And with short verse inseribed it, to attest, In long and lasting union to attest, The virtues of the begrgar and his Dog.

These dim eyes have in vain explored for some months past a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man, who used to glide his comely upper half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood; a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid sailor-like complexion, and his head was bare to the stom and sunshine. IIe was a natural curiosity, a speculation to the scientific, a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The eominon cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness, and hearty heart, of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have moticed him: for the aceident, which brourht him low, took place during the riots of 1780 . and he has been a gromdling so long. He seemed earth-born, an Anterus, ${ }^{1}$ and to suck in fresh vigor from the soil which he neighbored. He was a grand framment: as good as an Elgin marble. ${ }^{2}$ The nature, which should have reeruited his reft legs and thighs,
was not lost, but only retired into lis upper parts, and he was half a Hereules. ${ }^{1}$ I heard a tremendons voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake, and easting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending ghadruped in shivcrs. He was as the man-part of a Centanr, ${ }^{2}$ from which the horse-half had been cloven in some dire Lapithan controversy. IIe moved on, as if he could have made shift with yet half of the body-portion which was left him. The os sublime ${ }^{3}$ was not wanting; and he threw out yot a jolly eomentenanee upon the hearens. Forty-and-two years lad he driven this out of door trade, and now that his latir is grizaled in the serviee, but his good spirits $n 0$ way impaired, beeause he is not content to exchange his free air and exereise for the restraints of a poor-homse, he is expiating his eontmmaey in one of those houses (ironically christened) of Correction.

Was a daily speetale like this to be deemed a misamere, which called for lecral interference to remove? or not rather a salutary and a touching object, to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her musemms, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity (and what else but an aecumblation of sights-andless sights-is a great city ; or for what else is it desirable?) was there not room for one Lusus (not Nalur(e, indeed, lont) Aecidentium? ${ }^{+}$What if in forty-and-two years groing about, the man had seraperd
together enough to give a portion to his ehild (as the rumor ran) of a few hundreds-whom had he in-jured?-whom had he imposed upon? The eontributors had enjoyed their sight for their pennies. What if after being exposed all day to the heats, the rains, and the frosts of heaven-shuffling his ungainly trunk along in an claborate and painful mo-tion-he was enabled to retire at night to enjoy himself at a chub of his fellow eripples over a dish of hot meat and vegetables, as the charge was gravely brought against him by a elergyman deposing before a House of Commons' Committee - was this, or was his truly paternal eonsideration, whieh (if a fact) deserved a statue rather than a whipping-post, and is ineonsistent at least with the exaggeration of nocturnal orgies which he has been slandered with-a reason that he should be deprived of his chosen, harmless, may edifying, way of life, and be committed in hoary age for a sturdy vagabond?-

There was a Yoriek ${ }^{1}$ onee. whom it would not have shamed to have sat down at the eripples' feast and to have thrown in his benediction, ay, and his mite too, for a companionable symbol. "Age, thou hast lost thy breed." $\qquad$
ITalf of these stories about the prodigions fortmes made by begging are ( I verily believe) misers' calumnies. One was much talked of in the publie papers some time since, and the nsual charitable inferences dedneed. A clerk in the Bank was surprised with the annomecment of a five lundred ponnd hegacy left
lim by a person whese name he was a stranger to. It seems that in his daily morning walks from Peckham (or some village thereabouts) where he lived, to his office, it had been his practice for the last twenty years to drop his halfpenny duly into the hat of some blind Bartimeus, ${ }^{1}$ that sat begging alms by the wayside in the Borough. The good old beggar recognized his daily benefactor by the voice only; and, when he died, left all the amassings of his alms (that had been half a century perhaps in the accumulating) to his old Bank friend. Was this a story to purse up people's hearts, and pennies, against giving an alms to the blind?-or not rather a beautiful moral of welldirected charity on the one part, and noble gratitude upon the other?

I sometimes wish I had been that Bank clerk.
I seem to remember a poor old grateful kind of creature, blinking, and looking up with his no eyes in the sun-

Is it possible I could have stceled my purse against hinı?

Perhaps I had no small change.
Reader, do not be frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposture-give, and ask no questions. Cast thy bread upon the waters. Some have unatwares (like this Bank clerk) entertained angels.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor ereature (ontwardly and visibly sumh) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small
chifdren,'" in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth, to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, give, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indirent; bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, conceruing these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

$$
\begin{gathered}
\text { Charles Lamb } \\
\text { A DISSERTATION UPON ROAS' PIG }
\end{gathered}
$$

Mankind, salys a Clinese manuseript, ${ }^{2}$ which my friend M. ${ }^{3}$ was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thonsand ages, ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal ( Ginst) (as they do in Abyssinia to this day) This period is not obseurely hinted at by their great Confucius ${ }^{4}$ in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term (Clonfang, literally the Cook's holiday. The mamseript goes on to say, that the art of roasting. or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd. Ito-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manuer was, to collecet mast for his hogs, left his cottare in the care of his oldest son Boobo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of pliy-
ing with fire, as younkers of lis age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quiekly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-strift of a botitding, you may think it), what was of mueh more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all orer the East from the remotest periods that we read of. I Bo-bo was in utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he eould easily build up again with a few dry branehes, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What eould it proceed from?-not from the birnt cottage-he had smelt that smell before-indeed this was by no means the first aecident of the kind which had oecurred through the negligenee of this mulueky young fire-brand. Mueh less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A' premonitory moistenimg at the same time-arerflosved his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stonped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his
month. Some of the erums of the seoreched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the word's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted -crackiling! Again he felt and fumbled at the pier. It dick not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. 'The truth at length broke into his slow inderstanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicions; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was eramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, amed with retributory chetrel, and finding how affaiss stood, began to rain blows upon the yomg rome's shoukders, as thiek as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tiekling pleasume, which he experieneed in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callons to any ineonseniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could mot beat him from his pig, till he had failly made an end of it, when, beenminer a little more semsible of his situation, something like the following dialogne ensined.
"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that yout have humt me down three houses with yonr dou's tricks, and bie hanged to yon, but you must be eating fire and I know not what-what have you got there, I sy? ?
"O father, the pig, the pig, do eome and taste how niee the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti- tingled with horror. He eursed his son, and he eursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose seent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main foree into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste-O Lord," -with such-like barbarous ejaculations, eramming all the while as if he would ehoke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the aboininable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an umatural young monster, when the erackling seorching his fingers, as it had done lis son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, whiel, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In eonclusion (for the mamseript lere is a little tedionts), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatehed all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strietly enjoined not to let the seeret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stomed them for a couple of abominable wretehes, who could think of improving mpon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was
burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some woukd break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze ; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of ehastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an ineonsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronouneed, when the foreman of the jury begred that some of the burnt pig. of which the culprits stood aecused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,--to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present-without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simnltaneons verdict of Not Guilty.

The Judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the eourt was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be lad for love or moner: In a few dias his Lordshipis town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there
was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices onc and all shut up shop. Pcople built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared thats the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, ${ }^{1}$ who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they ealled it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, eoneludes the manuseript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, makc their way among mankind.-

Withont plaeing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in faror of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in rolist PIg. The EOLI RIG

Of all the delicacies in the whole mundus crlibilis,? I will maintain it to be the most delicatefprinceps obsoniorum. ${ }^{3}$

I speak not of your grown porkers-things between pig and pork--those hobloydehoys-but a young and tender suckling-under a moon old-çuiltless as yet
of the sty-with no original speck of the amor immunditice, ${ }^{1}$ the hereclitary failing of the first parent, yet manifest-his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble, and a gromble-the mild forerunner, or praludium, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not igonrant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled-but what a sacrifiee of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not overroasted, crackling, as it is well called-the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in oreremming the eoy; brittle resistance-with the adhesive oleaginous-O call it not fat-but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it-the tender blossoming of fat-fat eropped in the bud-taken in the shoot-in the first immocence-the cream and quintessence of the ehild-pig's yet pure food $-\mathcal{\text { the }}$ lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna-or, rather, fat and lean, (if it must be so) so blended and rumning into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing-it seemetlo rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorehing heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!-Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eves-radiant jellies-shooting stars-

Sce hin in the dish, his second eradle, how meek he lieth!-wouldst thou have had this innoemt arow
up to the grossness and indocility whieh too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal-wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation-from these sins he is happily snatched away-

> Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade, Death came with timely carc ${ }^{1}$ -
his memory is odoriferous-no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon-no coalheaver bolteth him in recking sausages-he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomaeh of the judicious epieure-and for such a tomb might be content to dic.

IIe is the best of Sapors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed ahnost-too transcendent-a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tenderconseienced person would do well to pause-too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and exeoriateth the lips that approach her-like lovers' kisses, she biteth-she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierecness and insanity of her relish-but she stoppeth at the palate-she meddleth not with the appe-tite-and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.
lig-let me speak his praise-is no less provoeative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and weakling refuseth not his mild juiees.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and viee, inexplieably intertwisted, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is-good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfaetions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "(endear Absents." / Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatie fowl"), eapons, plovers, brawn, barrels of orsters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitnde to the Giver of all grool flavors, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the honse, slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so partienlarly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate-It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of eonscience in this kind at school. My good old amnt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my poeket, had dis-
missed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy-like, I made him a present of-the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew: and then I thonght of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I-I myself, and not another-would eat her nice cake-and what should I say to her the next time I saw her-how naughty was I to part with her pretty present-and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last-and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alns-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidions, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sac-
rifieing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shoek, as we hear of any other obsolete eustom. The age of diseipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulect as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautions, while we condemn the inhmmanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto-

I remember an hypothesis, argned upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, ${ }^{1}$ and maintained with mueh learning and pleasantry on both sides, "whether, supposing that the Havor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (per Alagellalionem extremam) ${ }^{2}$ superadded a pleasure npon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we ean conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the deeision.

His sauce should be considered. Deeidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them ont with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic: sou cannot poison them, or make them stronger than the are-but consider, he is a weak-ling-a flower.

## A BACIIELOR'S COMPLAINT OF THE BEIAVIOR OF MARRIED PEOPLE

As a single man, I have spent, a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendeney to strengthen me in those antisoeial resolutions, which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different deseription;it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society; implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they earry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you eamnot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that you are not the olject of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offense, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is
minch offense in them. If a man were to aecost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed yomer woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bhontly, that she was not handsome or rich enongh for him, and he could not marry her, he wonld deserve to be kieked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having aceess and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The yonng woman understands this as elearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman wonld think of making this a ground of a quarrel. Just as little rirht have a married eouple to tell me by speeehes and looks that are searce less plain than specehes, that I ann not the happy man,-the lady's ehoice. It is enongh that I know that I an not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of smperion knowledge or riehes may be made suffieiently mortifying : but these admit of a palliative. The knowlectge which is brought ont to insult me, may accidontally improve me; and in the rich man's honses and pictures,-his parks and gardens, I have a temporary msufmet at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these patliatives: it is thronghont pure, mreeompensed, monqualified insult.

Marriage ly its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invictions sort. It is the emming of most possessons of any (exclusive mivilewe to kepp their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their
less favored neighbors, secing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that eutire eomplaceney and satisfaction which beam in the coumtenances of a new-married couple,-in that of the lady particularly ; it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world: that you ean have no hopes of her. It is true, I lave none; nor wishes either, perhaps; but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us ummarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own eraft better than we who have not had the happiness to be made free of the eompany: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subjeet, he is immediately sileneed as an ineompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my aequaintance who, the best of the jest was, had not ehanged her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respeeting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how snch an old

Baehelor as I conld pretend to know anything abont such mations.

But what i have spoken of hitherto is mothing to the airs which these ereatures give themselves when they eone, as they generally do, to have ehithene. When I consider how little of a matity chithore are, that every street and blind alley swarms with them, -that the poorest people eommonly have them in most abmadace,-that there are few mariages that are not blest with at trast one of these bargins, how often they thrin ont ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to virions courses, which end in porerty, disgrace, the gallows, \&e. I cemmot for my life tell what cause for pride there ean possibly be in having them. If they were young phanixes, ${ }^{1}$ indeed, that were born but one in a yoar, there might be a pretext. But. when they are se commen
$I$ do mot advert to the insolsont merit which they assume with their husbands on these oreasions. Lat them look to that. But why ure, who are not their natural-born subjeets, should be expereted to being our spioes, myrrt, and incense,-omr tribute and homatere of admimation,- I do not sere.
"Like as the arrews in the hand of the giant, exern so ate the young elhilderen:" so saty the exeeltent offiere in our Prayer-book appointed for the chureding of women. "Mappy is the man that hath his yuiver" full of them:" So siny I; but then don't lat him diseharge his ghiver upen us that are weapontes: lod them be arows, but not fo gall and stick ns. I
have generally observed that these arrows are doubleheaded; they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instanee, where you eome into a house whieh is full of ehildren, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf car to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of ehildren. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,-if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in carnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. - does not like children. With one or ather of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be ealled upon to love them, where I see no necasion,-to love a whole family, perhaps, eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately,to love all the pretty dears, beeause children are so engaging.

I know there is a proverb, "Love me, love my dogr:"' ${ }^{1}$ that is not always so very praeticable, partiendarly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing, any inanimate substance, as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absenee, I can make shift to love, becaluse I love him, and anything
that reminds me of him; provided it be in its natnre indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue faney ean give it. But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable per se; I must love or hate them, as I see eanse for cither in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly : they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,-there is something in the tender years of infaney that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I an more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even exeepting the delieate creatures whieh bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the nore desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.-I was ahways rather scueamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they ean complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lised on a friendly footiner before marriage,-if you did not come in on the wife's sirle, -if yon did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimate $y$ before their courtship was so much as thourht on, -
look about you-your tenure is prearious-before a twelve-month shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow eool and altered towards yout, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have searee a married friend of my aequaintance, upon whose firm faith I ean rely, whose friendship did not commenee after the period of his marriage. With some limitations they ean endure that: but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in whieh they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,-before they that are now man and wife ever met,-this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentie intimaey, must be brought into their offiee to be new stamped with their eurrener, as a sovereign Prinee ealls in the good old money that was eoined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass emrrent in the world. You may gness what luck generally befalls such a rusty pieee of metal as I am in these new mintings.

Inmmerable are the ways whieh they take to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laugling at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, but an oddity, is one of the ways;-they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose;-till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some exereseences of under-
standing and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he pereeired in yon, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humorist,-a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not guite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be ealled the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony: that is, where they find you in object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you; by never-qualified exaggerations to ery up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well emough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much eandor, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to that kindly level of moderate esteem,-that "decent affection and complacent kindness" towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much streteh and violence to her sineerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of imocent simplicity, contimally to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of your. If an esteem for something exeellent in your moral character was that which riveted the chain
which she is to break, upon any maginary diseovery of a want of poiguaney in your conversation, she will ery, "I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr. - as a great wit." If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your eonversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, "This, my dear, is your good Mr. ——." One good lady whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so mueh respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the eandor to confess to me that she had often heard Mr. - speak of me before marriage, and that she had eoneeived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words); the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was eandid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she emme to pitch upon a standard of personal aeeomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he stands five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an ineh; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or eomntenance.

These are some of the mortifieations which I have eneomered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To emmerate them all would be a vain endeavor; I shall therefore just glance at the very common inpropricty of which married ladies are guilty, -of treating us as if we were their husbands, and vice versâ. I mean, when they use ns with far miliarity, and their husbands with ceremony. T'staccu, for instanee, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, white she was fretting beeause Mr. - did not come homr. till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners: for eeremony is im invention to take off the uncasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be the less the objeet of love and estecm with a fellow-ereature than some other person is. It endearon's to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is foreed to deny in the greater: Had Testacea kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importmities to go to supper, she would have acted aceording to the strict miles of propriety. I know no erremony that ladies are bound to observe to their hasbands, beyond the point of a modest behavior and decorum: therefore I must protest against. the vicarions ghattony of Cerasia, who at her own talble sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great grod will, to her hashamel
at the other end of the tahle, and recommended a phate of hess extrardinary gooseberriss to my unwedted palate in their stead. Neither cean I exeuse the wanton affront of -

But I ann weary of stringing up all my married acenaintance by Roman demominations. Leet them amond amd change their mamers, or I promise to reenel the full-kength English of their names, to the terror of all such desperate offenders in finture.

## ON SOME OH THE OLD $\Lambda C^{\prime} T O R S$

The wasmal sirght of an ohd llay Bill, which I picked nu) the other day-I know not by what chance it was presicred so long-iempts me to call to mind a few of the Players, who made the principal figure in it. It presents the cast of parts in the I'welfth Night," at the old Drury Lame Thaiter two-and-1hirty years agro. 'There is something very tonching in these old remembrances. They make us think how we once used to read a Play Bill-not, as now peradventure, singling out a farorite performer, and easting a negligent eye over tha rest; but spelling out every nane, down to the very mutes and servants of the scens; when it was a matter of no smahl moment to ms whet her Whit ficld, or l'acker, took the part of Fahian : When Bensoms, and burtom, and Phillimore-haness of small ateromit-had an impordanere, beyond what we (anu be eontent to attribute mow to the time's best actors.- "Orsinu, by Ar. Barrymore.' ${ }^{3}$ - What a full

Shakspearian sound it carries! how fresh to memory arise the image, and the mamer, of the gentle aetor!

Those who have only seen Mrs. Jordan ${ }^{1}$ within the last ten or fifteen years, ean have no adequate notion of her performance of sueh parts as Ophelia: Ifelena, in All's Well that Ends Well; and Viola in this play. Her voice had latterly aequired a eoarseness, which suited well enough with her Nells and Hoydens, ${ }^{2}$ but in those days it samk, with her steady melting eye. into the heart. Her joyous parts-in which her nemory now chiefly lives-in her youll were ontdone by her plaintive ones. There is no giving an aecomet how she delivered the disguised story of her love for Orsino. It was no set speeeh, that she had foresern, so as to weare it into an harmonious period, line neeessarily following line, to make up the musicget I have heard it so spoken, or rather rad, not without its grace and beanty-but, when she had declared her sister's history to be a "blank," and that she "never told her love," there was a pause, as if the story had emded-and then the inmage of the "worm in the bud" "ame up as a new surqestionand the heightened image of "Patience" still followed after that, is hy some growing (and not mechanical) process, thonght springing up after thourht. I would ahmost sily, as they were watered hy her tears. So in those fine lines-

> Write loval cantos of contemmed low Honlow your name to the reverherate liths-
there was 110 preparation made in the foregoing image for that which was to follow. She used no rhetoric in her passion ; or it was nature's own rhetoric, most legitimate then, when it seemed altogether without rule or law.

Mrs. Powel (now Mrs. Renard), then in the pride of her beauty, made an admirable Olivia. She was particnlarly excellent in her unbending seenes in conversation with the Clown. I have seen some Olivias-and those very sensible actresses too-who in those interlocutions have seemed to set their wits at the jester, and to vic conceits with him in downright emulation. But she ased him for her sport, like what he was, to trifle a leisure sentence or two with, and then to be dismissed, and she to be the Great Lady still. She touched the imperions fantastic humor of the character with nieety. Her fine spacions person filled the seeue.

The part of Malyolio has in my judgment been so often misunderstood, and the general merits of the actor, who then played it, so unduly appreciated, that I shall hope for pardon, if I am a little prolix upon these points.

Of all the actors who flourished in my time-a melancholy phrase if taken aright, reader-Bensley ${ }^{1}$ had most of the swell of soul, was greatest in the delivery of luroic conceptions, the emotions consequent upon the presentment of a great idea to the fancy. Me had the true poetical enthusiasm- the rarest faculty among players. None that I remember possessed even
a portion of that fine madness which he threw out in Ilotspur's famous rant abont glory, ${ }^{1}$ or the transports of the Venetian incendiary ${ }^{2}$ at the vision of the fired city. His voice had the dissonance, and at times the inspiniting effect of the trmupet. II is gait was meonth and stiff, but $n 0$ way embarrassed by affeetation; and the thorongh-bred gentleman was uppermost in every movement. He seized the moment of passion with the greatest truth; like a faitloful elock, never striking before the time: never antieipating or leading yon to anticipate. He was totally destitute of trick and artifice. He seemed eome upon the stage to do the poet's message simply, and he did it with as genuine fidelity as the nuncios in Inomer deliver. the crrands of the gods. He let the passion or the sentiment do its own work withont prop or bolstering. The would have seorned to mountebank it ; and betrayed none of that cleveruess which is the bane of serious acting. For this seasom, his Iago was the only endurable one which I remember to have seen. No spectator from his action eould divine inore of his artifiee than Othello was supposed to do. Ilis confersions in soliloquy alone put you in possession of the myster. There were no by-intimations for make the audience faney their own diserermunent so much greater than that of the Moor-whon commonly stands like a great helpless mark set up for mine Ancient, and a quantity of barren spectators, to shoot their bolts at. The Targo of Bremsley did mot arn to work so grossly. There was a trimmphant tone about
the eharacter, natural to a general conseiousness of power; but none of that petty vanity which chuekles and cannot contain itself upon any little suecessful stroke of its knavery-as is common with your small rillains and green probationers in misehief. It did not elap or erow before its time. It was not a man setting his wits at a child, and winking all the while at other ehildren who are mightily pleased at being let into the sceret; but a consummate villain entrapping a noble nature into toils, against whieh no discernment was arailable, where the manner was as fathomless as the purpose seemed dark, and without motive. The part of Malvolio, in the Twelfth Night, was performed by Bensley, with a riehness and a dignity, of which (to judge from some recent eastings of that character) the very tradition must be worn out from the stage. No manager in those days would have dreamed of giving it to Mr. Baddeley, or Mr. Parsons: when Bensley was occasionally absent from the theater, John Kemble ${ }^{1}$ thought it no derogation to succeed to the part. Nalrolio is not essentially ludicrous. He beeomes comie but hy aceident. He is cold, austere, repelling: but dignified, consistent, and. for what appears, rather of an over-stretched morality: Maria deseribes him as a sort of Puritan ; and he might have worm his gold chain with honor in one of our old round-head families, in the service of a Lambert, or a Lady Fairfax. But his morality and his manners are misplaeed in Illyria. He is opposed to the proper levities of the piece, and falls
in the unequal contest. Still his pride, or his gravity, (call it which you will) is inherent, and native to the man, not mock or affected, which latter only are the fit objects to exeite laughter. His quality is at the best mulovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible. His bearing is lofty, a little above his station, but probably not much above his deserts. We see no reason why he should not have been brawe, honorable, accomplished. His careless committal of the ring to the gromed (which he was commissioned to restore to Cesario), bespealis a generosity of birth and fereling. Ilis dialect on all oceasions is that of a gentleman, and a man of celucation. We must not confomm hime with the eternal old, low steward of comedy. He is master of the household to a great l'rincess; a dignity probably ronferred upon him for other respects than age or lomgth of service. Olivia, at the first indication of his snpposed madness, declares that she "wonld not have him miscarry fore half of her dowye" Does this look as if the character was meant to appear little or insimuificant? Ouce, indered, she aceuses him io his face-of what? -of being "siek of self-love," -but with a grentheness and eonsideratroness which could not have been, if she had not thomght that this partionlar infirmity shaded some virtues. lhis reluke to the knight, and his sottish revelers, is sensible ambl spirited; and Whent we take into comsideration the menoteredel romdition of his mistress, and the striet regard with which her state of real or dissembled momming would
draw the eyes of the world upon her house-affairs, Malvolio might feel the honor of the family in some sort in his kecping; as it appears not that Olivia had any more brothers, or kinsmen, to look to itfor Sir Toby had dropped all such nice respeets at the buttery hatch. That Malvolio was meant to be represented as possessing estimable qualities, the expression of the Duke in his anxiety to have him reconeiled, almost infers. "Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace." Even in his abused state of chains and darkness, a sort of greatness seems never to desert him. He argues highly and well with the supposed Sir Topas, and philosophizes gallantly upon his straw:* There must have been some shadow of worth about the man; he must have been something more than a mere vapor-a thing of straw, or Jack in office -before Fabian and Maria could have ventured sending him upon a courting-errand to Olivia. There was some consonancy (as he would say) in the undertaking, or the jest would have been too bold even for that house of misrule.

Bensley, accordingly, threw over the part an air of Spanish lnftiness. He looked, spake, and moved like an old Castilian. ${ }^{1}$ IIe was stareh, spruce, opinionated, but his superstructure of pride seemed bot-

[^13]tomed upon a sense of worth. There was something in it beyond the coxcomb. It was big and swelling, but you could not be sure that it was hollow. You might wish to see it taken down, but you felt that it was upon an elevation. He was magnifieent from the ontset; but when the decent sobrieties of the character began to give way, and the poison of self-love, in his coneeit of the Countess's affection, gradually to work, you would have thought that the hero of La Mancha ${ }^{1}$ in person stood before you. How he went smiling to himself! with what ineflable carelessness would he twirl his grold chain! what a dream it was! you were infeeted with the illusion, and did not wish that it should be removed! you had no room for laughter! if an unseasomable reflection of morality obtruded itself, it was a deep sense of the pitiable infirmity of man's nature, that ean lay him open to such frenzies -but in truth you rather admired than pitied the lunacy while it lasted-yon felt that an hour of sueh mistake was worth an age with the eves open. Who would not wish to live but for a day in the conceit of such a lady's love as Olivia? Why, the Duke would have given his prineipality but for a quarter. of a minnte, sleeping or waking, to have been so deluded. The man secued to tread upon air, to taste manna, to walk with his head in the clourls, to mate Iyperion. ${ }^{2}$ O! shake not the eastles of his pride -endure yet for a season bright moments of confi-dener-"stand still ye watches of the clement." that Malvolio may be sull in faney fair Olivia's lord-
but fate and retribution say no-I hear the misehievous titter of Maria-the witty taunts of Sir Tobythe still more insupportable triumph of the foofish knight-the counterfeit Sir Topas is unmasked-and "thus the whirligig of time," as the true clown hath it, "brings in his revenges." I eonfess that I never saw the eatastrophe of this character, while Bensley played it, without a kind of tragie interest. There was grood foolery too. Few now remember Dodd. ${ }^{1}$ What an Aguecheek the stage lost in hin! Lovegrove, who eame nearest to the old actors, revived the charaeter some few seasons ago, and inade it suffieiently grotesque; but Dodd was it, as it came ont of nature's hands. It might be said to remain in puris naturalibus. ${ }^{2}$ In expressing slowness of apprehension this aetor surpassed all others. You eould see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his eountenanee, elimbing up by little and little, with a painful proeess, till it eleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight coneeption-its highest meridian. He seemed to keep baek his intelleet, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling, than it took to eover the expansion of his broad moony faee over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of inderstanding would appear in a comer of his eye, and for laek of fuel go out again. A part of his forelead would eatch a little intelligenee, and be a long time in communieating it to the remainder.

I am ill at dates, hut I think it is now better than
five and twenty years ago that walking in the gardens of Gray's Inn-they were then far finer than they are now-the aecursed Verulam Buildings had not encroaehed upon all the east side of them, cutting out delicate green erankles, and shouldering away one or two of the stately aleoves of the terrace-the survivor stands gaping and relationless as if it remembered its brother-they are still the best grardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten-have the gravest character, their aspeet being altogether reverend and law breathing-Baeon ${ }^{1}$ has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks-taking my afternoon solace on a summer day upon the aforesaid terrace, a eomely, sad personage eame towards me, whom, from his grave air and deportment, I judged to be one of the old Benchels of the Inn. Ihe had a serious thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. As I have an instinctive awe of old Benchers, I was passing him with that sort of subindicative token of respeet which one is apt to demonstrate towards a venerable stranger, and which rather denotes an inclination to greet him, than any positive motion of the body to that effeet-a species of humility and will-worship which I observe, nine times out of ten, rather puzzles than pleases the person it is offered to-when the face turning full upoin me strangely identified itself with that of Dodd. Cpon chose inspection I was not mistaken. But eonld this sad. thoughtful comonenance be the same vacant face of
folly which I had hailed so often under eireumstanees of gayety; which I had never seen without a smile, or reeognized but as the usher of mirth; that looked out so formally flat in Foppington, so frothily pert in 'Jattle, so impotently busy in Baekbite; so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in Acres, in Fribble, ${ }^{1}$ and a thousand agreeable impertinenees? Was this the face-full of thought and carefulness-that had so often divested itself at will of every trace of either to give me diversion, to elear my eloudy face for two or three hours at least of its furrows? Was this the faee-manly, sober, intelligent,-whieh I had so often despised, made moeks at, made merry with? The remembrance of the freedoms which I had taken with it eane upon me with a reproach of insult. I could have asked it pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury. There is something strange as well as sad in seeing aetors-your pleasant fellows partienlarlysubjeeted to and suffering the eommon lot-their fortumes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the seene, their actions to be amenable to poetie justice only. We can hardly eonneet them with more awful responsibilities. The death of this fine aetor took place shortly after this meeting. IIe had ruitted the stage some months: and, as I learned afterwards, had bren in the hahit of resorting daily to these gindens almost to the day of his decease. In these serious walks probably he was divesting limself of many seenic and some real vanities-weaning himself
from the frivolities of the lesser and the greater thea-ter-doing gentle penance for a life of no very repprehensible fookeres, -taking off by degrees the butfoon mask which he might feel he had worn too long -and rehearsing for a more solemn cast of part. Dying he "put on the weeds of Dominie." ${ }^{1 *}$

If few ean remember Dodd, many yet living will not easily forget the pleasint creature, who in those days emacted the part of the Clown to Dodd's Sir Andrew.-Richard, or rather Dieky Suett-for so in his life-time he delighted to be called, and time hath ratified the appellation-lieth buried on the north side of the ecmetery of Holy Panl, to whose service his nonage and tender years were dedieated. There are who do yet remember hin at that period-his pipe clear and harmonions. IIe would often speak of his chorister dass, when he was "cherub Dicky."

What clipped his wings, or made it expedient that he shond exchange the holy for the profane state; whether he had lost his grood roice (his best reeommendation to that offiee), like Sir John," "with hallooing and singing of anthems;" or whether he was

[^14]adjudged to laek something, even in those early years, of the gravity indispensable to an oceupation which professeth to "eommerce with the skies"-I could never rightly learn; but we find him, after the probation of a twelvemontly or so, reverting to a secular eondition, and beeome one of us.

I think he was not altogether of that timber, out of which eathedral seats and sounding boards are hewed. But if a glad heart-kind and therefore glad -be any part of sanetity, then might the rohe of Motley, with whiel he invested himself with so mueh humility after his deprivation, and which he wore so long with so much blameless satisfaction to himself and to the publie, be aeeepted for a surpliec-his white stole, and albe.

The first fruits of his seeularization was an engagement upon the boards of Old Drury, at whieh theater he commenced, as I lave been told, with adopting the manner of Parsons in old men's elraraeters. At the period in which most of us knew him, he was no more an imitator than he was in any true sense himself imitable.

He was the Robin Cood-Fellow ${ }^{\mathbf{1}}$ of the stage. He eame in to trouble all things with a welcome perplexity, himself, no whit troubled for the matter. He was known, like Puck, ${ }^{1}$ by his mote- Ha! Ma! IIn! -sometimes deepening to $I / o$ ! $I o$ ! $I \sigma$ ! with an irresistible aceession, derived perhaps remotely from his ecclesiastical education, foreign to his prototype of, -O La! Thousands of hearts ret respond to the
chuckling O La！of Dieky Suett，brought hack to their remembrance by the fathful tamseript of his friend Mathews＇s mimicry．The＂force of nature eould no further go．${ }^{1}{ }^{1}$ He drolled upon the stock of these two syllables richer than the enckoo．

Care，that troubles all the work，was forgotem in his composition．Ilad he had hat two grains（nay， half a grain）of it，he could never have smpported himself upon those two spider＇s strings，which served him（in the latter part of his mmixed existence）as legs．A donbt or a seruphe must have made him totter，a sigh have puffed him down：the weight of a frown had staggered him，a wrinkle mate him lose his balance．But on he went，serambling upon those airy stilts of his，with Robin Good－Fellow，＂thorongh brake，thorongh briar．＂${ }^{2}$ reekless of a scratehed face or a torn doublet．

Shakespeare foresaw him，when he framed his fools and jesters．They have all the true Shett stamp，a loose and shambling grait，a slippery tonerne，this last the ready midwife to a without－pain－delivered jest； in words，light as air，venting truthe deep as the cen－ ter：with idlest rhymes tagering eonceit when busiest， singing with hear in the tempest，or Sir＇Tohy at the buttery－hateh．

Jack Bamister ${ }^{3}$ and he had the fortme to tre more of personal favorites with the town than any actors before or after：The diflerence． 1 take it，was this：－ Jaek was more belorcd for his sweet，good－matmoed
moral pretentions. Dieky was more liked for his sweet good-natured, no pretensions at all. Your whole conseience stirred with Bannister's performance of Walter in the Children in the Wood ${ }^{1}$-but Dicky seemed like a thing, as Shakespeare says of Love, too young to know what conscience is. IIe puts us into Vesta's days. ${ }^{2}$ Evil fled before him-not as from Jaek, as from an antagonist,--but beeause it could not toneh him, any more than a cannon-ball a fly. He was delivered from the burthen of that death; and, when Death eame himself, not in metaphor, to fetel Dicky, it is recorded of him by Robert Palmer, who kindly watehed his exit, that he received the last stroke, neither varying his aceustomed tranquillity, nor tune, with the simple exclamation, worthy to have been recorded in his epitaph-O La! O La! Bobby!
The elder l'almer ${ }^{3}$ (of stage-treading celebrity) commonly played Sir Toby in those days; but there is a solidity of wit in the jests of that half-Falstaff whieh he did not quite fill out. He was as mueh too showy as Moody (who sometimes took the part) was dry and sottish. Tn sock or buskin there was an air of swaggering gentility about Jaek Palmer. He was a gentleman with a slight infusion of the footman. His brother Poh (of reeenter memory) who was his shadow in everything while he lived, and dwindled into less than a shadow afterwards-was a gentleman with a little stronger infusion of the latter ingredient; that was all. It is amazing how a little of the more
or less makes a difference in these things. When you saw Bobby in the Duke's Servant, ${ }^{1 \text { * }}$ you said, what a pity such a pretty fcllow was only a servant. When you saw Jack figuring in Captain Absolute, ${ }^{2}$ you thought you could trace his promotion to some lady of cuality who fancied the handsome fellow in his topknot, and had bought him a commission. Therefore Jack in Dick Amulct ${ }^{3}$ was insuperable.

Jack had two roices-both plausible, hypocritical, and insinuating; but his secondary or supplemental roice still more decisively histrionic than his common one. It was rescreed for the spectator; and the dramatis personce were supposed to know nothing at all about it. The lies of young Wilding, ${ }^{\text {, }}$ and the sentiments in Joseph Surface, ${ }^{5}$ were thus marked out in a sort of italies to the audience. This seceret correspondence with the company before the curtain (which is the bane and death of tragedy) has an extremely happy effect in some kinds of comedy, in the more highly artificial comedy of Congreve or of Sheridan especially, where the alnolute sense of reality (so indispensable to scenes of interest) is not required, or would rather interfere to diminish your pleasure. The fact is, you do not beliese in such characters as Surface-the villain of artificial eomedy -cren while sou read or see them. If you did, they would shock and not divert yon. When Ben, in Love for Love, returns from sea, the following expuisite dialogue occurs at his first mecting with his father-

[^15]sir sumpson. Thou hast been many a weary langue, Ben, since 1 saw thee.

Bon. Ey, ey, beon! Been far cnough, ant that be all.Well, father, and how do all at home? how doces brothere Jick, and brother V:al?

Sir Stempsom. Dick! botly or me, Dick has berol de:ul these two years. I writ you word when you wore at Laynorn.

Bro. Muss, Hat's tme; Mary, I had forgot. Dick's dead, ats you saly - Widl, and how? - I have a many questions to ank you-1

Here is an instance of insensibility which in reat life would be revolting, or rather in real life eould not have co-existed with the wam-hearted temperament of the eharacters. But when yon read it in the spirit with which such playful selections amd specions combinations mather than strict metaphrases of mature it should be taken, or when you saw Bammister phay it, neither did, nor does womed the moral sense at all. For what is Ben-the pleasant sailor which Bannister gives us-but a piece of satire- a creation of Compreve's fancy-a dreamy emmbination of all the acecidents of a sailor's character-his eontempt of money-his eredulity to women-with that necessary estrangement from home which it is just within the verare of eredibility to suppose might produce such an hatherination as is here deseribed. We never think the worse of Ben for it, or feel it as a stain upon his chanacter. But when ann actor cones, and instead of the detight finl phantom-the ceratme dear 10 half-heliof-which Bambister exhihited-displays before our eges a downight coneretion of a Wapping
sailor ${ }^{-1}$-a jolly warm-hearted Jack T'ar-and nothing else-when instead of investing it with a delicions confusedness of the head, and a veering undirected goodness of purpose-he gives to it a downright daylight understanding, and a full conseionsmess of its actions; thrusting forward the semsibilities of the character with a pretense as if it stood upon nothing else, and was to be judged by them alone-we feel the discord of the thing: the seene is disturbed; a feal man has got in among the dramatis personid. and puts them out. We want the sallor tumed ont. We feel that his tron place is not behind the eurtain but in the first or second srallery.

## ON THE ARTIFICIAL, COMEDY OF THE LAST CENTVTR

Trie artificial Comedy, or Comedy of manners, is quite extinct on our stage. Congreve and Farquhar ${ }^{3}$ show theib heads once in seven years only, to be exploded and put down instantly. The times cannot bear them. Is it for a few wild speeches, au oeansional heense of dialogue? I think not altogether. The bmsiness of their dramatice characters will not stand the moral test. We sorew evergthing np to that. Thle rallantry in a fiction, fo deam, the passine pareant of an erening, startles ne in the same way as the alaminer indications of profligacy in a son or watd in wal life should starthe a parent or grandiam. Wre have mo smela middle emotions as dramatic in-
terests left. We see a stage libertine playing his loose pranks of two hours' duration, and of no after conserguenee, with the severe eyes which inspect real rices with their bearings upon two worlds. We are spectators to a plot or intrigue (not reducible in life to the point of strict morality) and take it all for truth. We substitute a real for a dramatic person, and judge lim accordingly. We try him in our comrts, from which there is no appeal to the dramatis persona, his peers. We have been spoiled withnot sentimental comedy-but a tyrant far more pernicions to omr pleasures which has sueceeded to it, the exclusive and all devouring drama of eommon life; where the moral point is everything; where, instead of the fietitious half-believed personages of the stage (the phantoms of old comedy) we reengnize ourselves, our brothers, aunts, kinsfolk, allies, patrons, enemies,-the same as in life,-with an interest in what is going on so hearty and substantial, that We camot afford our moral judgment, in its deepest and most vital results, to eompromise or slumber for a moment. What is there transacting, by no modification is made to affect us in any other manner than the same events or characters would do in onr relationships of life. We carry our fire-side concerns to the theater with us. We do not go thither, like our ancestors, to eseape from the pressure of reality, so much as to confirm our experience of it ; to make assurance double, and take a bond of fate. We mmst live one toilsome lives twice over, as it was the momen-
ful privilege of THysses to descend twiee to the shades. ${ }^{1}$ All that neutral ground of character, which stood between vice and virtue; or which in fact was indifferent to meither, where neither properly was called in question; that happy breathing-plaee from the burthen of a perpetual moral questioning-the sanetuary and quiet Alsatia ${ }^{2}$ of hunted easuistry-is broken up and disfranehised, as injurious to the interests of society. The privileges of the place are taken away by law. We dare not dally with images, or names, of wrong. We bark like foolish dogs at shadows. We dread infection from the seemie representation of disorder; and fear a painted pustule. In our ansiety that our morality should not take cold, we wrap it up in a great blanket surtout of precaution against the breeze and smushine.

I eonfess for mrself that (with no gleat delinqueneies to answer for) I am glad for a season to take an airing berond the diocese of the striet eonseience, -not to live always in the precincts of the law-eourts-but now and then, for a drean-while or so, to imagine a world with no meddling restrictionsto get into reeesses, whither the hunter camot follow me-
> ——Secret shades
> Of woody Ida's inmost grove, While yet there was no fear of Tove -

I eome back to my cage and my restraint the fresher and more healthy for it. I wear my shackles more
contentedly for having respired the breath of an imaginary freedom. I do not know how it is with others, but I feel the better always for the perusal of one of Congreve's-nay, why should I not add even of Wycherley's-comedies. ${ }^{1}$ I am the gayer at least for it; and I could never connect those sports of a witty fancy in any shape with any result to be drawn from them to imitation in real life. They are a world of themselves almost as much as fairy land. Take one of their characters, male or female (with few exceptions they are alike), and place it in a modern play, and my virtuous indignation shall rise against the profligate wretch as wammly as the Catos of the pit ${ }^{2}$ could desire ; because in a modern play I am to judge of the right and the wrong. The standard of police is the measure of political justice. The atmosphere will blight it, it cannot live here. It has got into a moral world, where it has no business, from which it must needs fall headlong; as dizzy, and incapable of making a stand, as a Swedenborgian ${ }^{3}$ bad spirit that has wandered unawares into the sphere of one of his Good Men or Angels. But in its own world do we feel the creature is so very bad?-The Fainalls and the Nirabels, the Dorimants and the Ladly 'Touchwoods, ${ }^{4}$ in their own sphere, do not offend iny moral semse; in fact they do not appeal to it at all. They seem engaged in their proper element. They break through no laws, or conscions restraints. They know of none. They have got out of Christendom into the land-what sliall I call it?-of cuck-
oldry-the Itopia of gallantry, where pleasure is duty, and the manners perfeet freedom. It is altogether a speculative seene of things, which has no reference whatever to the world that is. No good person ean be justly offended as a spectator, because no good person suffers on the stage. Judged morally, every character in these plays-the few exceptions only are mistakes-is alike essentially vain and worthless. The great art of Congreve is especially shown in this, that he has entirely exelnded from his seenes, -some little generosities on the part of Angelica perhaps execpted, -not only anything like a faultless charaeter, but any pretensions to goodness or good feelings whatsoever. Whether he did this designedly, or instinctively, the effeet is as happy, as the design (if design) was bold. I used to wonder at the strange power which his Way of the World in particular possesses of interesting your all along in the pursuits of charaters, for whom you absolutely eare nothingfor you neither hate nor love his personages-and I think it is owing to this very indifferener for any, that you endure the whole. He has spread a privation of moral light, I will call it, rather than by the nury name of palpable darkness, over his creations: and his shadows flit before yon withont distinetion or preference. Had he introduced a good character, a single gush of moral feelinge a revilsion of the judtrment to actual life and actual duties. the impertinent Goshen would have only lishted to the diseovery
of deformities, whieh now are none, beeause we think them none.

Translated into real life, the eharacters of his, and his friend Wyeherley's dramas, are profligates and strumpets,- the business of their brief existence, the undivided pursuit of lawless gallimtry. No other spring of aetion, or possible motive of eonduet, is recognized; principles which, universally aeted upon, must reduce this frame of things to a chaos. But we do them wrong in so translating them. No sueh effeets are produced in their world. When we are among them, we are amongst a ehaotie people. We are not to judge them by our usages. No reverend institutions are insulted by their proeeedings,-for they have mone among them. No peace of families is vio-lated,--for no family ties exist among them. No purity of the marriage bed is stained,--for none is supposed to have a being. No deep affeetions are dis-quieted,-no holy wedloek bands are snapped asunder, -for affection's depth and wedded faith are not of the growth of that soil. There is neither right nor wrong,- gratitude or its opposite,-clain or duty,paternity or sonship. Of what eonsequenees is it to virtue, or how is she at all coneerned about it, whether Sir Simon, or Dapperwit, steal away Miss Martha; or who is the father of Lord Froth's, or Sir l'aul Pliant's ehildren. ${ }^{1}$

The whole is a passing pageant, where we should sit as uneoncerned at the issues, for life or deatly, as
at a battle of the frocs and mice. But, like Don Quixote, ${ }^{1}$ we take part against the pupperts, and quite as impertinently. We dare not contemplate an A lantis, ${ }^{2}$ a scheme, out of which onr coxeombical moral sense is for a little transitory ease exelucted. Wre have not the eomrage to imagine a state of things for which there is neither reward nor pmishment. We: cling to the painful necessities of shame and blame. We would indict our very dreams.

Amidst the mortifying ciremmstances attendant mpon growing old, it is something to have seen the School for Scandal ${ }^{3}$ in its ghory. 'This comedy grew ont of Congreve and Wycherley, but gathered some allays of the sentimental comedy which followerl theirs. It is impossible that it shonld be now acted. thongh it continues, at lorg intervals, to be amomeed in the bills. Its lero, when P'almer played it at least, was Joseph Surface. When I remember the gry boldness, the graceful solemn plansibility, the measured step, the insimating roice-to express it in a wordthe downright acted villany of the part, so differemt from the pressure of conscions actnal widedness, the hypereritical assumption of hypocrisy, which made Jack so deservedly a favorite in that chatracter, I must needs eonchade the presint feneration of playgoers more ribtuous than myself, or more densic. I freely confess that he divided the palm with me with his better brother; that, in fact, I liked hime quitr is well. Not but there are passares, like that. for instance, where Joseph is made forefnse a pittanere to
a poor relation-incongruities which Sheridan was foreed upon by the attempt to join the artifieial with the sentimental comedy, either of which must destroy the other-but over these obstructions Jack's manner floated him so lightly, that a refusal from him no more shocked you, than the easy compliance of Charles gave you in reality any pleasure; you got over the paltry question as quiekly as you could, to get back into the regions of pure comedy, where no eold moral reigns. The highly artificial nanner of Palmer, in this character counteracted every disagreeable impression which you might have received from the contrast, supposing them real, between the two brothers. You did not believe in Joseph with the same faith with which you believed in Charles. The latter was a pleasant reality, the fommer a no less pleasant poetical foil to it. The comedy, I have said, is incongruous; a mixture of Congreve with sentimental ineompatibilities; the gayety upon the whole is buoyant ; but it required the consuminate art of Palmer to reeoneile the diseordant elements.

A player with Jaek's talents, if we had one now, would not dare to do the part in the same manner. He would instinetively avoid every thrn whieh might tend to unrealize, and so to make the character faseinating. IIe must take his eue from his spectators, who wonld expeet a bad man and a good man as rigidly opposed to each other as the death-beds of those geninses are contrasted in the prints, which I am sorry to say have disappeared from the windows
of my old friend Carrington Bowles, of St. Paul's Churelr-yard memory - (an exhibition as venerable as the adjacent eathedral, and almost cocval) of the bad and good man at the hour of death; where the glastly apprehensions of the former,-and truly the grim phantom with his reality of a toasting fork is not to be despised,-so finely contrast with the meek complacent kissing of the rod,-taking it in like honey and butter,-with whicls the latter submits to the seythe of the gentler bleeder, Time, who wields his laneet with the apprelensive finger of a popular young ladies' surgeon. What fleslr, like loving grass, would not covet to meet half-way the stroke of sueh a delieate mower?-.John Palmer was twice an actor in this exquisite part. He was playing to you all the white that he was playing upon Sir Peter and his lady. You had the first intimation of a sentiment before it was on his lips. His altered voice was meant to you, and you were to suppose that his fictitious eoflutterers on the stage perceived nothing at all of it. What was it to you if that half-reality, the hushand, was over reached by the puppetry-or the thin thimer (Lady Teazle's reputation) was persuaded it was dying of a plethory? The fortumes of Othello and Desdemona were not eonecrned in it. Poor Jack has passed from the stage in good time, that he did not live to this our age of serionsmess. The pleasant old Teazle King. ${ }^{1}$ too, is gone in rood time. Ilis mamer would scaree have past current in our day. Wैe must love or late-aequit or condemn-censure or pity-
exert our detestable coxcombry of moral judgment upon everything. Joseph Surface, to go down now, must be a downight revolting villain-no compro-mise-his first appearance must shoek and give hor-ror-his speeious plausibilities, which the pleasurable faculties of our fathers weleomed with such hearty greetings, knowing that no harm (dramatic harm even) could come, or was meant to come of them, must inspire a cold and killing aversion. Charles (the real canting person of the seene-for the hypoerisy of Joseph has its ulterior legitimate ends, but his brother's professions of good heart, center in downright self-satisfaction) must be loced, and Joseph hated. To balance one disagreeable reality with another, Sir Peter Teazle must be no longer the comic idea of a fretful old baehelor bridegroom, whose teasings (while King aeted it) were evidently as much played off at you, as they were meant to concern any body on the stage,--he must be a real person, capable in law of sustaining an injury-a person towards whom duties are to be aeknowledged-the genuine crim-eon antagonist of the villanous sedueer Joseph. To realize him more, his sufferings under his unfortunate mateh must have the downright pungency of life-must (or should) make you not mirthful but unenmfortable, just as the same predicament would move you in a neighbor or old friend. The delicious scenes which give the play its name and zest, must affeet you in the same serious manner as if you heard the reputation of a dear female friend
attaeked in your real presence. Crabtree, and Sir Benjamin-those ponr suakes that live but in the sumsline of your mirth-must be ripened by this hot-bed proeess of realization into asps or amphisbanas; and Mrs. Candor-O! frightful! beeome a hooded serpent. Oh! who that remembers Parsons and Dodd-the wasp and butterfly of the School for Seandal-in those two characters; and chaming natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy, in this latter part-would forego the true seenie delight-the eseape from lifethe oblivion of eonseguences-the holiday barring out of the pedant Refleetion-those Saturnalia ${ }^{1}$ of two or three brief hours, well won from the worldto sit instead at one of our modern plays-to have his coward conseience (that forsooth must not be left for a moment) stimulated with perpetual appealsdulted rather, and blunted, as a faculty withont repose must be-and his moral vanity pampered with images of notional justice, notional beneficences, lives saved without the spectators' risk, and fortunes given away that eost the author nothing?

No piece was, perhaps, ever so eompletely east in all its parts as this manager's comod!. Miss Firren had suceeeded to Mrs. Abingdon in Lady Treazle; and Smith, the origimal Charles, had retired when $[$ first saw it. The rest of the elanaetors, with very slight exeeptions, remained. I remember it was then the fashion to ery down Jolin Kemble, who took the part of Charles after Smith; but I thonght, very unjustly:

Smith, 1 fancy, was more airy, and took the eye with a eertain gayety of person. He brought with him no somber recollections of tragedy. He had not to expiate the fault of having pleased beforehand in lofty declamation. He had no sins of Hamlet or of Richard to atonc for. His failure in these parts was a passport to suecess in one of so opposite a tendeney. But, as far as I could judge, the weighty sense of Kemble made up for more personal ineapacity than he had to answer for. His harshest tones in this part cane steeped and duleified in good humor. He made his defeets a grace. His exact deelamatory manner, as he managed it, only served to eonvey the points of his dialogue with more preeision. It seemed to head the sliafts to carry then decper. Not one of his sparkling sentences was lost. I remember minutely how he delivered each in suecession, and eannot by any effort imagine how any of them could be altered for the better. No man could deliver brilliant dialogue -the dialogue of Congreve or Wyeherlcy-because none understood it-hali so well as John Kemble. His Valentine, in Love for Love, was, to my recollection, faultless. He flagged sometimes in the intervals of tragie passion. He would slumber over the level parts of an heroic character. His Maebeth has been known to nod. But he always seemed to me to be particularly alive to pointed and witty dialoguc. The relaxing levities of tragedy have not been touehed by any since lim-the playful court-bred spirit in which he condeseended to the players in Hamlet-the sport-
ive relief whieh he threw into the darker shades of Richard-disappeared with him. He had his shuggish moods, his torpors-but they were the haltingstones and resting-places of his tragedy-politic savings, and fetches of the breath-hushandry of the lungs, where nature pointed him to be an ceonomistrather, I think, than errors of the judgment. They were, at worst, less painfinl than the eternal tormenting unappeasable vigilanee, the "lidless dragon eyes," of present fashionable tragedy.

## ON THE ACTING OF MUNDEN

Not many mishts age I hat eome home from secting this extraordinary performer in Cockletop: : and when I retired to my pillow, his whimsical inage still stuck by me, in a manner as to threaten sleep. In vain I tried to divest myself of it, by eonjuring up the most opposite assoeations. I resolved to be serions. I raised up the grawest topies of life: private misery, public calamity. All would not do.

- There the antic sate

Mocking our state - 3
his queer visnomy-his bewildering costume-all the strange things whieh he had raked togrother-his serpentine rod, swagging abont in his poeket-Cle(t)patra's tear, and the rest of his relies O'Keefe's wild farce, and his wilder commentary-till the passion of langhter, like grief in excess, relievol itsolf
by its own weight, inviting the sleep which in the first instance it had driven away.

But I was not to eseape so easily. No sooner did I fall into slunbers, than the same image, only more perplexing, assailed me in the shape of decans. Not one Munden, but five hmdred, were dancing before me, like the fares which, whether you will or no, come when you have been taking opimu-all the strange combinations, which this strangest of all strange mortals ever shot his propor eomentenane into, from the day he eame commissioned to dry up the tears of the town for the loss of the now ahost forgotem Edwin. O for the power of the pencil to have fixed them when I awoke! $A$ season or two since there was exhibited a Hogarth gallsry. I do not see why there shouk not be a Mumben gallery. In richmess and variety the latter would not fall far short of the former.

There is one face of Farley, ${ }^{1}$ one faec of Knight, one (but what a one it is!) of Liston ; ${ }^{2}$ but Munden has none that yon can properly pin down, and call his. When you think he has exhansted his battery of looks, in maceombable warfare with your gravity, sudrlenly he sprouts ont an entirely new set of fealtures, like Hydra. ${ }^{3}$ He is not one, lont legion. Not sn much a comedian, as a company. If his name ronld be montiplied like his eommtenance, it might, fill a play-hill. He, and he alone, literally maters facs: applied to any other persom, the phrase is a mere figure, denoting ecrtain modifications, of the
human countenance. Out of some invisible wardrobe he dips for faces, as his friend suett used for wigs, and fetches them out as casily. I should not be surprised to see him some day put out the head of a river horse : or come forth a pewitt, or lapwing, some feathered metamorphosis.

I have seen this gifted actor in Sir Christopher Curry-in Old Dorntou-diffuse a glow of sentiment which has made the pulse of a crowded theater beat like that of one man; when he has come in aid of the pulpit, doing good to the moral heart of a people. I have seen some faint approaches to this sort of exedlence in other players. But in the grand grotesgue of farce, Munden stands out as single and unaccompanied as IIogarth. Hocrarth, strange to tell, had no followers. The school of Munden began and must end with himself.

Can any man wouder, like him? can any man see ghosts, like him? or fight with his own shadow"Sess.1" ${ }^{1}$-as he does in that strangely-negleeted thing, the Cobbler of Preston-where his alternations from the Cobbler to the Magnifico, and from the Magnifico to the Cobbler, keep the brain of the spectator in as wild a ferment, as if some Arabian Night were being acted before him. Who like him ean throw, or ever attempted to throw, a preternatural interest over the commonest daily-life objects. A table. or a joint stool, in his conception, rises into dignity: equivalent to Cassiopeia's chair. ${ }^{2}$ It is invested with constellatory importance. You could not speak of it
with more deference, if it were mounted into the firmament. A beggar in the hands of Michael Angelo, says Fuseli, ${ }^{1}$ rose the Patriareh of Poverty. So the gusto of Munden antiquates and ennobles what it touches. His pots and his ladles are as grand and primal as the seething-pots and hooks seen in old prophetic vision. A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a Platonic idea. He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. IIe stands wondering, anid the common-place materials of life, like primeval man with the sun and stars about him.

## LAS'T ESSAYS OF ELIA

## PREFACE

## BY \& FRIEND OF THE L.ITE ELA

Tins poor gentleman, who for some months past had been in a declining way, hath at length paid his final tribute to nature.

To say truth, it is time lie were gone. The humor of the thing, if there ever was much in it, was pretty well exhausted; and a two years' and a half existence las been a tolerable duration for a phantom.

I am now at liberty to confess, that much which I have heard objected to my late friend's writings was well-founded. Crude they are, I grant you-a sort of unlickerl, incondite things-villainously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been his, if they had been other than such : and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so callerl) that should be strange to him. Egrotistical they have hern pronounerd by some who did not know, that what he tidls us, as of hiunself, was often true only (historically) of another; as in a former Essay (to save many instances) - where under the first person (his favorite figure) he sharlows forth the forlorn estate of a country-boy placed at a Lon301
don school, fiar from his friends and connections-in direct opposition to his own early history. If it be egotism to imply and twine with his own identity the gricfs and affections of another-making himself many, or reducing many mato himself-then is the skifful novelist, who all along brings in his hero or leroine, speaking of thenselves, the greatest equtist of all; who yet has never, therefore, been acensed of that narrowness. And how shall the intenser dramatist eseape being faulty, who, doubtless, under cover of passion uttered by another, of tentimes gives blameless vent to his most inward feelings, and expresses his own story modestly.

My late friend was in many respects a singular character. 'Those who did mot like him, hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterwards becane his bitterest haters. The truth is, he fave himself ton litthe concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. Ho observed neither time nor plate, and would e'en out with what eame uppermost. With the severe rehirionist he wonld pass for a freethinker; white the oftrer faction set him down for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his semtiments. Few understood him; and I ann not comain that at all times he quite moderstood himself. He tom mumblafected that damerous figme-irony. He sowed donbtiol sperches, and reaperl plain, unernivocal hatred.- We would intermpt the gravest diseussion with some lirht. jest ; and pet, perlaps, not quite invelevant in rars Hat could maderstand it. Your long and manch talk-
a's hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inverrate imperdiment of speech, forbade him to be an orator; and he sermed determined that wo one dse shonkl phay that part when he was present. He was pelil and ordinaly in his person and appearamer. I have seen him sometmes in what is called grool company, but where he has been a stranger, sit silent, and be smsperted for an odel lellow; till some mblucky oecasion provoking it, he would stutter out some semseless pun (not altogether senseless perhaps, if rightly taken), which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him; but nine times ont of tem, he eontrived by this device to semed allay a whole eompany his enemies. His ronceptions rose kindlior than his ntterance, and his happiest impromplus hat the appearatee of effort. He has beed anemsed of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struserging to give his poo thonghts articulation. We chose his companions for some individaality of chasacter which they manifested. Hence, not many persons of selemee, and a few proferssed litrali, were of his eombeils. They were, for the most part, persons of ant mencertain fortume; and, as to surb people commonly mothing is more ohmoxions thath a gembleman of settled (thomgh moterate) income, he pisssed with most of them for a great miser: 'To my knowletere this was a mistake. His intimudns.' In conlless at trath, were in the wortd's cye' -a bared regiment. He fommet them floatime on the surface of soneidy; amd the rolor', or something else
in the weed pleased him. 'The burrs stuck to himbut they were grood and loving burs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandatized (and offenses were sure to arise), he eould not help it. When he has been remonstrated with for not making more concessions to the feelings of good people, he would retort by asking, what one point did these good people ever concede to him? He was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemionsness. Only in the use of the Indian weed ${ }^{1}$ he might be thought a little excessive. He took it, he would say, as a solvent of speceh. Marry-as the friendly vapor aseended, how his prattle would curl up sometimes with it! the ligaments which tongue-tied him, were loosened, and the stammerer proceeded a statist!

I do not know whether I ought to bemoan or rejoice that my old friend is departed. His jests were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories to be found out. He felt the approaches of age; and while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him. Discomsiner with him latterly on this subject, he expressed hiniself with a pettishness, whieh I thonght mworthy of him. In onr walks about his subnrban retreat (as he called it) at Shaeklewell, ${ }^{2}$ some children belonging to a sehool of industry had met us, and bowed and centseyed, as he thought, in an especial manner to him. "They take me for a visiting governor,' he muttered earn-
estly. He had a horror, whieh le carried to a foible, of looking like anything important and parochial. IIe thought that he approached nearer to that stamp daily. He had a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character, and kept a wary eyc upon the advances of age that should so entitle him. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. ITe did not conform to the march of time, but was dragged along in the procession. His manners lagged behind his years. IIc was too much of the boy-man. The logu virilis ${ }^{1}$ never sat gracefully on his shoulders. The impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he resented the impertinence of manhood. These were weaknesses: but such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of his writings.

## BLAKESAIOOR IN II——SIIIRE

I do not know a pleasure more affeeting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy : and contemplations on the great and good, whom we fancy in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions, incompatible with the bustle of modern ocenpancy, and vanities of foolish present aristocracy. The same difference of fecling, I think, attends us between entering an cmpty and a crowded church. In the latter it is chance but some present human frailty-an act
of inattention on the part of some of the auditory or a trait of affection, or worse, vain-glory, on that of the preacher-puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonizing the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness?-go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church: think of the piety that has kneeled there-the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there-the meek pastor-the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no eross conflicting compassions, drink in the tranupullity of the place, till thon thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.

Journeying northward lately, I could not resist going some few miles out of my road to look upon the remains of an old great house with which I had been impressed in this way in infancy. I was apprised that the owner of it had lately pulled it down; still I had a varcue notion that it could not all have perished, that so much solidity with magnificence conld not have been crushed all at once into the mere dust and rubbish which I found it.

The work of rinin had proceeded with a swift hand indeed, and the demolition of a few weeks had reduced it to-an antiquity.

I was astonished at the indistinction of everything Where had stood the great gates? What bomided the courtyard? Whereabout did the out-houses com-
mence? a few bricks only lay as representatives of that which was so stately and so spacions.

Death does not shrink up his human vietim at this rate. The burnt ashes of a man weigh more in their proportion.

Had I seen these briek-and-mortar knaves at their process of destruction, at the plneking of every pancl I should have felt the varlets at my heart. I slould have cried out to them to spare a plank at least ont of the checrful store-room, in whose hot window-seat I used to sit and read Cowley, ${ }^{1}$ with the grass-plot before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted it about me-it is in mine ears now, as oft as sumuer returns; or a panel of the yellow room.

Why, every plank and panel of that house for me had magie in it. The tapestried bed-rooms-tapestry so mmeh better than painting-not adorning merely, but peopling the wainseots-at which childhood ever and anon would steal a look, shifting its coverlid (replaced as quickly) to exereise its tender courage in a momentary eye-eneounter with those stern bright visages, staring reciprocally-all Ovid ${ }^{2}$ on the walls, in colors vivider than his deseriptions. Aetron in mid sprout, with the unappeasable prudery of Diana; ${ }^{3}$ and the still more provoking, and almost culinary coohness of Dan Phobus, cel-fashion, deliberately divesting of Marsyas. ${ }^{4}$

Then, that haunted room-in which old Mrs. Bat-
the died ${ }^{1}$-whereinto I have crept, but atways in the day time, with a passion of fear; and a sneaking euriosity, terror-tainted, to hold communieation with the past-How shall they build it up again?

It was an old deserted place, yet not so long deserted but that traces of the splendor of past inmates were everywhere apparent. Its furmiture was still standing-even to the tarnished gilt leather battledores, and ermbling feathers of shuttlecoeks in the nursery, which told that children had onee played there. But I was a lonely ehild, and had the range at will of every apartment, knew every nook and corner, wondered and worshipped everywhere.

The solitude of ehildhoot is not so mench the mother of thought, as it is the feeder of love, and silence, and admiration. So strange a passion for the place possessed me in those years, that, though there lay- I shame to say how few roods distant from the man-sion-half hid by trees, what 1 judged some romantie lake, such was the spell which bound me to the house, and such my earefuhness not to pass its striet and proper precinets, that the idle waters lay unexplored for me: and not till late in life, curiosity prevailing over elder devotion, I found, to my astonishuent, a pretty brawling brook had been the Lacns Ineomitus * of my infancy. Variegated views, extensive prospects -and those at no reat distanee from the house-I was fold of such-what were they to me, beinger ont of the boundaries of my Eden? So far firom a wish to roam, I would have drawn, methonght, still closer.
the fenees of my chosen prison; and have been henmed in by a yet seenrer cincture of those excluding garden walls. I conld have exclaimed with that garden-loving poct-

Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines; Curl me about, ye gadding vines; And oh so close your circles lace, That I may never leave this place;
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your silken bondage break,
Do your, O brambles, ehain me too,
And, courteous briars, nail me through. 1
I was here as in a lonely temple. Snug firesidesthe low-built roof-parlors ten feet by ten-frugal boards, and all the homeliness of home - these were the condition of my birth-the wholesome soil which I was planted in. Yet, without impeachment to their tenderest lessons, I am not sorry to have had glanees of something beyond; and to have taken, if but a peep, in ehildhood, at the contrasting aecidents of a great fortune.

To have the feeling of gentility, it is not necessary to have been born gentle. The pride of aneestry may be hat on cheaper terms than to be obliged to an importumate race of ancestors; and the coatless antiquary in his unemblazoned cell. revolving the long line of a Mowbray's or DeClifford's pedigree, ${ }^{2}$ at those sounding names may warm himself into as gay a ranity as those who do inherit them. The claims of birth are ineal merely, and what herald shall go about
to strip me of an idea? Is it trenchant to their swords? can it be hacked oft as a spur can? or torn away like a tarnished garter?

What, else, were the families of the great to us? what pleasures should we take in their tedions genealogies, or their capitnatory brass momments? What to us the minterrupted cnrrent of their bloods, if our own dicl not answer within us to a cognate and corresponding elevation?

Or wherefore else, O tattered and diminished 'Seuteeon that hung npon the time-worn walls of thy princely stairs, Blakesmoon! have I in childhood so oft stood poring mon the mystic ehameters-thy emblematic supporters, with their prophetie "Resurgam" ${ }^{1}$-till, every dreer of peasantry purging off, I received into myself Very (ientility? 'Thon wert first in my moming cyes: and of nights, hast detained my steps from bedward, till it was but a step from gazing at thee to dreaming on thee.

This is the only true gentry by adoption; the vertible change of hlood, and not, as empiries have fabled, hy transfusion.

Who it was by dying that had eamed the splendid trophy, I know not, I insuired not: but its fading rags, and colors cobweb-stamed, told that its sul)jects was of two centuries back.

And what if my ancestor at that date was some Damoetas - - feeding flocks, not his own, npon the hits of limeoln-did I in tess earnest vindieate to museli the family trappings of this once prond . Feron? ${ }^{3}$ - re-
paying by a backward triumph the insults he linight possibly have heaped in his life-time upon my poor pastoral progenitor.

If it were presumption so to speeulate, the present owners of the mansion had least reason to eomplain. They had long forsaken the old house of their fathers for a newer trifle; and I was left to appropriate to myself what images I eonld pick up, to raise my fancy, or to soothe my vanity.

I was the true deseendant of those old $\mathrm{W}-\mathrm{S}$; and not the present family of that name, who had fled the old waste places.

Nine was that gallery of good old family portraits, whieh as I have gone over, giving them in faney my own family name, one-and then another-would seem to smile-reaehing forward from the canvas, to recognize the new relationship; white the rest looked grave, as it secmed, at the vaeaney in their dwelling, and thoughts of fled posterity.

That Beauty with the eool blue pastoral drapery, and a lamb-that loung next the great bay windowwith the bright yellow 11 -shire hair, and eye of watehet lue-so like my Alice!-I am persuaded she was a truer Elia-Mildred Elia, I take it.

Mine too, Blakesmoor, was thy noble Marble Hall, with its mosaic pavements, and its Twelve Ciesars- ${ }^{2}$ stately busts in marble-ranged round: of whose countenances, young reader of faces as I was, the frowning beaty of Nero, ${ }^{2}$ I remember, had most of my wonder ; but the mild Cialba ${ }^{3}$ had my love. There
they stood in the eoldness of death, yet freshness of immortality.

Nine too, thy lofty Justice Hall, with its one chair of authority, high-backed and wiekered, once the terror of luekless poacher, or self-forgetful maiden-so conmon since, that bats have roosted in it.

Nine too-whose else?-thy costly fruit-garden, with its sun-baked southern wall; the ampler pleasuregarden, rising backwards from the honse in triple terraces, with flower-pots now of palest lead, save that a speek here and there, saved from the elements, bespake their pristine state to have been gilt and glittering; the verdant quarters baekwarder still; and, stretehing still beyond, in old formality, thy firry widderness, the haunt of the squirrel, and the day-long murmuring wood-pigeon, with that antique image in the eenter, God or Goddess I wist not; but child of Athens or old Rome paid never a sinecrer worship to Pan or to Sylvanus ${ }^{1}$ in their native groves, than I to that fragmental mystery.

Was it for this, that I kissed my ehildish hands too fervently in your idol worship, walks and windings of Blakesmoor! for this, or what sin of mine. has the plough passed over your pleasant plaees? I sometimes think that as men, when ther die, do not die all, so of their extinguished habitations there may be a hope-a germ to be revivified.

## POOR RELATIONS

A poor Relation-is the most irrelevant thing in nature,-a piece of impertinent correspondency,-an odious approxination,-a haunting eonseience,-a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity, an unweleome remembrancer,-a perpetually reeurring mortification,-a drain on your purse,-a more intolerable dun upon your pride,-a drawback upon suecess,-a rebuke to your rising,-a stain in your blood,-a blot on your 'scuteheon,-a rent in your garment,-a death's head at your ban-quet,-Agathocles' pot, ${ }^{2}$-a Mordeeai in your gate, ${ }^{3}$ -a Lazarus at your door, ${ }^{4}$-a lion in your path,-a frog in your chamber,-a fly in your ointment,-a mote in your eye,-a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,-the one thing not needful, -the hail in harvest,-the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knoek. Your heart telletly you "That is Mr. ——." A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and, at the same time, seems to despair of, entertaimment. He entereth smiling and-embarrassed. He lioldeth out his hand to you to shake, and-draweth it baek again. He casmally looketh in about dinner-time-when the table is full. IIe offereth to gro away, seeing you lave company, but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are aeeommodated at
a side table. He never cometh npon open days, when your wife says with some eomplacency, "Jy dear, perhaps Mr. - will drop in to-day." IIe remembereth birthdays-and professeth he is fortmnate to have stumbled upon one. He deelareth against fish, the turbot being small-yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port-yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of elaret, if a stranger press it upon him. IIe is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Everyone speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be-a tide waiter. He calleth you by your Christian mane, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness he wonld be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. IIe is a worse ghest than a comory tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth np no rent-yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanor, that your gnests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of porerty, audresents being left ont. When the company break np he proffereth to go for a coach-and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather' and will throst in some mean and quite umimportant ane dote of -
the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in sceing it now." He reviveth past situations to institute what lie callethfavorable emmparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture: and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle-which you must remenber. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable: his compliments perverse: his talk a tronble; his stay pertinacious; and when he gocth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two muisances.

There is a worse evil under the smm, and that isa female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other: yon may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. "He is an old humorist," you may say, "and affects to gro threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a Character at your table, and tiruly he is one." But in the indications of female porerty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The
truth must out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L-s; or what cloes she at their honse?" She is, in all probability, your wife's eousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the ease. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a begrgar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed some-times-aliquando sufflaminandus crat ${ }^{1}$-but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dimer, and she begs to be helped-after the gentlemen. Mr. - requests the honor of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and ehooses the former-beeause he does. She ealls the servant Sir; and insists on not tronbling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronizes her. The children's groverness takes upon her to eorrect her, when she has mistaken the piano for harpsiehord.

Richard Amlet, Esq., ${ }^{2}$ in the play, is a notieeable instance of the disadvantages, to which this ehimerieal notion of affinity constituting a. claim to an acquentance, may subjeet the spirit of a gentleman. A litthe foolish blood is all that is betwixt him and a lady with a great estate. His stars are perpetmally erossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman. who persists in calling him "her son Diek." But she las wherewithal in the end to reeompense his indignities, and float him again upon the brilliant surface. monder whieh it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him. All men, besides, are not of

Diek's temperament. I knew an Amlet in real life, who wanting Diek's buoyaney, sank indeed. Poor $\mathfrak{W}$ ___ was of my own standing at Christ's, a fine classie, and a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was too much pride; but its quality was inoffensive; it was not of that sort whieh hardens the heart, and serves to keep inferiors at a distanee; it only sought to ward off derogation from itself. It was the prineiple of self-respeet earried as far as it eould go, without infringing upon that respeet, which he would have every one else equally maintain for himself. He would have you to think alike with him on this topie. Nany a quarrel have I had with him, when we were rather older boys, and our tallness made us more obnoxious to observation in the blue elothes, beeanse I would not thread the alleys and blind ways of the town with him to elude notiee, when we have been out together on a holiday in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis. W-went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of a humble introduction, wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with a profound aversion to the soeiety. The servitor's gown (worse than his selool array) elung to him with Nessian ${ }^{2}$ venom. He thought himself ridieulous in a garb, under which Latimer ${ }^{3}$ must have wakked ereet; and in whieh Hooker, ${ }^{4}$ in his young days, possibly flamted in a vein of no discommendable vanity. In the depths of enllege shades, or in his lonely ehamber, the poor student shrunk
from observation. He found shelter among books, which insult not; and studies, that ask no (questions of a youth's finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom eared for looking out beyond his domains. The healing influence of studions pursuits was upon him, to soothe and to abstract. He was almost a healthy mam; when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him with a seeond and worse malignity. The father of $\mathrm{W}-$ had hitherto exereised the humble profession of honse-painter at N -_—, near Oxford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of colleges had now indueed him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some pmblie works which were talked of. From that moment I read in the comntenance of the young man, the determination whieh at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever. To a person unacquainted with our Universities, the distance between the gownsmen and the townsmen, as they are called-the trading part of the latter especially-is carried to an exeess that would appear harsh and ineredible. The tempperament of W-_'s father was diametrically the reverse of his own. Old $\mathbb{W}$-_ was a little, busy, eringing tradesman, who, with his son upom his arm, would stand bowing and seraping, (ap in hand, to anything that wore the semblanee of a gown-insensible to the winks and opener remonstrances of the young man, to whose chamber-fellow, or ergal in standing, perhaps, he was thms olseeflnionsly amd ir ittuitously ducking. Such a state of thiness could not
last. W- must ehange the air of Oxford or be suffoeated. He ehose the former; and let the sturdy moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as they ean bear, censure the derelietion; he cannot estimate the struggle. I stood with W-, the last afternoon I ever saw him, under the eaves of his paternal dwelling. It was in the fine lane leading from the IIigh Street to the baek of **** eollege, where W- kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful, and more reeouciled. I ventured to rally himfincling him in a better mood-upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist, ${ }^{1}$ which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish, had eaused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his really handsome shop, either as a token of prosperity, or badge of gratitude to lis saint. W-_ looked up at the Luke, and, like Satan, "knew his mounted sign-and fled." A letter on lis father's table the next morning, announeed that he had aecepted a eommissiou in a regiment about to embark for Portugal. He was among the first who perished before the walls of St. Sebastian. ${ }^{2}$

I do not know how, upon a subjeet which I began with treating lalf seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so cminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so mueh matter for tragice as well as eomic associations, that it is diffieult to kecp the aceount distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter, are certainly not attended with anything painful, or
very humihating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so-for my cue was to admire in silence. A particnlar clbow chair was appropriated to him, which was in no ease to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I conld make out of him was, that he and my father had been sehoolfellows a world ago at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. ${ }^{1}$ The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was eoined-and I thonght he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He semmed above human infirmities and passions. A sor't of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning; a captive-a stately being, let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respeet which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argrment, tonching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of
my readers know) between the divellers on the hill, and in the valley. This marked distinetion formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common sehool) and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotinses. ${ }^{1}$ My father had been a leading Mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the Above Boys (his own faction) over the Below Boys (so were they called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topie - the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out-and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expeeted) of aetual hostilities. But my father, who seorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-eommendation of the old Minster; in the general preference of which, before all other eathedrals in the island, thie dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, eould meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Onee only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remembered with anguish the thonght that eame over me: "Perhaps he will never come here again." He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, whieh I have already mentioned as the indispensable coneomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigor-when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who
had something of this in common with my eousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season-nttered the following memorable applica-tion-"Do take another sliee, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day." The old gentleman said nothing at the time-but he took oecasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it-"Woman, you are superammated." John Billet did not survive long, after the digesting of this affront; but le survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored! and, if I remember aright, another pudding was diserectly substifuted in the place of that which had oceasioned the offense. He died at the Mint (anno 1781) where he had long held, what he aceomuted, a eomfortable independenee; and with five pomols, fomrteen shillings, and a penny, which were found in his eseritnire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was-a Poor Relation.

## DETACIIED TIIOUGIITS ON BOOKS AND READING

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the fored product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own.

Lord Foppington in the Relapse. 2
An ingenions acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship, that he las left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some eredit on this head, I mnst confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

I hare no repugnances. Shafteshury ${ }^{3}$ is not too gentecl for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a book. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for snch.

In this catalogne of books which are no booksbiblin a-biblia-I reckon Court Catendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Dranght Boards, bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almamacks, Statutes at Large : the works of IImme, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, ${ }^{5}$ and, generally, all those volumes which "no gentlemerr's library should
be without:" the histories of Flavius Josephus ${ }^{1}$ (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy. ${ }^{2}$ With these cxeeptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholie, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these things in books' clothing perched upon slelves, like false saints, usurpers of true slorines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what "seem its leaves," to come bolt upon a withcring Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find-- Idam Smith. ${ }^{3}$ To view a well-arranged assortment of blockheaded Encyelopadias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of Russia, or Moroceo, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus ${ }^{4}$ himself, and enable old Raymond Lully " to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnifieence comes after. This, when it ean be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of Magazines, for instaner, in full suit. The dislrabille, or lalf-binding (with Rinssia backs ever) is our costume. A Shakspeare. or a Milton (unless the first editions), it were mere foppery to
trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them eonfers no distinetion. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet cmotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's Seasons, ${ }^{1}$ again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn, and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves and worn-out appearanee, nay, the very odor (beyond Russia), if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidionsness, of an old "Cireulating Library'" Tom Jones, or Viear of Wakefield! How they speak of the thousand thumbs, that have turned over their pages with delight!-of the lone sempstress, whom they may have eheered (milliner, or harderworking mantna-maker) after her long day's needletoil, running far into midnight, when she has snatehed an hour, ill-spared from sleep, to steep her eares, as in some Lethean eup, in spelling out their enehanting eontents! Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better eondition eould we desire to see them in?

In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands from binding. Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, ${ }^{2}$ and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive vol-umes-Great Nature's Stereotypes-we see them individually perish with less regret, beeause we know the eopies of them to be "eterne." But where a book is at once both good and rare-where the individual is almost the speeies, and when that perishes,

> We know not where is that Promethean torch That can its light relumine - 3
such a book, for instanee, as the Life of the Duke of Neweastle, hy his Duchess ${ }^{1}$ - no easket is rich enongh, no casing sufficiently durable, to honor and keep safe sueh a jewel.

Not only rare volumes of this deseription, which seem hopeless ever to be reprinted; but old editions of writers, such as Sir Philip Sydney, Bishop Taylor, Milton in his prose-works, Fuller-of whom we have reprints, ret the books themselves, thongh they go about, and are talked of here and there, we know, have not endenizened themselves (nor possibly ever will) in the national heart, so as to beeome stock books-it is good to possess these in durable and eostly eovers. I do not eare for a First Folio of Shakspeare. I rather prefer the eommon editions of Rowe and Tonson ${ }^{2}$ withont notes, and with plates, whieh, being so exeerably bad, serve as maps, or modest remembraneers, to the text; and withont pretending to any supposable emulation with it, are so much hetter than the Shakspeare gallery ongratings, which did. I have a commmity of feeling with my eommtremen abont his Plays, and I like those editions of him best. which have been oftenest tumbled about and handled.-On the contrary, I eannot read Beanmont and Fleteher ${ }^{3}$ but in Folio. The Oetaro editions are painful to look at. I have no sympathy with them. If they ware as much read as the enrrent editions of the other poet. I should prefer them in that shape to the older one. I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the Anatomy of

Melancholy. What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the newest fashion to modern censure? what hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular?-The wretched Malone ${ }^{1}$ could not do worse, when he bribed the sexton of Stratford chureh to let him white-wash the painted effigy of old Shakspeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very color of the cheek, the eye, the eyebrow, hair, the very dress he used to wear-the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint. By ——, if I had been a justice of peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapped both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks, for a pair of meddling sacrilegious varlets.

I think I see them at their work-these sapient trouble-tombs.

Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess, that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear-to mine, at least-than that of Milton or of Shakspeare? It may be, that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley. ${ }^{2}$

Mueh depends upon when and where you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes, before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking
up the Fairy Queen for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' ${ }^{1}$ sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his musie, to whieh, who listens, had need bring doeile thoughts, and purged ears.

Winter evenings-the world shut out-with less of eeremony the gentle Shakspeare enters. At sueh a season, the Tempest, or his own Winter's Tale-

These two poets you cannot aroid reading alondto yourself, or (as it ehanees) to some single person listening. More than one-and it degenerates into an audience.

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for ineidents, are for the eye to glide over only. It will not do to read them ont. I eould never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

A newspaper, read out, is intolerable. In some of the Bank offiees it is the eustom (to save so mueh individual time) for one of the elerks-who is the best seholar-to eommerce upon the Times, or the Chroniele, and reeite its entire eontents aloud pro bono publico. ${ }^{2}$ With every advantage of limgs and elocntion, the effeet is singularly vapid. In barbers' shops and public-houses a fellow will get up, and spell ont a paragraph which he eommunieates as some diseovery. Another follows with his selection. So the entire journal transpires at length hy piece-meal. Sekdomreaders are slow readers, and without this expedient
no one in the company would probably ever travel throngh the contents of a whole paper.

Newspapers always excite euriosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

What an eternal time that gentleman in black, at Nando's ${ }^{1}$ keeps the paper! I am sick of heariug the waiter bawling out incessantly, "the Chroniele is in hand, Sir."

Coming in to an inn at night-having ordered your supper-what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time ont of mind by the carelessness of some former guest-two or three numbers of the old 'Town and Country Magazine, with its ammsing têtc-ci-tête pictures-"The Royal Lover and Lady G-_;" "The Melting Platonic and the Old Bean,"-and sueh like antiquated scandal? Would yon exchange it-at that time, and in that place-for a better book?

Poor 'T'obin," who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kinds of reading-the Paradise Lost, or Comns, he could have read to him -but he missed the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye a marazine, or a light pamphlet.

I should not care to be canght in the serions avenues of some cathedral alone and reading Candide. ${ }^{3}$

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected-by a fimiliar damsel-reclining at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill ${ }^{4}$ (her Cytherei), ${ }^{5}$ reading Pamela. ${ }^{6}$ There was nothing in the book to make a man serionsly ashamed at the
exposure ; but as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have wished it had been-any other book. We read on very sociably for a few pages; and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and-went away. Gentle easuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush (for there was one between us) was the property of the nymph or the swain in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the seeret.

I am not mueh a friend to out-of-doors reading. I eannot settle my spirits to it. I knew a l'nitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow Hill (as yet Skimner's Street was not), between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner. ${ }^{1}$ I own this to have been a strain of abstraction beyond my reach. I used to admire how he sidfed along, keeping clear of seeular conttacts. An illiterate eneounter with a porter's knot, or a bread basket, wonld have quiekly put to flight all the thenlogy I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points.

There is a elass of street-readers, whom I ean never contemplate without affection-the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filela a little learning at the open stalls-the owner, with his hard eye, easting envious lonks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Tenturing tenderly, page after page, expecting epery moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratifieation, they "snateh a
fearful joy." Martin B-_, ${ }^{1}$ in this way, by daily fragments, got throngh two volumes of Clarissa, ${ }^{2}$ when the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition, by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the work. M. declares, that under 110 ciremmstance in his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches. A quaint poetess of our day ${ }^{3}$ has moralized upon this snbject in two rery touching but homely stanzas.

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a hook rupon a stall.
And read, as he'd devom it all;
Which when the stall-man did espy.
Soon to the boy I heard him eall,
"Yon, Sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not lonk."
The boy pasid slowly on, and with a sigh
Ife wishd he never liad been tanght to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need.

Of sufferings the poor have many.
Which never can the rich amoy:
I sonn pereeived another boy,
Who look'll as if he had not any
Fooll, for that day at least - enjoy
The sight of eold moat in a tavern barder.
This boy's cate, them thonght $I$, is sumely hariler.
'Thus humpry, longing, thus withont a pemy,
Beholding elonce of dainly-dresed meat:
No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learid to eat.

## STAGE ILLUSION

A play is said to be well or ill acted in proportion to the seenical ilhsion produced. Whether such ilhusion ean in any case be perfeet, is not the question. The nearest approach to it, we are told is, when the actor appears wholly unconscions of the presence of spectators. In tragedy-in all which is to affect the feelings-this undivided attention to his stage business seems indispensable. Yet it is, in faet, dispensed with every day by our eleverest tragedians; and while these references to an andience, in the shape of rant or sentiment, are not too frequent or palpable, a sufficient quantity of illusion for the purposes of dramatic interest may be said to be prodneed in spite of them. But, tragedy apart, it may be inguired whether, in certain characters in comedy, especially those which are a little extravagant, or which involve some notion repugnant to the moral sense, it is not a proof of the highest skill in the comedian when, without absolutely appealing to an audience, he keeps up a tacit understanding with them: and makes them, uneonscionsly to themselves, a party in the seene. The utmost nicety is required in the mode of doing this: but we speak only of the great artists in the profession.

The most mortifying infirmity in human mature. to feel in ourselves, or to contemplate in another, is, perhaps, cowardice. 'To see a eoward done to the life
upon a stage would produce anything but mirth. Yet we most of us remember Jack Bamnister's cowards. ${ }^{2}$ Conld anything be more agrecable, more pleasant? We loved the rogues. How was this effected but by the exquisite art of the actor in a perpetual sub-insinuation to us, the spectators, even in the extremity of the shaking fit, that he was not half such a coward as we took him for? We saw all the common symptoms of the malady upon him ; the quivering lip, the cowering knees, the teeth chattering; and could have sworn "that man was frightened." But we forgot all the while-or kept it almost a secret to ourselves-that he never once lost his self-possession; that he let out by a thousand droll looks and gestures-meant to $u s$, and not at all supposed to be visible to his fellows in the scene, that his confidence in his own resources had never once deserted him. Was this a genuine picture of a coward? or not rather a likeness, which the clever artist contrived to pahn upon us instead of an original; while we secretly connived at the delusion for the purpose of greater pleasure, than a more genuinc counterfciting of the imbecility, helplessness, and utter self-descrtion, which we know to be eoncomitants of cowardice in real life, eould have given us?

Why are miscrs so hateful in the world, and so cndurable on the stage, but beeause the skilful actor, bỵ a sort of sub-reference, rather than direct appeal to us, disarms the character of a great deal of its odiousness, by seeming to engage our compassion for
the inseeure tenure by which he holds his money bags and parehments? By this subtle vent half of the hatefulness of the eharacter-the self-closeness with whieh in real life it eoils itself up from the sympathies of men-evaporates. The miser beeomes sympathetic; i. c. is no genuine miser. Here again a diverting likeness is substituted for a very disagreeable reality.

Spleen, irritability-the pitiable infirmities of old men, whieh produce only pain to behold in the realities, counterfeited upon a stage, divert not altogether for the eomic appendages to them, but in part from an inner eonvietion that they are being acted before us ; that a likeness only is going on, and not the thing itself. They please by being done under the life, or beside it; not to the life. When Ciatty acts an old man, is he angry indeed? or only a pleasant counterfeit, just enough of a likeness to reeognize, without pressing upon us the uneasy sense of a reality.

Comedians, paradoxieal as it may seem, may be too natural. It was the ease with a late actor. Nothing eould be more earnest or true than the manner of Mr. Emery; this told exeellently in his Tyke, and eharaeters of a tragic east. But when he earried the same rigid exclnsiveness of attention to the stage business, and wilful blinduess and oblivion of everything before the curtain into his comedy, it produced a harsh and dissomant effeet. He was out of kerping with the rest of the Personce Dramatis. There was as little link between him and them as betwixt him-
self and the audience. He was a third estate, dry, repulsive, and unsocial to all. Individually considcred, his exceution was masterly. But comedy is not this unbending thing; for this reason, that the same degree of eredibility is not required of it as to serions scenes. The degrees of credibility demanded to the two things may be illustrated by the different sort of truth which we expect when a man tells us a mournful or a merry story. If we suspeet the former of falsehood in any one tittle, we rejeet it altogether. Our tears refuse to flow at a suspected imposition. But the teller of a mirthful tale has latitude allowed him. We are eontent with less than absolute truth. 'Tis the same with dramatie ilhosion. We confess we love in eomedy to sce an audience naturalized behind the seenes, taken into the interest of the drama, welcomed as by-standers however. There is something morraeious in a eomic aetor holding himself aloof from all partieipation or concern with those who are come to be diverted by him. Maebeth must see the dagger, and no ear but his own be told of it; but an old fool in faree may think he sees something, and by eonscions words and looks express it, as plainly as he can speak, to pit, box, and gallery. When an impertinent in tragedy, an Osrie, ${ }^{1}$ for instanee, breaks in upon the serious passions of the seene, we approve of the contempt with whieh he is treated. But when the pleasant impertinent of comedy, in a piece purely meant to give delight, and raise mirth out of whimsical perplexities worries the
studions man with taking up his leisure, or making his house his home, the same sort of contempt expressed (however nutural) wonld destroy the balanee of delight in the spectators. To make the intrusion eomie, the actor who phays the amoyed man mmst a little desert nature; he monst, in short, be thinking of the audience, and express only so much dissatisfaetion and peevishness as is eonsistent with the pleasure of eomedy. In other words, his perplexity must scem half put on. If he repel the intruder with the sober set faee of a man in earnest, and more cspecially if he deliver his expostulations in a tone which in the world must neecssarily provoke a ducl ; his real-life manner will destroy the whimsieal and purely dramatie existence of the other character (which to render it comie demands an antagonist eomicality on the part of the character opposed to it), and convert what was meant for minth, rather than belief, into a downright piece of impertinence indeed, which would raise no diversion in us, bnt rather stir pain, to see inflicted in earnest upon any mororthy person. A very judicious aetor (in most of his parts) secms to have fallen into an error of this sort in his playing with Mr. Wrench in the farce of Free and Easy.

Many instances would be tedious: these may suffiee to show that eomie aeting at least does not always demand from the performer that striet abstraction from all referencer to an audienee which is exacter of it ; but that in some eases a sort of compromise may take place, and all the purposes of dramatie de-
light be attained by a judicions understanding, not too oponly manomued, between the ladies and gentle-men-on both sides of the eurtain.

## TO THE SHADE OH ELLISTON

Joyoussest of once embodied spirits, whither at length hast thon flown? To what genial region are we permitted to conjecture that thou hast flitted?

Art thon sowing thy was oats yet (the harvest time was still to come with thee) upon casual sands of Avermis? ${ }^{2}$ or art thou enacting Rover (as we would gladlier think) by wandering Elysian streans? ${ }^{3}$

This molal fiame, white thou didst play thy brief anties amongst us, was in truth anything but a prison to there, as the vain I'latonist ${ }^{4}$ dreams of this body to be mo better than a romity gaol, forsooth, or some house of durance vile, wherenf the five senses are the fetters. 'Thous knewest better than to be in a hurry to cast off those gyves; and had notice to quit, I fearb, before thou wert quite ready to abman this fleshy fencment. It was thy Pleasure-Honse, thy l'alace of Danty Devices: thy Lomvre, or thy White Hall.

What new mysterious lorgeings dost thon tenant now? or when may we expect thy aërial house-waming?

T'artarns" we know, and we lave read of the likessed Shades: now cannot I intetligibly fancy thee in either?

Is it too mueh to hazard to conjecture, that (as the sehoolmen adnitted a receptacle apart for l'atriarehs and unehrisom Babes) there may existnot far perehance from that storehouse of all ranities, which Milton saw in risions-a Lmbo ${ }^{1}$ somewhere for Players? and that

> Up thither like aërial vapors fly Both all Stage things, and all that in Stage things Built their fond hopes of glory, or lasting fame? All the unaccomplish'd works of Authors' hands, Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,
> Damn'd upon earth tleet thither Play, Opera, Farce, with all their trumpery-2

There, by the neighboring moon (by some nut improperly supposed thy Regent Planet upon earth) mayst thou not still be aeting thy managerial pranks, great disembodied Lessee? but Lessee still, and still a Manager.

In Green Rooms, impervious to mortal eve, the muse beholds thee wielding posthmous empire.

Thin ghosts of Figurantes (nerer plump on eartl) circle thee in endlessly, and still their song is Fic on simful Phantasy.

Magnificent were thy eappriceins on this crube of earth, Robert William Elliston ! for as yet we know not thy new name in heaven.

It irks me to think, that, stripped of thy reqalities, thou shouldst ferry over, a poor forked shade, in erazy Stygian wherry.3 Methinks I hear the old boatman, paddling ly the weedy wharf, with raneid
voice, bawling "Sculls, Sculls:" to whieh with waving land, and majestie action, thou deignest no reply, other than in two curt monosyllables, "No: Oars."

But the laws of Pluto's kingdom ${ }^{1}$ know small difference between king, and cobbler; manager, and call-boy; and, if haply your dates of life were conterminant, you are quietly taking your passage, cheek by cheek ( $O$ ignoble leveling of Death) with the shade of some recently departed candle-snuffer.

But mercy! what strippings, what tearing off of histrionic robes, and private vanities! what denudations to the bone, before the surly Ferryman ${ }^{2}$ will admit you to set a foot within his battered lighter.

Crowns, scepters; shield, sword, and truncheon; thy own coronation robes (for thou hast brought the whole property man's wardrobe with thee, enough to sink a navy) ; the judge's ermine; the coxcomb's wig: the snuff-box à la Foppington ${ }^{3}$-all must overboard, he positively swears--and that ancient mariner brooks no denial; for, since the tiresome monodrame of the old 'Thracian Harper, ${ }^{4}$ Charon, it is to be believed, hath shown small taste for theatrieals.

Aye, now 'tis done. You are just boat weight; pura et puta anima. ${ }^{5}$

But bless me, how little you look!
So shall we all look-kings and keysars-stripped for the last royage.

But the murky rogue pushes off. Adieu, pleasant and thrice pleasant shade! with my parting thanks
for many a heavy hour of life lightened by thy liarmless extravaganzas, public or domestic.

Rhadamanthus, ${ }^{1}$ who tries the lighter causes below, leaving to his two brethren the heavy calendarshonest Rhadamanth, always partial to players, weighing their parti-colored existence here upon carth,making account of the few foibles, that may have shaded thy real life, as we call it (though, snbstantially, scarcely less a vapor than thy idlest vagaries upon the boards of Drury) as but of so many cehoes, natural re-percussions, and results to be expected from the assumed extravagances of thy secondary or mock life, niglitly upon a stage-after a lenient castigation, with rods lighter than of those Medusean ringlets, ${ }^{2}$ but just enough to "whip the offending Adam out of thee," shall courteonsly dismiss thee at the right hand gate-the 0 . P. side of Mades-that conducts to masques, and merry-makings, in the Theater Royal of Proserpine. ${ }^{3}$
pliUdito, ET VILETO. ${ }^{4}$

## ELLISTONIANA

Mr aequaintance with the pleasant ereature, whose loss we all deplore, was but slight.

My- first introduction to E., which afterwards ripened into an aerquaintance a little on this side of intimacy, was over a comber in the Leamington Spa Library. then newly entered upon by a braneln of his family. E., whom nothing mis-became- to aus-
pieate, I suppose, the filial concern, and set it agoing with a luster-was scrving in person two damsels fair, who had come into the shop ostensibly to inquire for some new publication, but in reality to have a sight of the illustrious shopman, hoping some conference. With what an air did he reach down the volume, dispassionately giving his opinion of the worth of the work in question, and launching out into a dissertation on its comparative merits with those of certain publications of a similar stamp, its rivals! his enchanted customers fairly hanging on his lips, subdued to their authoritative sentence. So have I seen a gentleman in comedy acting the shopman. So Lovelare ${ }^{1}$ sold his gloves in King Strcet. I admired the histrionic art, by which he contrived to cariv clean away every notion of disgrace, from the oceupation he had so generousky submitted to; and from that hour I judged him, with no after repentance, to be a person, with whom it wonld be a felicity to be more acquainted.

To descant upon his merits as a Comedian would be superflous. With his blended private and professional habits alone I have to do; that harmonious fusion of the manners of the player into those of everyday life, which brought the stage boards into streets, and dining-parlors, and kept up the play when the play was ended.- "I like Wrench," a friend was saying to him one day, "because he is the same natural easy creature, on the stage, that he is off." "My cast cxactly," retorted Elliston-with
a charming forgetfulness, that the converse of a proposition does not always lead to the same conelusion"I am the same person off the stage that I am on." The inference, at first sight, seems identical; but examine it a little, and it confesses only, that the one performer was never, and the other always acting.

And in truth this was the charm of Elliston's private deportment. You had spirited performance alwass going on before your eyes, with nothing to pay. As where a monareh takes up his easual abode for a night, the poorest hovel which he honors by his sleeping in it, becomes ipso facto for that time a palace; so wherever Ellison walked, sat, or stood still, there was the theater. He earried about with him his pit, boxes, and galleries, and set up his portable playhouse at corners of streets, and in the market plaees. Upon flintiest pavements he trod the boards still : and if his theme ehaneed to be passionate, the green baize earpet of tragedy spontancously rose beneath his feet. Now this was hearty and showed a love for his art. So Appelles ${ }^{1}$ always painted-in thought. So (i. D). ${ }^{2}$ always poetizes. I hate a lukewarm artist. I have known aetors-and some of them of Ellison's nwn stamp-who shall have agreeably been amusing you in the part of a rake or a coxeomb, throngh the two or three hours of their dramatie existence; but no sooner. does the enrtain fall with its leaden clatter, but a spirit of lead seems to seize on all their faculties. They emerge sour, morose persons, intolerable to their families, servants, ete. Another shall haro been
expanding your heart with generous deeds and sentiments, till it even beats with yearnings of universal sympathy; you absolutely long to go home, and do some good action. The play seems tedious, till you ean get fairly out of the house, and realize your landable intentions. At length the final bell rings, and this cordial representative of all that is amiable in human breasts steps forth -a miser. Elhiston was more of a piece. Did he play Ranger? ${ }^{1}$ and did Ranger fill the general bosom of the town with satisfaetion? why should he not be Ranger, and diffuse the same cordial satisfaction among his private cireles? with his temperament, his anmal spirits, his good nature, his follies perchanee, could he do better than identify himself with his impersonation? Are we to like a pleasant rake, or coxeomb, on the stage, and give ourselves airs of aversion for the identical character presented to us in actual life? or what would the performer have gained by divesting himself of the impersonation? Could the man Elliston have been essentially different from his part, even if he had aroided to refleet to us studionsly, in private circles, the airy briskness, the forwardness, and seape-goat trickeries of his prototype?
"But there is some thing not natural in this everlasting acting: we want the real man."

Are you quite sure that it is not the man himself, whom rou camot, or will not see, under some adventitions trappings, which, nevertheless, sit not at all inconsistently upon him? What if it is the na-
ture of some men to be highly artifieial? The fault is least reprehensible in players. Cibber ${ }^{1}$ was his own Foppington, with almost as much wit as Vanbrugh could add to it.
"My conceit of his person,",-it is Ben Jonson speaking of Lord Bacon,- "was never increased towards him by his place or honors, but I have, and do reverence him for the greatuess, that was only proper to himsclf; in that he seemed to me ever one of the greatest men, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that heaven could give him strength; for greatuess he could not want."

The quality here commended was scarcely less conspicuous in the subject of these idle reminiseenees than in my Lord Verulam. Those who have imagined that an unexpected elevation to the direetion of a great London Theater, affeeted the consequence of Elliston, or at all ehanged his nature, knew not the essential groatness of the man whom they disparage. It was my fortune to encounter him near St. Dunstan's Chureh (which, with its punctual giants, is now no more than dust and a shadow), on the morning of his election to that high office. (irasping my hand with a look of significance, he only uttered, "TVave you heard the news?"-then with another look following up the blow, he subjoined, "I am the future Mamager of Drury Lane 'Theater.' ' Breathless as he salw me, he stayed not for eomratulation or reply, but mutely stalked away, leaving me to chew upon his new-born dirnities at leisure. In
fact, nothing could be said to it. Expressive silence alone could muse his praise. This was in his great style.

But was he less great (be witness, O ye Powers of Equanimity, that supported in the ruins of Carthage the consular exile, ${ }^{1}$ and more recently trausmuted for a more illustrious exile, ${ }^{2}$ the barren constableship of Elba, into an image of Imperial France), when, in melancholy after-years, again, much near the same spot, I net him, when that scepter had been wrested from his hand, and his dominion was curtailed to the petty managership, and part proprictorship, of the small Olympic, ${ }^{3}$ his Elba? He still played nightly upon the boards of Drury, but in parts alas! allotted to hinı, not magnificently distributed by him. Waiving his great loss as nothing, and magnificently sinking the sense of fallen material grandeur in the more liberal resentment of depreciations done to his more lofty iulcllectual pretensions. "Have you heard" (his customary exordium) - "have you heard," said he, "how they treat me? they put me in comcdy." Thought I-but his finger on his lips forbade any verbal interruption- "where could they have put you better?", Then, after a pause-"Where I formerly played Romeo, I now play Mercutio," -and so again he stalked away, neither staying, nor caring for, responses.
n, it was a rich seene,-but Sir A- C-C, ${ }^{4}$ the best of story-follers and surgenis, who mends a lame narrative almost as well as he sets a fracture, alone
could do justice to it,- that I was a witness to, in the tarnished room (that had onee been green) of that same little Olympie. There, after his deposition from Imperial Drury, he substituted a throne. That Olympie IIill was his "highest heaven;" himself "Jove in his chair." There he sat in state, while before him, on eomplaint of prompter, was brought for judgment-how shall I describe her?-one of those little tawdry things that flirt at the tails of ehoruses-a probationer for the town, in either of its senses-the pertest little drab-a dirty fringe and appendage of the lamp's smoke-who, it seems, on some disapprobation expressed by a "highly respectable" audience,-had precipitately quitted her station on the boards, and withdrawn her small talents in disgust.
"And how dare you," said her manager,--assuming a eensorial severity, which would have erushed the eonfidenee of a Vestris, ${ }^{1}$ and disarmed that beautiful Rebel herself of her professional capriees-- I rerily believe, he thought her standing before him-"how dare you, Madame, withdraw yourself, without a notiee, from your theatrieal duties?" "I was hissed. Sir." "And you have the presumption to deeide upon the taste of the town?" "I don't know that, Sir, but I will never stand to be hissed," was the subjoinder of roung Confidenee-when gatheriner up his features into one signifieant mass of wonder, pity, and expostulatory indignation-in a lesson never to have been lost upon a ereature less forward
than she who stood before him-lis words were these: "They have hissed me."
'Twas the identical argument $\grave{a}$ fortiori, ${ }^{1}$ whieh the son of Peleus uses to Lyeaon ${ }^{2}$ trembling under his lanee, to persuade him to take his destiny with a cood grace. "I too am mortal." And it is to be believed that in both eases the rhetorie missed of its applieation, for want of a proper understanding with the faeulties of the respeetive reeipients.
"Quite an Opera pit," he said to me, as he was eourteously eondueting me over the benehes of his Surrey Theater, ${ }^{3}$ the last retreat, and reeess, of his every-day waning grandeur.

Those who knew Ellison, will know the manner in whieh le pronounced the latter sentenee of the few words I am about to record. One proud day to me he took his roast mutton with us in the Temple, to whieh I lad superadded a preliminary laddoek. After a rather plentifnl partaking of the meager banquet. not murefreshed with the humbler sort of lisquors, I made a sort of apology for the humility of the fare. observing that for my own part I never ate but me dish at dinner. "I too never eat but one thing at dinner,'"-was his reply-then after a pause"reckoning fish as nothing." The manner was all. It was as if by one peremptory sentence he had decreed the amihilation of all the savory esculents, which the pleasant and nutritions food-giving Occin pours forth upon poor humans from her watery bosom. This was greatness. tempered with eonsider-
ate tenderness to the feelings of his seanty but welcoming entertainer.

Great wert thou in thy life, Robert William Elliston! and not lessened in death, if report speak truly, which says that thou didst direct that thy mortal remains should repose under no inseription but one of pure Latinity. Classical was thy bringing up! and beautiful was the feeling on thy last bed, which eonneeting the man with the boy, took thee back to thy latest exereise of imagination, to the days when, undreaming of Theaters and Janagerships, thou wert a scholar, and an early ripe one, under the roofs builded by the munificent and pions Colet. ${ }^{1}$ For thee the Panline Muses weep. In elegies, that shall silenee this crude prose, they shall celebrate thy praise.

## THE OLD MARGATE HOY

I am fond of passing my vacation (I believe I have said so before) at one or other of the ('niversities. Next to these my choice would fix me at some woody spot, such as the neighborhood of Hentey affords in abundance, on the banks of my beloved Thames. But somehow or other my cousin contrives to wheedle me oner in three or four seasons to a watering-place. Old attachments eling to her in spite of experienee. We have been dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brieliton another, dullest at Easthourn a third, and are at this monent doing dreary penaner at IIastings!-and all because we were happy many
years ago for a brief week at Margate. That was our first sea-side experiment, and many circumstanees combined to make it the most agreeable holyday of my life. We had neither of us seen the sea, and we had never been from home so long together in company.

Can I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy, with thy weather-beaten, sun-burnt captain, and his rough ac-eommodations-ill-exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam packet? To the winds and waves thou committedst thy goodly freightage, and didst ask no aid of magie fumes, and spells, and boiling cauldrons. With the gales of heaven thou wentest swimmingly; or, when it was their pleasure, stoodest still with sailor-like patience. Thy course was natural, not foreed, as in a hot-bed; nor didst thou go poisoning the breath of ocean with sulphurous smoke-a great sea-chimæra, ehimneying and furnacing the deep; or liker to that fire-god parching up Seamander. ${ }^{1}$

Can I forget thy honest, yet slender erew, with their eoy rehnctant responses (yet to the suppression of anything like contempt) to the raw questions, which we of the great city would be ever and anon putting to them as to the uses of this or that strange naval implenent? 'Specially can I forget thee, thou happy medimu, thon shade of refuge between us and them, eoneiliating interpreter of their skill to our simbplicity, eomfortable ambassador between sea and land!-whose sailor-trousers did not more convine-
ingly assure thee to be an adopted dentzen of the former, and thy white eap and whiter apron over them, with thy neat-fingered praetice in thy eulinary rocation, bespoke thee to have been of inland nature heretofore-a master eook of Eastcheap? How busily didst thou ply thy multifarious oceupation, eook, mariner, attendant, ehamberlain: here, there, like mother Ariel, ${ }^{1}$ flaming at once about all parts of the deek, yet with kindlier ministration-not to assist the tempest, but, as if tonehed with a kindred sense of our infirmities, to sonth the qualms which that untried motion might haply raise in our erude landfancies. And when the o'er-washing billows drove us below deek (for it was far gone in October, and we had stiff and blowing weather) how did thy offieious ministerings, still catering for our comfort, with eards, and cordials, and thy more cordial enversation, alleviate the closeness and the confinement of thy else (truth to say) not very savory, nor very inviting, little cabin!

With these additaments to boot, we had on board a fellow-passenger, whose diseourse in verity mirht have beguiled a longer voyage than we ineditated, and have made mirth and wonder abound as far as the Azores. ${ }^{2}$ He was a dark Spanish-eomplexioned young man, remarkably handsome, with an officerlike assurance, and an insuppressible volubility of assertion. He was, in fact, the greatest liar I had met with then, or since. Ite was none of your hesitating. half story-telless (a most painful deseription of mor-
tals) who go on sounding your belief, and only giving you as much as they see you can swallow at a time-the nibbling piekpockets of your patience-but one who committed downright, day-light depredations upon his neighbor's faith. He did not stand slivering upon the brink, but was a hearty, thoroughpaced liar, and plunged at once into the depths of your credulity. I partly believe, he made pretty sure of his company. Not many rich, not many wise, or learned, composed at that time the common stowage of a Margate packet. We were, I am afraid, a set of as unseasoned Londoners (let our enemies give it a worse name) as Aldermanbury, or Watling Street, at that time of day could have supplied. There might be an exception or two anong us, but I seorn to make any invidious distinctions among such a jolly, companionable slip's company, as those were whom I sailed with. Something too must be coneeded to the Genius Loci. ${ }^{1}$ Had the confident fellow told us half the legends on land, which he favored us with on the other element, I flatter myself the good sense of most of us would lave revolted. But we were in a new world, with everything unfamiliar abont ns, and the time and place disposed us to the reception of any prodigions marvel whatsoever. Time has obliterated from my memory much of his wild fablings; and the rest would appear but dull, as written, and to be read on shore. He had been Aide-de-eamp (among other rare aceidents and fortunes) to a Persian prince, and at one blow had stricken off the
head or the King of Carimania on horseback. He, of course, married the Prince's daughter. I forget what unlueky turn in the polities of that court, eombining with the loss of his consort, was the reason of his quitting Persia; but with the rapidity of a magieian, he transported himself, along with his hearers, baek to England, where he still found him in the confidence of great ladies. There was some story of a Prineess-Elizabeth, if I remember-having intrusted to his eare an extraordinary easket of jewels, upon some extraordinary oceasion-but, as I am not certain of the name or cireumstance at this distance of time, I must leave it to the Royal daughters of England to settle the honor among themselves in private. I eannot eall to mind half his pleasant wonders; but I perfectly remember, that in the comrse of his travels he had seen a phomix; and he obligingly undeeeived us of the vulgar error, that there is but one of that speeies at a time, assuring us that they were not uneommon in some parts of Upper Eerpt. Iitherto he had found the most implicit listeners. His dreaming fancies had transported us beyond the "ignorant present." But when (still hardying more and more in his triumphs over our simplieity), he went on to affirm that he had actually salled flumon the legs of the Colossus at Rhodes, ${ }^{1}$ it really heeame necessary to make a stand. And here I must do justiee to the good sense and intrepidity of one of our party. a youth, that had hitherto been one of his most deferential auditors, who, from his reeent reading, made
bold to assure the gentleman, that there must be some mistake, as "the Colossus in question had been destroyed long since;" to whose opinion, delivered with all modesty our hero was obliging enough to concede thus much, "the figure was indeed a little damaged." This was the only opposition he met with, and it did not at all seem to stagger him, for he proceeded with his fables which the same youth appeared to swallow with still more complacency than ever,-confirmed, as it were, by the extreme candor of that concession. With these prodigies he wheedled us on till we came in sight of the Reculvers, ${ }^{1}$ whieh one of our own company (having been the voyage before) immediately recognizing, and pointing out to us, was considered by us as no ordinary seaman.

All this time sat upon the edge of the deck quite a different character. It was a lad, apparently very poor, very infirm, and very patient. His eye was ever on the sea, with a smile; and, if he canght now and then some suatches of these wild legends, it was by aecident, and they seemed not to coneern him. The waves to hin whispered more pleasant stories. He was as one, being with us, bnt not of us. ITe heard the bell of dinner ring without stirring; and when some of us pulled out our private stores-our cold meat and our salads-he produced none, and seemed to want none. Only a solitary biscuit he had laid in; provision for the one or two days and nights, to which these vessels then were oftentimes obliged to prolong their royage. Upon a nearer aequaintance with
him, which he secmed neither to comrt nor decline, we learned that he was going to Margate, with the hope of being admitted into the Infirmary there for sea-bathing. His disease was a scrofula, which appeared to have eaten all over him. He expressed great hopes of a cure; and when we asked him, whether he had any friends where he was going, lie replied, "he had no friends."

These pleasant, and somee mournful passages with the first sight of the sea, co-operating with youth, and a sense of holydays, and out-of-door adventure, to me that had been pent up in populous cities for many months before,-have left upon my mind the fragrance as of summer days gone by, bequeathing nothing but their remembrance for cold and wintry hours to chew upon.

Will it be thought a digression (it may spare some unweleome comparisons), if I endearor to account for the dissatisfaction which I have heard so many persons confess to have felt (as I did myself feel in part on this occasion), at the sight of the sea for the first lime? I think the reason usually wiven-referring to the incapacity of actual objects for satisfying our preconceptions of them-scareely goes deep enongh into the question. Let the same person see a linn, an elephant, a mometain, for the first time in his life, and he shall perhaps feel himself a little mortified. The things do not fill up that space, which the idea of them seemed to take up in his mind. But they have still a correspondeney to his first notion.
and in time grow up to it, so as to produee a very similar impression : enlarging themselves (if I may say so) upon familiarity. But the sea remains a dis-appointment.-Is it not, that in the latter we had expected to behold (absurdly, I grant, but, I am afraid, by the law of imagination unavoidably) not a definite objeet, as those wild beasts, or that mountain eompassable by the eye, but all the sea at once, THE COMMENSURATE ANTAGONIST OF THE EALITH? I do not say we tell ourselves so mueh, but the eraving of the mind is to be satisfied with nothing less. I will suppose the case of a young person of fifteen (as I then was) knowing nothing of the sea, but from description. He comes to it for the first time-all that he has been reading of it all his life, and that the most enthusiastie part of life,-all he has gathered from narratives of wandering seamen; what he has gained from trone voyages, and what he cherishes as credulously from romanee and poctry; erowding their images, and exacting strange tributes from expeeta-tion.-He thinks of the great deep, and of those who go down unto it; of its thousand isles, and of the vast eontinents it washes; of its reeeiving the mighty Plate, or Orellana, ${ }^{1}$ into its bosom, without disturbanee, or sense of augmentation; of Biseay swells, and the mariner

For many a day, and many a dreadful night, Incessant laboring, round the stormy Cape; ?
of fatal roeks, and the "still-vexed Bermoothes:" ${ }^{3}$ of great whinlpools, and the water-spout; of smaken
slips, and sumless treasures swallowed up in the nu1restoring depths: of fishes and quaint monsters, to which all that is terrible on earth-

Be but as buggs to frighten babes withal, Compared with the ereatures in the sea's entral ; 1
of naked savages, and Juan Fernandez; ${ }^{2}$ of pearls, and shells; of coral beds, and of enchanted isles; of mermaids' grots-

I do not assert that in sober earnest he expects to be shown all these wonders at onee, but lie is monder the tyranny of a mighty faculty, whieh hannts him with confused hints and shadows of all these; and when the actnal objeet opens first upon him, seen (in tame weather too most likely) from our umromantic coasts-a speck, a slip of sea-water, as it shows to him-what can it prove but a very unsatisfying and even diminutive entertaiment? Or if he has conse to it from the moutlr of a river, was it much more than the river widening? and, even out of sight of land, what had he but a flat watery horizon abont him, nothing eomparable to the vast o'er-curtaining sky, his familiar object, seen daily without dread or amazement?-Who, in similar ciremnstances, has not been tempted to exelain with Charoba, in the poem of Ciebir.

Is this the mighty ocean? is this ally 3
I love tom, or comintry ; but this detestable Cingue Port is meither. I hate these serubbed shoots,
thrusting out their starved foliage from between the horrid fissures of dusty imnutritious rocks; which the amateur calls "verdure to the edge of the sea." I require woods, and they show me stunted coppices. I cry out for the water-brooks, and pant for fresh streams, and inland murmurs. I eannot stand all day on the naked beach, watching the eapricious hues of the sea, shifting like the eolors of a dying mullet. I am tired of looking out at the windows of this island-prison. I would fain retire into the interior of my cage. While I gaze upon the sea, I want to be on it, over it, across it. It binds me in with chains, as of iron. My thoughts are abroad. I should not so feel in Staffordshire. There is no home for me here. There is no sense of home at Hastings. It is a place of fugitive resort, an heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stock-brokers, Amphitrites ${ }^{1}$ of the town, and misses that coquet with the Occan. If it were what it was in its primitive shape, and what it ought to have remained, a fair honest fishing-town, and no more, it were something -with a few straggling fishermen's huts scattered abont, artless as its cliffs, and with their materials filched from them, it were something. I could abide to dwell with Mesehek; ${ }^{2}$ to assort with fisher-swains, and smugglers. There are, or 1 dream there are, many of this latter occupation here. Their faces become the place. I like a smuggler: The is the only honest thicf. He robs nothing but the revenue,an abstraction I never greatly cared abont. I could
go out with them in their mackerel boats, or about their less ostensible business, with some satisfaction. I ean even tolerate those poor vietims to monotony, who from day to day pace along the beach, in endless progress and reeurrence, to watch their illicit countrymen-townsfolk or brethren perehancewhistling to the sheathing and masheathing of their eutlasses (their ouly solace), who, under the mild name of preventive service, keep up a legitimate civil warfare in the deplorable absence of a foreign one, to show their detestation of run hollands and zeal for old England. But it is the visitants from town, that come here to say that they have been here, with no more relish of the sea than a pond perel, or a dace might be supposed to have, that are my aversion. I feel like a foolish dace in these regrions, and have as little toleration for myself here, as for them. What ean they want here? if they had a trone relish of the ocean, why have they brought all this land lnggage with them? or why pitch their eivilized tents in the desert? What mean these seanty book-romms -marine libraries as they entitle them-if the seal were, as they would have us believe, a book "to read strange matter in?'" what are their foolish ennecrtrooms, if they eome, as they would fain be thonerht to do, to listen to the musie of the waves? All is false and hollow pretension. They eome because it is the fashon, and to spoil the nature of the plase. They are mostly, as I have said, stock-brokers: but I have watehed the better sort of them-now and
then, an honest eitizen (of the old stamp), in the simplicity of his heart, shall bring down his wife and daughters, to taste the sea breezes. I always know the date of their arrival. It is easy to see it in their countenance. A day or two they go wandering on the shingles, picking up cockle-shells, and thinking them great things; but, in a poor week, imagination slackens: they begin to discover that cockles produce no pearls, and then- $O$ then !-if I could interpret for the pretty ereatures, (I know they have not the courage to confess it themselves) how gladly would they exchange their sea-side rambles for a Sunday walk on the green-sward of their aceustomed Twiekenham incadows!

I would ask of one of these sea-charmed emigrants, who think they truly love the sea, with its wild usages, what wonld their feelings bc, if some of the unsophisticated aborigines of this place, encouraged by their courteous questionings here, should venture, on the faith of such assured sympathy between them, to return the visit, and eome up to see-London. I must imagine them with their fishing-tackle on their back, as we carry our town necessaries. What a sensation would it cause in Lothbury? What vehement laughter would it not excite among

The danghters of Cheapside and wives of Lombard Strect.
I am sure that no town-bred, or inland-borm sulbjects, can feel their trme and natmal momishment at these seaplaces. Nature, where she does not mean
us for mariners and vagabonds, bids us stay at home. The salt foam seems to nourish a splecn. I am not half so good-natured as by the milder waters of ny natural river. I would exchange these sea-gulls for swans, and seud a swallow for ever about the banks of Thamesis.

## THE CONVALESCENT

A pretty severe fit of indisposition whieh, under the name of a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has redueed me to an incapaeity of reflecting upon any topie foreign to itself. Expeet no healthy conclusions from me this month, reader; I ean offer you only siek men's dreams.

And truly the whole state of siekness is such; for what else is it but a magnifieent dream for a man to lie a-bed, and draw daylight eurtains about him; and, shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works whiel are going on under it? To beeome insensible to all the operations of life, exeept the beatings of one feeble pulse?

If there be a regal solitude, it is a siek bed. How the patient lords it there; what eaprices he acts without control! how king-like he sways his pillow tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, aml lowering, and thumping, and flatting, and molding it, to the ever varying regnisitions of his throbbing temples.

IIc ehanges sides oftener than a politician. Now
he lies full length, then half-length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite aeross the bed; and none aceuses him of tergiversation. Within the four eurtains he is absolute. They are his Nare Clausum. ${ }^{1}$

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to limself! he is his own exelusive objcet. Supreme selfishness is ineuleated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the Law ${ }^{2}$ to him. He las nothing to think of but how to get well! What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hear not the jarring of them, affeets him not.

A little while ago he was greatly eoneerned in the event of a law-suit, whieh was to be the making or the marring of lis dearest friend. He was to be seen trudging about upon this man's errand to fifty quarters of the town at once, jogging this witness, refreshing that solieitor. The eause was to come on yesterday. He is absolutely as indifferent to the deeision, as if it were a question to be tried at Pekin. Peradventure from some whispering, going on about the house, not intended for his hearing, he pieks up ellough to make him understand, that things went eross-grained in the Court yesterday, and his friend is ruined. But the word "friend," and the word "ruin," disturb him no more than so mueli jargon. ITe is not to think of anything but how to get better.

What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration!

He has put on his strong armor of sickness, he is
wrapped in the callous hide of suffering, he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintare, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

IIc lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself; he yearneth over himself; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

He is for ever ploting how to do some grod to himself; studying little stratagems and artifieial alleviations.

Ile makes the most of himself; dividing hinself by an allowable fietion, into as many distinct individuals, as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he ineditates-as of a thing apart from him-upon his poor aehing head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable smbstanee of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thenee. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over; and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart.

He is his own sympathizer; and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few speetators to his tramedy. Only that punctual face of the ofl murse pleases him, that amonnces his broths, and his cordiats. It, likes it becanse it is so momover, and becanse he ean pour finth his feverish ejaculations before it as umiz servedly as to his bed-pinst.

To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and oceupations of mortals are; only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing, when the doctor makes his daily eall; and even in the lines on that busy face he reads $n 0$ multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as the sick man. To what other uneasy eoneh the good man is hastening, when he slips out of his ehamber, folding up his thin douceur so earefully for fear of mstling-is no speculation whieh he ean at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow.

Houschold rumors tonch him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on within the honse, soothes hinn, while he knows not distinetly what it is. He is not to know anything, not to think of anything. Servants gliding up or down the distant staircase, treading as upon relvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he tronbles not himself further than with some feeble gluess at their crrands. Exacter knowledge wonld be a burthen to him: he ean just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly at the dull stroke of the muffled knocker", and closes it again without asking "Who was it?" He is tlattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he eares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful lush of the louse, he lies in state, and fuels his sorereignty.

To be sick is to enjor monarchal prerogatives. Compare the silent tread, and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served-with the careless demeanor, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving them open) of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little bet-ter-and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow chair of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalesecnee shrinks a man back to his pristine statme! where is now the space, which he oceupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye?

The scene of his regalities, his sick room, which was his presence chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies-how is it reduced to a common bed-room! The trimmess of the rery bed has something petty and mmeaning about it. It is mude every day. How malike to that wary many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to malie it was a service not to be thonght of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and errief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the eneroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated: then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days' respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was a historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a
little ease; and the shrunken skin searee told a truer story than the erumpled eoverlid.

Hushed are those mysterious sights-those groans -so much more awful, while we knew not from what caverns of vast hidden suffering they proeeeded. The Lernean ${ }^{1}$ pangs are quenched. The riddle of sickness is solved; and Philoctetes ${ }^{2}$ is become an ordinary personage.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survises in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he too changed with everything else! Can this be he-this man of news-of chat-of anecdote-of everything but physic - can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his cruel eneny, as on some solemn embassy from Nature, erecting herself into a high mediating party?-Pshaw! 'tis some old woman.

Farewell with him all that made siekness pom-pous-the spell that hushed the household-the desert-like stillness, felt thronghont its inmost eham-bers-the mute attendance - the inquiry by looksthe still softer delieacies of self-attention-the sole and single eye of distemper alonely fixed upon itself -world-thoughts excluded-the man a world unto hinself-his own theater-

> What a speek is he dwindled into!

In this flat swamp of convalescenee, left by the (hb) of siekness, yet far enough from the terra firma of established lealth, your note, dear Editor, reaehed
me, requesting-an article. In Articulio Mortis, ${ }^{1}$ thought I ; but it is something hard-and the quibble, wretched as it was, relieved me. The summons, unseasonable as it appeared, seemed to link me on again to the petty businesses of life, which I had lost sight of; a gentle call to activity, however trivial ; a wholesome weaning from that preposterous dream of self-absorption-the puffy state of sickness-in which I confess to have lain so long, insensible to the magazines and monarchies, of the world alike; to its laws and to its literature. The hypochondriac flatus is subsiding; the acres, which in imagination I had spread over-for the sick man swells in the sole contemplation of his single sufferings, till he becomes a Tityus ${ }^{2}$ to himself-are wasting to a span ; and for the giant of self-importance, which I was so lately, you have me once again in my natural pretensionsthe lean and meager figure of your insignificant Essayist.

## SANITY OF TRUE: GENILS

So far from the pesition hellintr true, that great wit (or genims, in onr modern way of speaking ) has a necessary alliance with insanity, the erreatest wits, on the contrary, will ever be found to be the samest writers. It is impossible for the mind to eoncecise a mad Shakspeare. The greatuess of wit, hy which the poetic tallent is here chiefly to be anderstond. manifests itself in the admirable balanec of all the
faculties. Maclness is the disproportionate straming or exeess of any one of them. "So strong a wit," says Cowley, speaking of a poctical friend,

> " did Nature to him frame, As all things but his judgment overcame; His judgnent like the heavenly moon did show, Tempering that mighty sea below."

The ground of the mistake is, that men, finding in the raptures of the higher poetry a condition of exaltation, to which they have no parallel in their own experienee, besides the spurious resemblanee of it in dreans and fevers, impute a state of dreaminess and fever to the poet. But the true poct dreans being awake. He is not possessed by his subject, but has dominion over it. In the groves of Eden he walks familiar as in his mative paths. He aseends the empyrean heaven, and is not intoxicated. He treads the buming marl without dismay; lie wins his flight without self-loss through reahms of chaos "and old night." Or if, abandoning himself to that severer chaos of a "human mind untumed," he is content awhile to be mad with Lear, or to hate mankind (a sort of madness) with T'imon, ${ }^{1}$ neither is that madness, nor this misanthropy, so unchecked, but that,-never letting the reins of reason wholly go, while most he serms to do so,--he has his better genius still whispering at his car, with the good servant hout * sureresting samer counsels, or with the honest steward Flavins recommending kindlier resoln-
tions. Where he seems most to recede from humanity, he will be found the truest to it. From beyond the scope of Nature if he summon possible existences, he subjugates them to the law of her consisteney. Ife is beantifully loyal to that sovereign directress, even when he appears most to betray and desert her. Ilis ideal tribes submit to poliey; his very monsters are tamed to his hand, even as that wild sea-brood, shepherded by Proteus. ${ }^{1}$ He tames and he clothes them with attributes of flesh and blood, till they wonder at themselves, like Indian Islanders foreed to submit to Enopean vesture. Caliban, ${ }^{2}$ the Witehes, are as true to the laws of their own mature (ours with a difference), as Othello, Hamlet, and Maebeth. Herein the great and the little wits are differenced; that if the latter wander ever so little from mature or actual existence, they lose themselves, and their readers. Their phantoms are lawhess: their visions nightmares. They do not ereate, which implies shaping and consistency. 'Their imaginations are not active-for to be active is to call something into act and form-but passive, as men in sick dreams. For the super-natural, or something super-added to what we know of nature, they give yon the plamly non-natmral. And if this were all, and that these mental hallueinations were diseoverable only in thr treatment of subjeets out of nature, or transeending it, the judgment might with some plea be pardoned if it ram riot, and a little wantonized: but even in the deseribing of real and eversday life, that wheh
is before their eyes, one of these lesser wits shall more deviate from nature-show more of that ineonsequenee, whieh has a natural allianee with frenzy,than a great genius in his "maddest fits," as Wither ${ }^{1}$ somewhere ealls them. We appeal to any one that is aequainted with the common run of Lane's ${ }^{2}$ novels,as they existed some twenty or thirty years baek,those seanty intelleetual viands of the whole female reading publie, till a happier genius arose, and expelled for ever the innutritious phantoms,-whether he has not found his brain more "betossed," his memory nore puzzled, his sense of when and where more confounded, among the iniprobable events, the ineoherent incidents, the ineonsistent eharaeters, or no-characters, of some third-rate love intriguewhere the persons shall be a Lord Glendamour and a Miss Rivers, -and the seene only alternate between Bath and Bond Street-a more bewildering dreaminess induced upon him, than he has felt wandering over all the fairy grounds of Spenser. In the productions we refer to, nothing but nanues and plaees is familiar ; the persons are neither of this world nor of any other conecirable one; an endless string of aetivities without purpose, or purposes destitute of motive:-we meet phantoms in our known walks; fantasques only ehristened. In the poet we have names which announce fietion; and we lave absolutely no place at all, for the things and persons of the Fairy Qucen prate not of their "whereabout." But in their inner nature, and the law of their speeeh
and actions, we are at home and mpon aecmainted ground. The one turns life into a dream ; the other to the wildest dreams gives the sobrieties of everyday oecurrences. By what subtile art of tracing the mental processes it is effected, we are not philosophers enongh to explain, but in that wonderful episode of the eave of Mammon, ${ }^{1}$ in which the Money Cod appears first in the lowest form of a miser, is then a worker of metals, and beenmes the god of all the treasures of the world: and has a daughter, Ambition, before whom all the world kneels for farorswith the Hesperian fruit, ${ }^{2}$ the waters of Tantalus, ${ }^{3}$ with Pilate washing his hands vainly, but not impertinently, in the same stream-that we should be at one moment in the eave of an old hoarder of treasmes, at the next at the forge of the Ceclops, ${ }^{4}$ in a palace and yet in liell, all at onee, with the shifting mutations of the most rambling dream, and onr judgment yet all the time awake, and neither able nor willing in deteet the fallacy,-is a proof of that hidelen sanity which still grides the poet in the widest seeming aberrations.

It is not chourh to say that the whole ppisorle is a eopy of the mind's enneeptions in slemp; it is, in some sort-but what a copy! Let the most romantic of ns, that has been entertained all night with the spectaele of some wild and magnifient vision, recombine it in the morning, and try it by his wakiner judgment. 'Tlat which appeared so shifting, and yet so coherent, while that faculty was passive, when it
comes under cool examimation, shall appeat so reasinless and so mulinked, that we are ashamed to have been so deluded; and to have taken, though but in sleep, a monster for a grod. But the transitions in this episode are every whit as violent as in the most extravagent dream, and yet the waking judgment ratifies them.

## CAPTAIN JACKSON

Among the deaths in our obituary for this month, I observe with conerem, "At his eottage on the Bath Road, Captain Jackson," The name and the attribution are common emough; but a feeling like reproach persuades me, that this eonld have been no other in fact than my dear old friend, who some five-and-twenty years ago rented a temement, which he was pleased to dignify with the appellation here used, about a mile from Westhonrn Gieen. Alack, how grod men, and the grond timms they do us, slide out of menory, and are reealled but by the smrpise of some such sad memento as that which now lies before ns!

He whom I mean was a retired half-pay officer, with a wife and two grown-up danghters, whom he maintained with the port and notions of gentlewomen upon that slender professional allowance. Comely ginls they were too.

And was I in danger of forgetting this inan? his cheerfnl suppers-the noble tone of hospitality, when
first you set your foot in the coltage-the anxious ministerings about you, where little or nothing (Ciod knows) was to be ministered.-Althea's horn ${ }^{1}$ in a poor platter-the power of self-enelantment, by whieh, in his magnifieent wishes to entertain you, he multiplied his means to bounties.

You saw with your bodily eyes indeed what seemed a bare serag-cold savings from the foregone mealremmant lardly sufficient to send a medieant from the door contented. But in the eopious will-the reveling imagination of your host-the "mind, the mind, Master Shallow," ${ }^{2}$ whole beeves were spread before you-heeatombs-no end appeared to the profnsion.

It was the widow's ernse-the loaves and fishes; earving eonld not lessen nor helping diminish itthe stamina were left-the elemental bone still flourished, divested of its aceidents.
"Let us live while we ean," methinks I hear the open-handed ereature exclaim; "while we have, let us not want;" "here is plenty left;" "want for nothing" - with many more sueh lospitable sayiners, the spurs of appetite, and old eoneomitants of smoking boards, and feast-oppressed charges. Then sliding a slender ratio of Single Glomeester upon his wife's plate, or the danghters', he would eonrey the remnant rind into his own, with a merry quirk of "the nearer the bone," \&e., and declaring that he universally preferred the outside. For we had our table distinetions, you are to know, and some of us
in a manner sat above the salt. None but his guest or guests dreamed of tasting flesh huxuries at night, the fragments were verè hospitibus sacra. ${ }^{1}$ But of one thing or another there was always enough, and learings: only he would sometimes finish the remainder crust, to show that he wished no savings.

Wine we had none; nor, except on very rare occasions, spirits; but the sensation of wine was there. Some thin kind of ale I remember-" British beverage," he would say. "Push about, my boys;" "Drink to your swecthearts, girls." At ever'y meager draught a tost must ensue, or a song. All the forms of good liquor were there, with none of the effeets wanting. Shut your eyes, and you would swear a capacious bowl of punch was foaming in the center, with beams of generous Port or Madeira radiating to it from each of the table corners. You got flustered without knowing whence; tipsy upon words: and reeled under the poteney of his unperforming Bacehanalian encouragements. ${ }^{2}$

We had our songs- "Why, Soldiers, Why'"-and the "British Grenadiers"-in which last we were all obliged to bear chorus. Both the danghters sang. Their profieiency was a nightly theme-the masters he had given them-the "no-expense" which he spared to accomplish them in a science "so necessary to young women." But then-they could not sing "without the instrument."

Saered, and, by me, never-to-be-violated, Secrets of Poverty! Should I disclose your honest aims at
grandeur, your makeshift efforts of magnifieenee? Stecp, stcep, with alt thy broken keys, if one of the bunch be extant; themmmed by a thousand ancestral thmmbs; dear, eracked, spimnet of dearer Louisa! Without mention of mine, be dumb, thon thin aceompanier of her thinner warble! A veil be spread over the dear delighted faee of the well-delnded father: who now haply listening to eherubie notes, scarce feels sincerer pleasure than when she awakened thy time-shaken chords responsive to the twitterings of that slender inage of a voice.

We were not wilhont our literary talk cither. It did not extend far, but as far as it went, it was good. It was bottomed well; had good grounds to go upon. In the colluge was a room, which tradition anthenticated to have been the same in which Gilover, ${ }^{1}$ in his oecasional retirements, had penned the greater part of his Lemndas. This eirenmstance was nightly quoted, thongh none of the present inmates, that I could diseover, appeared ewer to have met with the poem in question. But that was no matter. Clover had written there, and the ancedote was pressed into the atcount of the family importance. It diffused a learned air through the apartment, the little side easement of which (the poet's study window'), opening upon a superb view as far as the pretty spire of Harrow, over domains and patrimonial acres, not a rood nor square yard whercof our host conld call his own, yet gave oecasion to an immoderate expansion of-vanity slaall I call it?-in his bosom, as he
showed them in a glowing summer evening. It was all his, he took it all in, and communicated rich portions of it to his guests. It was a part of his largess, his hospitality' ; it was going over his grounds; he was lord for the time of slowing them, and you the implicit lookers-up to his magnificenec.

He was a juggler, who threw mists before your cyes-you had no time to detcet his fallacies. He would say, "Iland me the silver sugar tongs;" and before you could discover that it was a single spoon, and that plated, he would disturb and captivate your imagination by a misnomer of "the um" for a tea kettle: or by calling a homely bench a sofa. Rich men direct you to their furniture, poor ones divert you from it; he neither did one nor the other, but by simply assuming that every thing was handsome abont him, you were positively at a demur what you did, or did not see, at the cottage. With nothing to live on, he seemed to live on cverything. IIe had a stock of wealth in his mind; not that which is properly termed Content, for in truth he was not to be contained at all, but overflowed all bounds by the forec of a magnificent self-delusion.

Fnthusiasm is catehing; and even his wife, a sober native of Nortl Britain, who gencrally saw things more as they were, was not proof against the continual eollision of his eredulity. Her danghters were rational and discreet young women; in the main, perhaps, not insensible to their true circumsianees. I have seen them assume a thoughtful air at times.

But such was the preponderating opulence of his faney, that I am persuaded, not for any half homr together did they ever look their own prospeets fairly in the face. There was no resisting the vortex of his temperament. His riotous imagimation conjured up handsome settlements before their eyes, which kept them up in the eye of the world too, and seem at last to have realized themselves; for they both have married since, I am told, more than respectably.

It is long since, and my memory waxes dim on some snbjeets, or I shonld wisla to eonvey some notion of the manner in whieh the pleasant ereature deseribed the ciremmstances of his own wedding-day. I faintly remember something of a chaise and four, in which he made his entry into Glascrow on that morning to fetch the bride home, or earry her thither, I forget which. It so completely made out the stanza of the old ballad-

> When we eame down through Cilasgow town, We were a comely sight to see; My love was elad in black velvet, And I myself in eranasie. ${ }^{1}$

I suppose it was the only oceasion, upon which his own actual splendor at all corresponded with the world's notions on that subjece. In homely eart, or traveling caravan, by whaterer hamble vehicle they chaneed to be tramsported in less prosperoms days, the ride through (ilasgow eame batk upon his fancer, not as a humiliating eontrast, but as a fail necasion for
reverting to that one day's state. It seemed an "çuripage cter'u" from which no power of fate or fortunc, onee mounted, had power thereafter to dislodge him.

There is some merit in putting a handsome faee upon indigent eircumstances. To bully and swagger away the sense of them before strangers, may not be always diseommendable. Tibbs, and Bobadil, ${ }^{1}$ even when detected, have more of our admiration than eontempt. But for a man to put the eheat upon himself; to play the Bobadil at home; and, steeped in poverty up to the lips, to faney himself all the while ehin-deep in riches, is a strain of constitutional philosophy, and a mastery over fortme, wheh was reserved for my old friend Captain Jackson.

## TIIE SUPERANNUATED MAN

> Sera tamen respexit Libertas. V Clergle. ${ }^{3}$ I was in Tondon gay. O'Keefe.

If peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life-thy shining youth-in the irksome eonfinement of an offiee; to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are sueh things as holydays, or to remember them but as the
prerogatives of ehitdhomel; then, alme then only, will you be able to apperemate my drliverane

It is mow six and thibly yours sinere I took my seat at the desk in Mancing Pance. Melancholy was the famsition at lountern loom the aboudant playtime, and the fiergmontly intervening valations of shool disys, to the eight, hime, and sometimes ten homs' a-day altendance at al rombting-house. But time parrlially reeromiles ins to anything. I gradnally breane content-dogeredy eontront, as wild amimals in (atres.

It is trome I had my sumdiys 10 mysell; but sime ditys, admidable as the institution of then is for parposes of worship, are for that vary petison the very Worst adapted lone days of mabending and reemation.
 a city Smalay, a weight in the air. I miss the ehererfal (aries of Londont, the musie. and the baltad-singers the buzz and stiming manmur of the strects. 'Those Wemal bells depoess me: The dosed shopse repel me. Prints, piedures, all the glittering and ratless sumeression ol katack ath gewgins, and ostombationsly disphayed warres of tradesment, whiols make a werk-dity samblor thromgh the less busy parts old de mempolis so delightful-are shat mat. No hook-stalls didi-

 rery lace of hasiness a charm hey cont ans for his tomporaly redaxation lom it. Noflhing for beren but mhapper combtemances on half-happy at best-of

and there a servant maid that has got keme to go ont. who, slaving all the week, with the habhit has lost, ahmost the eapacity of enjoying a fiee home; and livelity (xpmessing the hollowness of a day's pleasmong. The very strollews in the ficlds on that day looked anything but comfortable.

But besides Sumdays I had a day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to aro and air myself in my mative fekts of f ertiondshire. This last was a great induldence; and the prospeet of its recorenere, 1 betieve, alone kept me up thongh the year, and made my dmanee tolerable. But when the werk dame romad, did the entitterime phantom of the distaner keep tonch with me? or bather was it not a series of seven uncasy days, spent, in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome maxiety to find out how to make the most, of them? Where was the gliet, where the promised rest? Bofore I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, eomating upon the fifty-one tedions works that must intervene before such another suateh wonld eome. Still the prospere of its coming theew something of an illmination npon the darker side of my raptivity. Withont it, as I have said, I eonld seareely have sustained my thratdon.
fadepemdently of the rigors of attendanee, 1 have aver born hatuled with a sense (perhaps a mere cat price) of incelpacity for busincss. 'lhis, during ony latter years, had incerased to such, a deorere, that it wis risible in all the lines of my eombtemanee. Ily
health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I shonld be found uncqual. Besides my daylight servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false cntries, crrors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were; and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my eomentenance: but I did not know that it had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when on the 5th of last month, a day ceer to be remembered by me, L-, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inguired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made eonfession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should crentually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke soune words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained laboring under the impression that I had aeted imprudently in my disclosure; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this mamer, the most anxions one, I verily belices, in my whole life, when on the evening of the 12 th of $\lambda$ pril, just as $I$ was about quitting my desk to on home (it mioht be about eight o'elock) I reeceived an awfol summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the for-
midable back parlor. I thought now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me.
$-\mathrm{L}-$ _ I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me, -when to my utter astonishment B - , the eldest partncr, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my serviees, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the eonfidenee to think as much). He went on to descant on the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life (how my heart panted!), and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should aecept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary-a magnificent offer! I do not know what, I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I aecepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered ont a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home-for ever. This noble benefit-gratitude forbids me to conceal their names-I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the worldthe house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy.

For the first day or two I felt stumned, overwhelmed. I could ouly apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the Old Bastile, ${ }^{1}$ suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trist myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity-for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions; I wanted some steward, or judieious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active business, not lightly, nor withont weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are suffieient; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home-feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy mpon me, I could walk it away; but I do not walk all day long, as I nsed to do in those old transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were tronblesome, I eould read it away, but I do not read in that riolent measmre, with which, having no Time mỵ own lot candlelight 'Thine, I used to weary ont my head and
eye-sight in by-yone winters. I walk, read, or seribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure; I let it come to me. I am like the man

- that's born, and has his years eome to him, In some green desert.
"Years," you will say; "what is this superannuated simpleton ealeulating upon? He has already told us he is past fifty."

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduet out of them the hours whieh I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For that is the only true Time, whieh a man can properly eall his own, that which he has all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's time, not his. 'The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me threcfold. My ten next years, if I streteh so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the eommeneement of my freedom, and of which all traees are not yet gone, one was, that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting House. I could not eonceive of it as an affair of yesterclay. The partners, and the clerks with whom I had for so many years, and for so many hours in each (lay of the year being so elosely associated-b)eing suddenly removed from them-they semed as
dead to me. There is a fine passage, whieh may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a 'Tragedy, by Sir' Robert IIoward, speaking of a friend's death :-

- Twas but just now he went away; I have not since had time to shed a tear; And yet the distance does the same appear As if he had been a thousand yenrs from me. Time takes no measure in Eternity. ${ }^{1}$

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fair to go among them onee or twiee sinee; to visit my old desk-fellows-my eo-brethren of the quill-that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with whieh they reecived me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity, which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We eracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk; the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D-l take ne if I dirl not feel some remorse-beast, if I had not,-at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six and thirty years, that smonthed for me with their jokes and eonundrums the magreduess of my professional road. Had it been so rurged then after all? or was I a eoward simply? Well, it is too late to repent; and I also know, that these snggestions are a eommon fallacy of the mind on such oecasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the hands betwixt us. It was at least not eourteous. I shall
be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell, Ch-, dry, sareastie, and friendly! Do-, mild, slow to move, and genthemanly! Pl-, offieious to do, and to volunteer, good services!-and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Greslam or a Whittington of old stately House of Merchants; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding, pent-up offices, where candles for one half the year supplied the plaee of the sun's light; unhealthy eontributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my "works!" There let them rest, as I do from my labors, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas ${ }^{1}$ left, and full as useful! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communieation. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reaeleed it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was eomparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaceustoincd light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some nccessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, ${ }^{2}$ from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to
do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'elock in the day in Bond Street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a book-stall. Methinks I have been thirty years a eollector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine pieture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish Street IIll? Where is Fenchurelı Street? Stones of old Mineing Lane which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six and thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn elerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is 'Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. ${ }^{1}$ It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days ; in its distance from, or propincuity to the next Sunday. I had my Wednesclay feclings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genins of cach day was mpon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, ete. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sat as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What eharm has washed the Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itselfthat unfortmate failure of a holiday as it too often
proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and orer-care to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it--is melted down into a week day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge cantle whieh it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have Time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much oceupation when he is busiest. I ean insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May-morning. It is Lueretian ${ }^{1}$ pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and earing; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round-and what is it all for? A man can never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would ehristen him notuing-to-do; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his clement as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those aceirsed cotton mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

As low as to the fiends.
I am no longer * * *, elerk to the firm of, cte. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim galdens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pare nor with any settled purpose. I walk about ; not to and from. They tell me, a certain cum dignilute * air, that has heen buried so long with my
other good parts, has begrm to shoot forth sie my persor. I grow into gentility pereeptibly. "Allien I take up a newspaper it is to read the state of the opera. Opus operatum est. ${ }^{1}$ I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked taskwork, and have the rest of the day to myself.

## TIIE GENTEEL STYLE IN WRITING

IT is an ordinary eriticism, that my Lord Shaftesbury, ${ }^{3}$ and Sir William Temple, ${ }^{4}$ are models of the genteel styke in writing. We should prefer sayingof the lordly, and the gentlemanly. Nothing can be more umlike, than the inflated finical rhapsodies of Shaftesbury and the plain natural chit-chat of Temple. The man of rank is discernible in both writers; but in the one it is only insinuated gracefully, in the other it stands out offensively. The peer seems to have written witl his coronet on, and his Earl's mantle before him; the eommoner in his ellow chair and undress. What can be more pleasant than the way in which the retired statesman peeps out in his essays, penned by the latter in his delightful retreat at Shene? They scent of Nimeguen, and the Tagre. Searee an authority is quoted under an ambassador. Don Francisen de Melo, a "Portural Envoy in England," tells him it was frequent in his country for men, spent with age and other deears, so as they eould mot hope for above a year of two of life, to ship themselves away in a Brazil fleet, and after their arrival there to go on
a $\quad \mathrm{y}$-nt length, sometimes of twenty or thirty years, or mo er, by the foree of that vigor they reeovered with that remove. "Whether such an eflect (Temple beautifully adds) might grow from the air, or the fruits of that elimate, or by approaching nearer the sun, which is the fountain of light and heat, when their natural heat was so far deeayed: or whether the pieeing out of an old man's life were worth the pains, I eannot tell : perhaps the play is not worth the candle." -Monsienr Pompone, "French ambassador in his (Sir William's) time at the IIague," eertifies him, that in his life he had never heard of any man in France that arrived at a hundred years of age; a limitation of life which the old gentleman imputes to the excellence of their elimate, giving them such a liveliness of temper and humor, as disposes them to more pleasures of all kinds than in other countries; and moralizes upon the matter very sensibly. The "late Robert Earl of Leieester" furmishes him with a story of a Countess of Desmond, married out of England in Edward the Fourth's time, and who lived far in King James's reign. The "same noble person" gives him an aceount, how suelı a year, in the same reign, there went about the country a set of morrice-daneers, coniposed of ten men who daneed, a Maid Marian, ${ }^{1}$ and a tabor and pipe; and how these twelve, one with another made up twelve hundred years. "It was not so much (says Temple) that so many in one small county (Hertfordshire) should live to that age, as that they should be in vigor and in humor to travel and to
dance." Monsieur Kulichem, one of his "colleagues at the Hagne," informs him of a cure for the gont; which is confirmed by another "Enwoy," Monsieur Serinchamps, in that town, who had tried it.-Old Prince Maurice of Nassau recommends to him the use of hammocks in that complaint; having been allured to sleep, while suffering muder it himself, by the "constant motion or swinging of those airy beds." Count Egmont, and the Rhinerrave who "was killed last summer before Maestricht," impart to him their experiences.

But the rank of the writer is never more innocently diselosed, tham where he takes for granted the compliments paid by foreigners to his fruit trees. For the taste and perfection of what we esteem the best, he can truly say, that the Frenel, who have eaten his peaches and grapes at Sheuc in no ver? ill year, have generally concluded that the last are as good as any they have eaten in Francer on this side Fontaineblean; and the first as good as any they have eat in Gascony. Italians have agreed his white figs to be as grood as any of that sort in Italy, which is the earlier kind of white fig there; for in the lather kind and the blue, we cannot come noar the warm climates, no more than in the Frontiguae or Muscat grape. Jlis orange-trees ton, are as large as any lie saw when he was young in France, exeept those in Fontaineblean: or what he has seen since in the Low Countries, exeept some very old ones of the l'rinee of Orange's. Of grapes he had the homor of bring-
ing over four sorts into England, whieh he enumerates, and supposes that they are all by this time pretty eommon among some gardeners in his neighborhood, as well as several persons of quality; for he ever thought all things of this kind "the commoner they are made the better." The garden pedantry with which he asserts that 'tis to little purpose to plant any of the best fruits, as peaches or grapes, hardly, he doubts, beyond Northamptonshire at the furthest northwards; and praises the "Bishop of Mhmster at Cosevelt," for attempting nothing beyond cherries in that cold climate; is equally pleasant and in character. "I may perhaps" (he thus ends his sweet Ciarden Essay with a passage worthy of Cowley) "be allowed to know something of this trade, since I have so long allowed myself to be good for nothing else, which few men will do, or enjoy their gardens, without often looking abroad to see how other matters play, what motions in the state, and what invitations they may hope for into other seenes. For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inelination of my yonth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age: and I can truly say that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any of them, but have often endeavored to escape from them, into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace, in the common paths and circles of life. The measure of choosing well is whether a man likes
what he has chosen, which I thank God has befallen me; and though among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have eost me more than I have the eonfidence to own; yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, sinee my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever onee going to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humor to make so small a remove; for when I am in this corner, I ean truly say with Horace, Mc quotics reficit, ctc.
> "Me, when the eold Digentian stream revives, What does my friend believe I think or ask?
> Let me yet less possess, so I may live, Whate'er of life remains, unto myself. May I have books enough; and one year's store, Not to depend upon each doubtful hour: This is enough of mighty Jove to pray, Who, as he pleases, gives and takes away." a

The writings of Temple are, in general, after this easy eopy. On one oceasion, indeed, his wit, which was mostly subordinate to nature and tenderness, has sedueed him into a string of felieitous antitheses: which, it is obvions to remark, have been a model to Addison and sureceding essayists. "Who would not be eovetous, and with reason," he says, "if health
could be purchased with gold? who not ambitious, if it were at the command of power, or restored by honor? but, alas! a white staff will not help gouty feet to walk better than a common canc; nor a blue riband bind up a wound so well as a fillet. The glitter of gold, or of diamonds, will but hurt sore eyes instead of curing them; and an aching head will be no more eased by wearing a crown, than a common nighteap." In a far better style, and more accordant with his own humor of plainness, are the conclucling sentences of his "Discourse upon Poetry." Temple took a part in the controversy about the ancient and the modern learning; and, with that partiality so natural and so graceful in an old man, whose state engagements had left him little leisure to look into modern productions, while his retirement gave him oceasion to look back upon the classic studies of his youth-decided in favor of the latter. "Certain it is," he says, "that, whether the fiereeness of the Gothic humors, or noise of their perpetual wars, frighted it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it-the great heights and excellency both of poetry and musie fell with the Roman learning and empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them. Yet, such as they are amongst us, they must be confessed to be the softest and the sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes, and the cot-
tages of shepherds. They serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor and idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life; for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager, in a ealm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales; and so the mind, when noved by soft and easy passions or affections. I know very well that many who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music, as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serions men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to their charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own connsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and request of these two entertainments will do so too; and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innoeent, and do not tromble the world or other men, becanse they cannot be guiet themselves, thongh! nobody lints them." "When all is done (he coneludes), human life is at the greatest and the best but like a forward chide, that must be played with, and hmmored a little, to keep it quiet till it falls asleerp, and then the eare is over."

## BARBARA S-

On the noon of the 14 th of November, 1743 or 4 , I forget which it was, just as the clock had struck one, Barbara S - with her accustomed punctuality, ascended the long rambling staircase, with awkward interposed landing-places, which led to the office, or rather a sort of box with a desk in it, whereat sat the then Treasurer of (what few of our readers may remember) the Old Bath Theater. All over the island it was the custom, and remains so I believe to this day, for the players to receive their weekly stipend on the Saturday. It was not much that Barbara had to claim.

This little maid had just entered her eleventh vear; but her important station at the theater, as it seemed to her, with the benefits which she felt to acerue from her pious application of her small earnings, had given an air of womanhood to her steps and to her behavior. You would have taken her to have been at least five years older.

Till latterly she had merely been employed in chornses, or where children were wanted to fill up the scenc. But the manager, observing a diligence and adroitness in her above her age, had for some few months past intrusted to her the performance of whole parts. Yon may guess the self-consequence of the promoted Barbarn. She had already drawn tears in young Arthur:" had rallied Richard with in-
fantine petulanee in the Duke of York, ${ }^{1}$ and in her turn had rebuked that petulanee when she was Prince of Wales. She would have done the elder child in Morton's pathetic after-picee to the life; but as yet the "Children in the Wood" was not.

Long after this little girl was grown an aged woman, I have seen some of these small parts, eaeh making two or three pages at most, copied out in the rndest hand of the then prompter, who doubtless transeribed a little more earefully and fairly for the grown-up tragedy ladies of the establishment. But suel as they were, blotted and serawled, as for a ehild's use, she kept them all; and in the zenith of her after reputation it was a delightful sight to behold them bound up in eostliest Moroceo, each single -each small part making a book-with fine elasps, gilt-splashed, ete. She had conseientionsly kept them as they had been delivered to her : not a blot had been effaeed or tampered with. They were preeions to her for their affecting remembraneings. They were her prineipia, her rudiments; the elementary atoms: the little steps by which she pressed forward to perfee. tion. "What," she would say, "eonld Indian rub)ber, or a pminiee stone, have done for these darlings?"

I am in no hurry to berin my story-indered I have little or none to tell-so I will just mention an observation of hers connected with that interesting time.

Not long before she died I had been diseoursing with her on the quantity of real present emotion
which a great tragie performer experienees during acting. I ventured to think that though in the first instance sueh players must have possessed the feelings which they so powerfully ealled up in others, yet by frequent repetition those feelings must become deadened in great measure, and the performer trust to the memory of past emotion, rather than express a present one. She indignantly repelled the notion, that with a truly great tragedian the operation, by whieh suel effeets were produeed upon an audience, could ever degrade itself into what was purely mechanieal. With much delieacy, avoiding to instance in her self-experience, she told me, that so long ago as when she used to play the part of the Little Son to Mrs. Porter's Isabella ${ }^{1}$ (I think it was), when that impressive actress has been bending over her in some heart-rending colloquy, she has felt real hot tears eome trickling from her, which (to use her powerful expression) have perfectly scalded her back.

I am not quite so sure that it was Mrs. Porter ; but it was some great actress of that day. The name is indifferent; but the fact of the sealding tears I most distinetly remember.

I was always fond of the soeiety of players, and am not sure that an impediment in my speech (whieh eertainly kept me ont of the pulpit) even more than certain personal disqualifications, whieh are often grot over in that profession, did not prevent me at one time of life from adopting it. I have had the honov (I must ever call it) once to have been admitted to
the tea-table of Miss Kclly. I have played at serious whist with Mr. Liston. ${ }^{1}$ I have chatted with ever good-humored Mrs. Charles Kemble. ${ }^{2}$ I have conversed as friend to friend with her aceomplished husband. I have been indulged with a classieal conference with Macready ; ${ }^{3}$ and with a sight of the Playerpieture gallery, at Mr. Matthews's, when the kind owner, to remmerate me for my love of the old actors (whom he loves so mueh), went over it with me, supplying to his capital eollection, what alone the artist could not give them-roice; and their living motion. Old tones, half-faded, of Dodd, and I'arsons, and Baddeley, have lived again for me at his bidding. Only Edwin he could not restore to me. I have supped with ——; but I am growing a coxcomb.

As I was about to say-at the desk of the then treasurer of the old Bath theater-not Diamond'spresented herself the little Barbara S-.

The parents of Barbara had been in reputable eircumstances. The father had practised, I believe, as an apothecary in the town. But his practice, from causes which I feel my own infirmity too sensibly that way to arraign-or perhaps from that pure infelieity whieh aecompanies some people in their walk through life, and which it is impossible to lay at the door of imprndence-was now reduced to mothing. They were in fact in the very teeth of starration, when the manager, who kmew and respected them in better darss, took the little Barhara into his company.

At the period I eommeneed with, her slender carnings were the sole support of the family, inehuding two younger sisters. I must throw a veil over some mortifying eireumstanees. Enough to say, that her Saturday's pittanee was the only ehanee of a Sunday's (generally their only) meal of meat.

One thing I will only mention, that in some ehild's part, where in her theatrical character she was to sup off a roast fowl (O joy to Barbara!) some eomie aetor, who was for the night eaterer for this daintyin the misguided humor of his part, threw over the dish suels a quantity of salt (O grief and pain of heart to Barbara!) that when she erammed a portion of it into her month, she was obliged splutteringly to rejeet it ; and what with shame of her ill-acted part, and pain of real appetite at missing sueh a dainty, her little heart sobbed almost to breaking, till a flood of tears, which the well-fed speetators were totally unable to emprehend, mereifully relieved her.

This was the little starved, meritorious maid, who stood before old Ravenseroft, the treasurer, for her Saturday's payment.

Ravenseroft was a man, I have heard many old theatrieal people beside herself say, of all men least ealeulated for a treasurcr. He had no head for aceounts, paid away at random, kept searce any books, and summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so defieient, blest himself that it was no worse.

Now Barbara's weekly stipend was a bare half
guinea.-By mistake he popped into her hand-a whole one.

Barbara tripped away.
She was entirely meonscions at first of the mistake: (iod knows Ravenseroft would never have diseovered it.

But when she got down to the first of those nueouth landing-plaees, slie beeane sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand.

Now mark the dilemma.
She was by nature a good ehild. From her parents and those abont her she had imbibed no contrary inflnence. But then they had tanglit her nothing. Poor men's smoky eabins are not always porticoes of moral philosophy. This little maid had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed prineiple. She had heard honesty commended, but never dreamed of its application to herself. She thonght of it as something which eoncerned grown-up people, men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing resistance against it.

IIer first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer, and explain to him his hlunder: He was already so conffised with age, besides a matnral want of punctuality, that she wonld have had some diffienty in making him moderstand it. She saw that in an instant. And then it was sncla a bit of money! and then the imare of a lanere allowance of butcher's meat on their table next day came across her, till her little eyes glistened, and her month moistened. But
then Mr. Ravenseroft had always been so good-natured, liad stood her friend behind the seenes, and even recommended her promotion to some of her litthe parts. But again the old man was reputed to be worth a world of money. He was supposed to have fifty pounds a year clear of the theater. And then eame staring upon her the figures of her little stockingless and shoeless sisters. And when she looked at her own neat white cotton stockings, which her situation at the theater had made it indispensable for her mother to provide for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock, and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same-and how then they could accompany her to rehearsals, which they had hitherto been precluded from doing, by reason of their unfashionable attire,-in these thoughts she reached the second landing-place-the second, I mean from the top-for there was still another left to traverse.

Now virtue support Barbara!
And that never-failing friend did step in-for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard hee say, was revealed to her-a reason above reasoningand without her own ageney, as it seemed (for she never felt her feet to move) she found herself transported back to the individual desk slie had just quitted and her hand in the old hand of Ravenseroft, who in silence took back the refunded treasure and who had been sitting (good man) insensible to the lapse of minutes, which to her were anxious ages;
and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.

A year or two's umrepining application to her profession brightened up the feet, and the prospects, of her little sisters, set the whole family upon their legs again, and released her from the diffienlty of diseussing moral dogmas upon a landing-place.

I have heard her say, that it was a surprise, not much short of mortifieation to her, to see the eoolness with which the old man poeketed the difference, which had caused her such mortal throes.

This aneedote of herself I had in the year 1800, from the mouth of the late Mrs. Crawford,* then sixty-seven years of age (she died soon after) ; and to her struggles upon this childish occasion I have sometimes ventured to think her indebted for that power of rending the heart in the representation of conflicting emotions, for which in after years she was eonsidered as little inferior (if at all so in the part of Lady Randolph) even to Mrs. Siddons.

## TIIE TOMBS IN THE ABBEY

IN A LETTER TO R— S—, ISQ.?

Thougir in some points of doctrine, and perhaps of diseipline, I am diffident of lending a perfect assent

[^16]to that chureh which you have so worthily historified, yet may the ill time never come to me, when with a chilled heart, or a portion of irreverent sentiment, I shall enter her beautiful and time-hallowed Edifices. Judge then of my mortification when, after attending the choral anthems of last Wednesday at Westminster, and being desirious of renewing my acquaintance, after lapsed years, with the tombs and antiquities there, I found myself excluded; turned out like a dog, or some profane person, into the common street with feelings not very congenial to the place, or to the solemn service which I had been- listening to. It was a jar after that music.

You had your education at Westminster; and doubtless among those dim aisles and cloisters, you must have gathered much of that devotional feeling in those young years, on which your purest mind freds still-and may it feed! The antiquarian spirit, strong in you and gracefully blending over with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality. You owe it to the place of your education; you owe it to your learned fondness for the architecture of your ancestors; you owe it to the venerableness of your ecclesiastical establishment, which is daily lessened and called in question through these practices-to speak aloud your sense of them; never to desist raising your voice arainst them, till they be totally done away with and abolished; till the doors of Westıninster Abbey be no longer closed against the decent, though low-in-
purse, enthusiast, or blameless derotee, who must commit an injury against his family economy, if he would be indulged with a bare admission within its walls. You owe it to the decencies which you wish to see maintaned in its impressive serviees, that our Cathedral be no longer an object of inspection to the poor at those times only, in which they must rob from their attendance on the worship every minute which they can bestow upon the fabric. In vain the publie prints have taken up this subject, in vain such poor nameless writers as myself express their indignation. A word from you, Sir-a hint in yon Journal-would be sufficient to fling open the doors of the beatiful 'Temple again, as we ean remember them when we were boys. At that time of life, what would the imaginative faculty (such as it is) in both of us, have suffered, if the entrance to so mueh reffection had been obstrueted by the demand of so much silver!-If we had seraped it up to gain an oceasional admission (as we certamly should have done) wonld the sight of those old tombs have been as impressive to us (while we had been weighing anxiously prodence against sentiment) as when the gates stood open, as those of the adjacent Park; when we eould walk in at any time, as the mood brought us, for a shorter or longer time, as that lasted? Is the being shown ower a place the same as silently for onrsolves depecting the erenins of it? In no patt of own belowed thbey now ean a person find entrance (out of service time) under the smo of two
shillings. The rich and the great will smile at the anticlimax, presumed to lie in these two short words. But you can tell them, Sir, how much quiet worth, how much eapacity for enlarged feeling, how much taste and genius, may coexist, especially in youth, with a purse incompetent to this demand.-A respected friend of ours, during his late risit to the metropolis, presented himself for admission to St. Paul's. At the same time a decently clothed man, with as decent a wife and child, were bargaining for the same indulgence. The price was only two-pence each person. The poor but decent man hesitated, desirous to go in; but there were three of them, and he turned away reluctantly. Perhaps he wished to have seen the tomb of Nelson. ${ }^{1}$ Perhaps the Interior of the Cathedral was his object. But in the state of his finances, even sixpence inight reasonably seem too mueh. Tell the Aristocracy of the country (no man can do it more impressively) ; instruct them of what value these insignificant pieces of money, these minims to their sight, may be to their humbler brethren. Shame these Sellers out of the Temple. ${ }^{2}$ Stifle not the suggestions of your better nature with the pretext, that an indiscriminate admission would expose the Tombs to violation. Remember your boy-days. Did you ever see, or hear, of a mob in the Abbey, while it was free to all? Do the rabble come there, or trouble their heads about such speculations? It is all that you can do to drive them into your churches; they do not voluntarily
offer themselves. They have, alas! no passion for antifuities; for tomb of king or prelate, sage or poct. If they had, they would be no longer the rabble.

For forty years that I have known the Fabric, the only well-attested charge of violation adduced, has been-a ridiculous disememberment committed upon the cffigy of that amiable spy, Major André. ${ }^{1}$ And is it for this-the wanton mischief of some schoolboy, fired perhaps with raw notions of 'Transatlantic Freedom-or the remote possibility of such a mischief occurring again, so casily to be prevented by stationing a constable within the walls, if the vergers are incompetent to the duty-is it upon sueh wretched pretenses, that the people of England are made to pay a new Peter's Pence, so long abrogated: or must content themselves with contemplating the ragged Exterior of their Cathedral? 'The misehiof was done about the time that yon were a scholar there. Do you know anything about the unfortunate relic?-

## AMICUS REDIVIYUS

Where were ye, Nrmphe, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your loved Lycidas? 3
I do not know when I have experimeed a stranger sensation, than on seeing my old friend G. D., ${ }^{4}$ who had been paying me a morning risit a few Sundays back, at my eottage at Islington, upon taking leave.
instead of turning down the right hand path by whieh he had entered-with staff in hand, and at noon day, deliberately march right forwards into the midst of the stream that runs by us, and totally disappear.

A spectacle like this at dusk would have been appalling enough; but, in the broad open daylight, to witness such an unreserved motion towards self-destruction in a valued friend, took from me all power of speculation.

How I found my feet, I know not. Consciousness was quite gone. Some spirit, not my own, whirled me to the spot. I remember nothing but the silvery apparition of a good white head emerging; nigh which a staff (the hand unseen that wielded it) pointed upwards, as feeling for the skies. In a noment (if time was in that time) he was on my shoulders, and I-freighted with a load more precious than his who bore Anchises. ${ }^{1}$

And here I cannot but do justice to the offieious zeal of sundry passers by, albeit arriving a little too late to participate in the lonors of the rescue, in philanthropic shoals eame thronging to communicate their advice as to the recovery ; prescribing varionsly the application, or non-application of salt, ete., to the person of the patient. Life meantime was ebbing fast away, anidst the stifle of couflicting judgments, when ont, more sagacious than the rest, by a bright thought, proposed sending for the Doctor. Trite as the counsel was, and impossible, as one should think, to be missed on,-slall I confess? in this emergency,
it was to me as if an Angel had spoken. Great previous exertions-and mine had not been inconsidera-ble-are commonly followed by a debility of purpose. This was a moment of irresolution.

Monoculus ${ }^{1}$-for so, in default of catching his true name, I choose to designate the medical gentleman who now appeared-is a grave, middle-aged person, who, without having studied at the college, or truckled to the pedantry of a diploma, hath employed a great portion of his valuable time in experimental processes upon the bodies of unfortunate fel-low-creatures, in whom the vital spark, to mere vulgar thinking, would seem extinct, and lost for ever. He omitteth no occasion of obtruding his services, from a case of common surfeit-suffocation to the iegnobler obstructions, sometmes indnced by a too wilful application of the plant Camabis 2 outwardly. But though he deelineth not altogether these drier extinctions, his occupation tendeth for the most part to water-practice; for the convenience of which, he hath judicionsly fixed his quarters near the grand repository of the stream mentioned, where, day and night, from his little watch tower, at the Middleton's Head, he listeneth to deteet the wreeks of drowned mortality-partly, as he saith, to be upon the spot-and partly, beeause the lignids which he usetly to preseribe to himself and his pationts, on these distressing oceasions, are ordinarily more conveniently to be fonnd at these eommon hostelries, than in the shops and phials of the apotheearies. Ilis
car hath arrived to sueh finesse by practice, that it is reported he ean distinguish a plunge at a half furlong distance; and can tell, if it be easual or deliberate. He weareth a medal, suspended over a suit, originally of a sad brown, but which, by time, and frequeney of nightly divings, has been dinged into a true professional sable. He passeth by the name of Doctor, and is remarkable for wanting his left eyc. IIis remedy-after a sufficient applieation of warm blankets, frietion, etc., is a simple tumbler, or more, of the purest Cognac, with water, made as hot as the convalescent can bear it. Where he findetl, as in the case of wy friend, a squeamish subjeet, he condescendeth to be the taster; and showeth, by his own example, the innoenous nature of the prescription. Nothing can be more kind or encouraging than this procedure. It addeth confidence to the patient, to see his medical adviser go hand in hand with himself in the remedy. When the doctor swalloweth his own draught, what peevish invalid can refuse to pledge him in the potion? In finc, Monoculus is a humane, sensible man, who, for a slender pittance, scaree cnough to sustain life, is content to wear it out in the endeavor to save the lives of others-his pretensions so moderate, that with difficulty I could press a crown upon him, for the price of restoring the existenee of such an invaluable ereature to society as G. D.

It was pleasant to olserve the effeet of the subsiding alarm upon the nerves of the dear absentee.

It seemed to have given a shake to memory, calling up notice after notice, of all the providential deliverances he had experienced in the course of his long and innocent life. Sitting up in my couch-my eouch which, naked and void of furniture hitherto, for the salutary repose which it administered, shall be honored with costly valance, at some price, and henceforth be a state-bed at Colebrook,-he diseoursed of marvclous escapes-by carelessness of nurses-by pails of gelid, and kettles of the boiling element, in infancy-by orchard pranks, and snapping twigs, in schoolboy frolics-by descent of tiles at Trumpington, and of heavier tomes at Pembroke-by studious watchings, inducing frightful vigilance-by want, and the fear of want, and all the sore throbbings of the leamed head.-Anon, he would burst into little fragments of chanting-of songs long ago-cnds of deliverance hymms, not remembered before since childhood, but coming up now, when his heart was made tender as a child's-for the tremor cordis, ${ }^{1}$ in the retrospeet of a reeent deliveranee, as in a case of impending danger, acting upon an innocent heart, will produee a self-tendermess, which we should do ill to christen eowardice; and Shakspeare, in the latter crisis, has made his good Sir Hugh ${ }^{2}$ to remember the sitting by Babylon, and to mutter of shallow rivers.

Waters of Sir Mugh Middleton-what a spark you were like to have extinguished for ever! Your salubrious streans to this City, for now near two centuries, would hardly have atoned for what you were
in a moment washing away. Mockery of a riverliquid artifice-wretched conduit! henceforth rank with canals, and sluggish aqueducts. Was it for this, that, smit in boyhood with the explorations of that Abyssinian traveler, ${ }^{1}$ I paeed the vales of Amwell to explore your tributary springs, to traec your salutary waters sparkling through green Hertfordshire, and cultured Enfiełd parks?-Ye have 110 swans-no Naiads ${ }^{2}$-no river God-or did the benevolent hoary aspect of my friend tempt ye to suek him in, that ye also might have the tutelary genius of your waters.

Had he been drowned in Cam ${ }^{3}$ there would have been some eonsonancy in it; but what willows had ye to wave and rustle over his moist sepulture?-or, having no name, besides that unmeaning assumption of clemal novity, did ye think to get one by the noble prize, and henecforth to be termed the Stream Dyerine?

> And could such spaeious virtue find a grave Beneath the imposthumed bubble of a wave?

I protest, Gcorge, you shall not venture out againno, not by daylight-without a sufficient pair of spee-tacles-in your musing moods especially. Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body came to be ealled in question by it. You shall not go wandering into Euripus with Aristotle, ${ }^{4}$ if we can help it. Fie, man, to turn dipper at your years, after your many tracts in favor of sprinkling only !

I have nothing but water in my head o'nights sinee this frightful aeeident. Sometimes I an with Clarence in his dream. ${ }^{1}$ At others, I behold Christian beginning to sink, and erying out to his good brother Hopeful" (that is, to me). "I sink in deep water; the billows go over my head, all the waves go over me. Selah." Then I have before me Palinurus, ${ }^{3}$ just letting go the steerage. I ery out too late to save. Next follow-a mournful proeessionsuicidal faces, saved against their wills from drowning; dolefully trailing a length of reluetant gratefulness, with ropy weeds pendent from loeks of watchet hue-constrained Lazari--Pluto's half-sub-jeets-stolen fees from the grave-bilking Charon ${ }^{4}$ of his fare. At their head Arion ${ }^{5}$-or is it (r. D.?-in his singing garments marcheth singly, with harp in hand, and rotive garland, whieh Maehaon (or Dr. Hawes) ${ }^{6}$ smateheth straight, intembing to suspend it to the stem God of Sea. Then follow dismal streams of Lethe, ${ }^{7}$ in whieli the half-drenehed on earth are eonstrained to drown downight, by wharfs where Ophelia twiee aets her muddy death. ${ }^{8}$

And, dombtless, there is some notice in that invisible world, when one of us approaeheth (as my friend did so lately) to their inexorable precincts. When a sonl knoeks onee, twice, at death's door, the sensation aroused within the palace must be considerable: and the grin Feature, by modern seience so often dispossessed of his prey, must have learnt by thisi time to pity Tantalus.

A pulse assuredly was felt along the line of the Elysian slades, when the near arrival of C. D. was announced by no equivocal indieations. From their seats of Asphodel ${ }^{1}$ arose the gentler and the graver ghosts-poet, or historian,-or Grecian or of Roman lore-to crown with unfading ehaplets the half-finished love labors of their unwearied scholiast. Him Markland expected-him Tyrwhitt hoped to en-counter-him the sweet lyrist of Peter IIouse, whom he had barely seen upon earth,* with newest airs prepared to grect -; and, patron of the gentle Christ's boy,-who should have been his patron through life-the mild Askew, with longing aspirations leaned foremost from his venerable Eseulapian chair, ${ }^{2}$ to welcome into that happy eompany the matured virtues of the man, whose tender scions in the boy he himself upon earth had so prophetically fed and watered.

## SOME SONNETS OF SIR PIILIP SYDNEY

Sydney's Sonnets-I speak of the best of them-are among the very best of their sort. They fall below the plain moral dignity, the sanctity, and high yet modest spirit of self-approval, of Milton, in his compositions of a similar structure. They are in a truth what Milton, censuring the Arcadia, says of that work (to which they are a sort of after-tune or ap-

[^17]plication), "vain and amatorious" enough, yet the things in their kind (as he confesses to be true of the romance) may be "full of worth and wit." They savor of the Courtier, it must be allowed, and not of the Commonwealthsman. But Milton was a Courtier when he wrote the Masque at Ludlow Castle, ${ }^{1}$ and still more a Courtier when he composed the Areades, When the national struggle was to begin, he becomingly east these vanities behind him; and if the order of time had thrown Sir Philip upon the erisis which preceded the Revolution, there is no reason why he should not have acted the same part in that emergeney, which has glorified the name of a later Sydney. ${ }^{2}$ He did not want for plainness or boldness of spirit. Ilis letter on the French match may testify, he could speak his mind freely to Prinees. The times did not call him to the seaffold.

The Sonnets whieh we oftenest eall to mind of Milton were the eompositions of his maturest years. Those of Sydney, which I am about to produce, were written in the very hey-dey of his blood. They are stuck full of amorous fancies-far-fetehed coneeits, befitting his oceupation: for True Love thinks no labor to send out Thoughts upon the rast, and more than Indian royages, to bring home rieh pearls, outlandish wealth, grms, jewels, spicery, to sacrifice in self-depreciating similitudes, as shadows of trne amiabilities in the Belored. We must be Lovers-or at least the eooling touch of time, the circum precordin frigus, ${ }^{3}$ must not have so damped our faculties, as
to take away our recollection that we were once sobefore we can duly appreciate the glorious vanities, and graceful hyperboles, of the passion. The images which lie before our feet (though by some accounted the only natural) are least natural for the high Sydnean love to express its fancies by. They may serve for the loves of Tibullus, ${ }^{1}$ or the dear Author of the Schoolmistress ; ${ }^{2}$ for passions that creep and whine in Elegies and Pastoral Ballads. I am sure Milton never loved at this rate. I an afraid some of his addresses (ad Lconoram ${ }^{3}$ I mean) have rather erred on the farther side; and that the poet came not much short of a religious indecorum, when he could thus apostrophize a singing-girl;-

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
Obtigit wetheriis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major,
Naun tua presentem vox sonat ipsa Deum?
Ant Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia coli,
Per tua scereto guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, faeilisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim inmortali assuescere posse sono.
Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus, in te una loquitur, cetera mutus habet.

This is loving in a strange fashion: and it requires some candor of construction (besides the slight darkening of a dead language) to east a veil over the ugly appearance of something very like blasphemy in the last two verses. I think the Lover would have been staggered, if he lad gone about to express
the same thought in English. I am sure, Sydney has no flights like this. His extravaganzas do not strike at the sky, though he takes leave to adopt the pale Dian ${ }^{1}$ into a fellowship with his mortal passions.

> I.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou elimbst the skies; How silently; and with how wan a face!
What! may it be, that eren in heavenly place
That busy Areher his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's ease;
I read it in thy looks; thy languisht graee
To me, that feel the like, thy state deseries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is eonstant love deem'd there but want of wit!
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers seorn, whom that love doth possess?
Do they eall virtue there - ungratefulncss?
The last line of this poem is a little obscured by transposition. He means, Do they call ungratefuluess there a virtue?

## II.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the eertain knot of peace The bating place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release, The indifferent judge between the high and low: With shield of proof shicld me from out the prease * Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw;
O make in the those eivil wars to eease:

[^18]I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me, sweet pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy grarland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right, Move not thy heary graee, thou shalt in me, Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image 1 see.

## 111.

The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness Bewray itself in my long-settled eyes, Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise, With idle pains, and missing aims, do guess. Sone, that know how my spring I did address, Deem that my Mnse some fruit of knowledge piles; Others, because the Prince my service tries, Think, that I think state errors to redress; But harder judges judge, ambition's rage, Seourge of itself, still elimbing slippery place, Holds my young brain captiv'd in golden cage. O fools, or over-wise! alas, the race Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start, But only Stella's eyes, and Stllla's heart.

## n.

Because I oft in dark abstraeted guise Seem most alone in greatest company, With dearth of words, or answers guite awry, To them that would make speeeh of speech arise; They deem, and of their doom the rumor flies, That poison foul of bubbling Pride doth lie. So in my swelling breast, that only I Fawn on myself, and others do despise; let Iride, I think, doth not my soul possess, Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass;

But one worse fault - Ambition - I confess, That makes me oft my best friends overpass, Unscen, unheard - while Thonght to highest place Bends all his powers, ceen unto Stella's grace.

> v.

Having this day, my horse, my hand, my lance. Guided so well that I obtained the prize, Both by the judgment of the English cyes, And of some sent from that suect encmy,-France; Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance; Townsfolk my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, beeause of both sides I do take
My blood from them, who did exeel in this,
Think Nature me a man of arms did make.
How far they shot awry; the true cause is,
Stelda looked on, and from her heavenly face Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

## VI.

In martial sports I had my cunning tried, And yet to break more staves did me address, While with the people's shouts (I must confess) Youth, luck, and praise, even fill'd my veins with pride When Cupid having me (his slave) deseried In Dars's 1 livery, prancing in the press, "What now, Sir Fool!" said he: "I would no less: Look here, I say." I look'd, and Steli.d spied, Who hard by made a window send forth light. My heart then quak'd, then dazzled were mine eyes One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight: Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries. My foe eame on, and beat the air for meTill that her blush made me my shame to sec.

## VII.

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try;
O give my passions leave to run their race;
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace;
Let folk o'ereharged with brain against me ery;
Let elouds bedim my face, break in mine eye;
Let me no steps, but of lost labor, trace;
Let all the earth with seorn recount my case -
But do not will me from my love to fly.
I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
Nor do aspire to Cæsar's blceding fame;
Nor aught do care, though some above me sit Nor hope, nor wish, another course to frame, But that which onee may win thy cruel heart: Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

## VIII.

Love still a boy, and oft a wanton, is,
Sehool'd only by his mother's tender eye; What wonder then, if he his lesson miss, When for so soft a rod dear play he try? And yet my Stan, beeause a sugar'd kiss In sport, I suck'd, while she asleep did lie, Doth lour, nay ehide, nay threat, for only this. Sweet, it was saucy Love, not lumble I But no 'sense serves; she inakes her wrath appear In beauty's throne - see now who dares come near Those scarlet judges threat'ning bloody pain? O heav'nly Fool, thy most kiss-worthy face Anger invests with such a lovely grace, That anger's self I needs must kiss again.

L゙.
I never drank of Aganippe 1 well, Nor ever did in shade of Temple 2 sit,

And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell;
Poor lay-man I, for sacred rites unfit.
Some do I hear of Poet's fury tell,
But (God wot) wot not what they mean by it ;
And this I swear by blackest hrook of hell,
I am no piek-purse of another's wit.
How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speak, and what I speak doth flow
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?
Guess me the cause - what is it thus ? - fye, no.
Or so?-much less. How then? sure thus it is,
My lips are sweet, inspired by SteliA's kiss.

## x.

Of all the kings that ever here did reign,
Edward, named Fourth, as first in praise I name,
Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain
Nthough less gifts imp feathers oft on Fame.
Nor that he coukl, young-wise, wise-valiant, frame
Ilis sire's revenge, join'd with a kinglom's gain; And, gain'd by Mars could yet had Mars so tame, That Balance weigh'd what Sword did late obtain,
Nor that he made the Floure-de-luee 1 so 'fraid, Though strongly hedged of bloody Lions' paws, That witty Lewis 2 to him a tribute paid.
Nor this, nor that, nor any such small eause luat only, for this worthy knight durat prove To lose his crown rather than fail his love.
XI.

O happy Thames, that didst my. Stein.d bear, I saw thrself, with many a smiling line [Tpon thy cheerful face, Joy's livery wear, While those fair planets on thy streams did shine
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,

While wanton minds, with beauty so divine Ravish'd, stay'd not, till in her golden hair, They did themselves ( $O$ sweetest prison) twine. And fain those Eol's 1 youth there would their stay Have made; but, forced by nature still to fly, First did with puffing kiss those locks display. She, so dishevell'd, blush'd! from window I With sight thereof cried out, O fair disgrace, Let honor's self to thee grant highest place!

## NII.

Highway, since you my ehief Parnassus a be; And that my Muse, to some cars not unsweet, Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet. More soft than to a chamber melody; Now blessed You bear onward blessed Me To her, where I my heart safe left shall meet, My Muse and I must you of duty greet With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully, Be you still fair, honor'd by publie lieed, By no eneroachment wrongid nor time forgot; Nor blam'd for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed.
And that you know, I enry you no lot Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss, Ifundreds of years you Stella's feet may kiss.

Of the foregoing, the first, the second, and the last sonnet, are my favorites. But the general beauty of them all, is, that they are so perfectly characteristical. The spirit of "learning and of chivalry," of which union, Spenser has entitled Sydney to have been the "president,"-shines throngh them. I confess I can see nothing of the "jejune" or "frigid" in them: mmeh less of the "stiff" and "cumbrons"-
which I have sometimes heard objected to the Areadia. The verse runs off swiftly and gallantly. It might have been tuned to the trumpet; or tempered (as himself expresses it) to "trampling horses' feet." They abound in felicitous phrases-

O heav'nly Fool, thy most kiss-worthy face -
sth Somnet.
_-Sweet pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary hend.
2 ni Somet.
——That sweet enemy, France -
5th Somnel.
But they are not rich in words only, in vagne and unlocalized feclings-the failing too muth of some poetry of the present day-they are full, material, and circumstantiated. Time and place appropriates every one of them. It is not a fever of passion wasting itself upon a thin diet of dainty words, but a transeendent passion pervading and ilmminating artion, mrsnits, studies, feats of arms, the opinions of contemporaries and his judgment of them. In historical thread runs throngh them, which alnost affixes a date to them; marks the whon and where they were written.

I have dwelt the longer upon what I conceire the merit of these poems, because I have been hart by the wantonness (I wish I could treat it hy a gentleu name) with which W. II. ${ }^{1}$ takes every oceasion of insulting the memory of Sir Philip Sydnes: But the decisions of the Author of Table Talk, ete. (most
profound and subtle where they are, as for the most part, just) are more safely to be relied upon, on subjeets and authors he has a partiality for, than on such as he has conceived an aeeidental prejudice against. Milton wrote Sonnets, and was a king-hater; and it was eongenial perhaps to sacrifice a courtier to a patriot. But I was unwilling to lose a fine idea from my mind. The noble images, passions, sentiments, and poetical delicacies of character, scattered all over the Arcadia (spite of some stiffiess and eneumberment), justify to me the eharacter whieh his eontemporaries have left us of the writer. I eannot think with the Critic, that Sir Philip Sydney was that opprobrious thing which a foolish nobleman in his insolent hostility chose to term him. I call to mind the epitaph made on him, to guide me to juster thonghts of him; and I repose upon the beautiful lines in the "Friend's Passion for his Astrophel," ${ }^{1}$ printed with the Elegies of Spenser and others.

You knew - who knew not Astrophel?
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in posserssion still!)-
Things known permit me to renew Of him you know his merit such, I cannot say - you hear - too much.

Within these woods of Aready
He clirf delight and pleasure took;
And on the mountain Partheny,
Upon the erystal liquid brook,
The muses met him every day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he deseended down the mount, His personage seened most divine:
A thousand graces one might count Upon his lovely eheerful cyne.

To hear him speak, and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.
A sucet altractive kind of grace;
A full assurance gircn by looks;
Continual comfort in a face
The lincuments of Gospel boolis
1 trow that count'nance cannot lye,
Whose thoughts are legible in the "ye.

Above all others this is he,
Which erst approved in his song
That love and honor might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints, it is 110 sin or blame
To love a man of virthons mame.
Did never love so sweetly breathe
In any mortal breast before:
Did never Muse inspire boneath
A Poct's brain a fincr store,
He wrote of Love with high conceit,
And beauty reard above her height.
Or let any one read the deeper sorrows (grief running into rage) in the Poem,- the last in the collection accompanying the above,-which from internal testimony I believe to be Lord Brooke's, - beginningr with "Silence athementeth grief,"-and then seriously ask himself, whether the subjoert of such abl)sorbing and confounding regrets could have been that thing which Lord Oxford termed him.

## NEWSPAPERS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Dan Stuart once told us, that he did not remember that he ever deliberately walked into the Exhibition at Somerse Ionse in his life. He might oeeasionally have escorted a party of ladies across the way that were going in; but he never went in of his own head. Yet the office of the Morning Post newspaper stond then just where it does now-we are carrying you back, Reader, some thirty years or more-with its gilt-globe-topped front faeing that emporinm of onr artists' grand Ammal Lixposure. We sometimes wish that we had observed the same abstinence with Daniel.

A word or two of D. S. He ever appeared to us one of the finest tempered of Editors. Peary, of the Morning Chronicle, was equally pleasant, with a dash, no slight one either, of the courtier. S. was frank, plain, and Finglish all over. We have worked for both these gentlemen.

It is soothing to eontemplate the head of the fanges ; to trace the first little bubblings of a mighty river;

With holy reverence to approach the rocks, Whence glide the strams renowned in anciont song.

Fired with a pernsal of the Ahyssinian Pilgrim's? exploratory ramhlings after the eradle of the infant Nilus, we well remember on one fine summer holyday
(a "whole day's leave" we called at Christ's Llospital) sallying forth at rise of sun, not very well provisioned either for such an undertaking, to trace the current of the New River-Middletonian strean!to its scaturicnt source, as we had read, in meadows by fair Amwell. Gallantly did we commence our solitary quest-for it was essential to the dignity of a Discovery, that no eye of schoolboy, save our own, should bean on the detection. By flowery spots, and verdant lanes skirting Hornsey, Hope trained us on in many a baffling turn; endless hopeless meanders, as it seemed; or as if the jealous waters had dodged us, reluctant to have the humble spot of their nativity revealed; till spent, and nigh famished, before set of the same sun, we sat down somewhere by Bowes Farm, near Tottenham, with a tithe of our proposed labors only yet accomplished; sorely convinced in spirit, that that Brncian enterprise was as yet too arduous for our young shoulders.

Not more refreshing to the thirsty euriosity of the traveler is the tracing of some mighty waters up to their shallow fontlet, than it is to a pleased and candid reader to go back to the inexperieneed essays, the first callow fliglts in authorship, of some established name in literature; from the Gnat which preluded to the Encid, ${ }^{1}$ to the Duck which Samuel Johnson trod on. ${ }^{2}$

In those days every Morning Paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an anthor. who was bound to furnish daily a duantum of witty par-
agraphs. Sixpence a joke, and it was thought pretty high too-was Dan Stuar't's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, seandal, but, above all, dress, furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be poignant.

A fashion of flesh, or rather pink-colored hose for the ladies, luckily coming up at the juncture, when we were on our probation for the place of Chief Jester to S.'s Paper, established our reputation in that line. We were pronounced a "capital hand." $O$ the conecits which we varied upon red in all its prismatic differences! from the trite and obvious flower of Cytherea, ${ }^{1}$ to the flaming costume of the lady that has leer sitting upon "many waters." Then there was the eollateral topic of ankles. What an occasion to a truly chaste writer, like ourself, of touching that nice brink, and yet never tumbling over it, of a seemingly ever approximating something "not quite proper;" while, like a skilful posture-master, balancing betwixt decormms and their opposites, he keeps the line, from which an hair's-breadth deviation is destruction: hovering in the confines of light and darkness, or where "both scem either;" a hazy unecrtain delieacy ; Autolycus-like in the Play, ${ }^{2}$ still putting off his expectant auditory with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man!" But, above all, that conceit arrided us most at that time, and still tickles our midriff to remember, where allnsively to the flight of Astrua ${ }^{3}$-ultima Calestûm terras reliquit ${ }^{4}$-we
pronounced-in reference to the stockings still-that Modesty, taking her final leive of mortals, her last Bludh was visible in her ascent to the Heavens by the tract of the glowing instep. This might be called the crowning conceit; and was esteemed tolerable writing in those days.

But the fashion of jokes, with all other things, passes away ; as did the transient mode which had so favored us. The ankles of our fair friends in a few weeks began to reassume their whiteness, and left us scarce a leg to stand upon. Other female whims followed, but none, methought, so pregnant, so invitatory of shrewd conceits, and more than single meanings.

Somebody has said, that to swallow six cross-buns daily consecutively for a fortnight, wonld surfeit the stoutest digestion. But to have to furnish as many jokes daily, and that not for a fortnight, but for a long twelvemonth, as we were constrained to do, was a little harder exaction. "Man goetl forth to his work until the evening"-from a reasonable hour in the morning, we presume it was meant. Now, as our main occupation took us from eight till five every day in the city ; and as our evening hours, at that time of life, had generally to do with any thing rather than business, it follows, that the only time we could spare for this manufactory of jokes-our supplementary livelihood, that supplied us in every want beyond mere bread and cheese-was exactly that part of the day which (as we have lieard of Non Man's Land)² may be fitly denominated No Man's Time; that is, no
time, in whieh a man ought to be up, and awake, in. To speak more plainly, it is that time, of an hour', or an hour and a half's duration, in whieh a man, whose oeeasions eall him up so preposterously, has to wait for his breakfast.

O those headaehes at dawn of day, when at five, or half-past five in summer, and not mueh later in the dark seasons, we were eompelled to rise, having been perhaps not above four hours in bed-(for we were no go-to-beds with the lamb, though we antieipated the lark ofttimes in her rising-we like a parting eup at midnight, as all young men did before these effeminate times, and to have our friends about us-we were not eonstellated under Aquarius, that watery sign, ${ }^{1}$ and therefore ineapable of Bacehus, ${ }^{2}$ cold, washy, bloodless-we were none of your Basilian watersponges, ${ }^{3}$ nor had taken our degrees at Mount Ague ${ }^{4}$ -we were right toping Capulets, ${ }^{5}$ jolly eompanions, we and they) -but to have to get up, as we said before, eurtailed of half our fair sleep, fasting, with only a dim vista of refreshing Bohea in the dis-tanee-to be neeessitated to rouse ourselves at the detestable rap of an old hag of a domestie, who seemed to take a diabolieal pleasure in her announeement that it was "time to rise;" and whose chappy knuekles we lave often yearned to amputate, and string them up at our ehamber-door, to be a terror to all sueh unreasonable rest-breakers in future-
"Faeil" and sweet, as Virgil sings, had been the "deseending" of the over-night, balmy the first sink-
ing of the heary head upon the pillow; but to get up, as he groes on to say,

- revocure gradus, superasque evadere ad auras - 1
and to get up moreover to make jokes with malice prepended-there was the "labor," there the "work."

No Egyptian taskmaster ever devised a slavery like to that, our slavery. No fractions operants ever turned out for half the tyramy, which this necessity exereised upon us. Half a dozen jests in a day (bating Sunday too), why, it seems nothing! We make twiee that number every day in our lives as a matter of course, and claim no Sabbatical exemptions. But then they come into our head. But when the head has to go out to them-when the mountain must go to Nahomet 2-

Reader, try it for once, only for one short twelvemonth.

It was not every week that a fashion of pink stockings (ame up) but mostly instead of it, some ruged, untractable subject; some topic inpossible to be eontorted into the risible : some feature upon which no smile could play: some flint, from which no process of ingenuity could procure a distillation. There the lay: there your appointed tale of brickmaking was set before ron, which you must finish, with or without straw, as it happened. The eraving Draton-the I'ublic-like him in Bel's temple ${ }^{3}$ must be fed; it expected its daily rations; and Daniel,
and ourselves, to do us justice, did the best we eonld on this side bursting him.

While we were wringing out eoy sprightliness for the Post, and writhing under the toil of what is ealled "easy writing," Bob Allen, our quondam sehoolfellow, was tapping his impracticable brains in a like service for the "Oraele." Not that Robert troubled himself much about wit. If his paragraphs had a sprightly air about them, it was sufficient. He carried this nonchalance so far at last, that a matter of intelligenee, and that no very important one, was not seldom palmed upon his employers for a gond jest; for example sake-" Wralling yesterday morning casually dou'n Snow IIfl who should we meet but Mr. Deputy IIumplucys; we rejoice to add that the worthy Deputy appeared to enjoy a good state of health. We do not ever remember to have seen him look better." This gentleman so surprisingly met upon Suow IIill, from some peenliarities in gait or gesture, was a constant butt for mirth to the small paragraph-mongers of the day; and our friend thought that he might have his fling at him with the rest. We met $\lambda$. in IIolborn shortly after this extraordinary renconnter, which he told with tears of satisfaction in his eyes, and chuekling at the anticipated effects of its announeement next day in the paper. We did not quite comprehend where the wit of it lay at the time; nor was it easy to be detected, when the think came out, advantaged by type and letterpress. IIe had better have met any thing that
morning than a Common Council Man. His services were shortly after dispensed with, on the plea that his paragraphs of late had been deficient in point. The one in question, it must be owned, had an air, in the opening especially, proper to awaken curiosity; and the sentiment, or moral, wears the aspect of humanity and good neighborly feeling. But somehow the conclusion was not judged altogether to answer to the magnificent promise of the premises. We traced our friend's pen afterwards in the "True Briton," the "Star," the "Traveler,"-from all which he was successively dismissed, the Proprictors having " no further occasion for his services." Nothing was easier" than to detect him. When wit failed, or topies ran low, there constantly appeared the following-"It is not generally linoun that the thee Blue Balls at the Paumbroler's shops are the ancient arms of Lombardy. The Lombards were the first money-brokers in Europe." Bob has done more to set the public right on this important point of blazonry, than the whole College of IIeralds.

The appointment of a regular wit has long ceased to be a part of the econony of a Morning l'aper. Editors find their own jokes, or do as well withont them. Parson Este, and 'Topham, brought up the set custom of "witty paragraphs" first in the World. Boaden was a reigning paragraphist in lis day, and sueceeded poor Allen in the Oracle. But, as we said, the fashion of jokes passes away: and it wonld be diffent to disenver in the Biographer of Mis. Siddons, any traces
of that vivacity and fancy whieh charmed the whole town at the eommencement of the present century. Even the prelusive delicacies of the present writerthe eurt "Astrean allusion"-would be thought pedantie and out of date, in those days.

From the offiee of the Morning Post (for we may as well exhanst our Newspaper Reminiseenees at onee) by ehange of property in the paper, we were transferred, mortifying exehange! to the office of the Albion Newspaper, late Raekstrow's Museum, in Fleet Strect. What a transition-from a handsome apartment, from rose-wood desks, and silver inkstands, to an offiee-no office, but a den rather, but just redeemed from the occupation of dead monsters, of which it seemed redolent-from the center of loyalty and fashion, to a focus of vulgarity and sedition! Here in murky eloset, inadequate from its square eontents to the receipt of the two bodies of Editor, and humble paragraph-maker together at one time, sat in the discharge of his new Editorial functions (the "Bigod" of Elia) the redoubted John Fenwiek.
F., without a guinea in his poeket, and having left not many in the pockets of his friends whom he might command, had purehased (on tiek doubtless) the whole and sole Editorslip, Proprietorship, with all the rights and titles (such as they are worth) of the Albion, from one Lovell : of whom we know nothing, save that he had stood in the pillory for a libel on the Prince of Wales. With this hopeless concern-for it had been sinking ever since its eommeneement, and
conld now reekon upon not more than a hundred sub)-seribers- F . resolutely determined upon pulling down the Govermuent in the first instance, and making both our fortunes by way of corollary. For seven weeks and more did this infatuated Democrat gro about borrowing seven-shilling pieces, and lesser eoin, to meet the daily demands of the Stamp Office, which allowed no eredit to pitblications of that side in polities. An outcast from politer bread, we attached our small talents to the forlorn fortmes of our friend. Our oceupation now was to write treason.

Recollections of fertings-which were all that now remained from oln first boyish heats kindled by the French Revolution, when, if we were mished, we erred in the company of some, who are aceounted very grood men now-wather than any temdeney at this time to Republican doctrines-assisted us in assmming a style of writing, while the paper lasted, consonatut in 110 very under tone-to the right earnest fanaticisn of F. Onr ene was now to insimate, rather than reeommend, possible abdications. Blocks, axes, Whitehill tribumals, were covered with flowers of so cunning a periphrasis-as Mr. Bayes ${ }^{1}$ says, never maminer the thing diecetly-that the keen eye of an Attorney Gencmal was insuffieient to detecet the hoking snake among them. There were times, indeed, when we sighed for our more gentleman-like ocrupation muder Stnart. But with change of mastore it is erem change of servies. Aheady one paragraph, and another, as we learned afterwards from a gemtleman at the

Treasury, had begun to be marked at that office, with a view of its being submitted at least to the attention of the proper Law Officers-when an unlucky, or rather lucky epigram from our pen, aimed at Sir J-s M-h, who was on the ere of departing for India to reap the fruits of his apostasy as F. pronounced it (it is hardly worth particularizing), happening to offend the nice sense of Lord, or as he then delighted to be called, Citizen Stanhope, deprived F. at once of the last hopes of a guinea from the last patron that had stuck by us; and breaking up our establishment,. left us to the safe, but somewhat mortifying, neglect of the Crown Lawyers. It was about this time, or a little earlier, that Dan Stuart made that curious confession to us, that he had "never deliberately walked into an Exhibition at Somerset House in his life."

## BARRENNESS OF TIIE IMAGINATIVE FACUL'TY IN TIIE PRODUCTIONS OF MODERN

 ARTHogarth excepted, ean we produce any one painter within the last fifty years, or since the humor of exhibiting began, that las treated a story imaginatiurly? By this we mean, upon whom his subject has so acted, that it has seemed to direet him-not to be arranged by him? Any upon whom its leading or collateral points have impressed themselves so tyramically, that he dared not treat it otherwise, lest
he should falsify a revelation? Any that has imparted to his compositions, not merely so much truth as is enough to convey a story with clearness, but that individualizing property, which should keep the subject so treated distinct in feature from every other subject, however similar, and to common apprehensions almost identical; so as that we might say, this and this part could have found an appropriate place in no other picture in the world but this? Is there any thing in modern art-we will not demand that it should be equal-but in any way analogous to what Titian has effected, in that wonderful bringing together of two times in the "Ariadne,' ${ }^{1}$ in the National Gallery? Precipitous, with his recling Satyr * rout about him, re-peopling and re-illuming suddenly the waste places, drunk with a new fury berond the grape, Baechus, born in fire, fire-like flings himself at the Cretan. This is the time present. With this telling of the story-an artist, and no ordinary one, might remain riehly proud. Guido ${ }^{3}$ in his harmonious version of it, saw no further. But from the depth of the imaginative spirit Titian has reealled past time, and laid it contribntory with the present to one simultaneons effect. With the desert all ringing with the mad ermbals of his followers, made heid with the presence and new offers of a god, -as if uneonscious of Bacchus, or but idly easting her eyes as upon sonme unconcerning pageant-her sonl undistracted from Thesens "- hriadne is still pacing the solitary shore in as much heart-silenee, and in almost the same
loeal solitude, with which she awoke at day-break (o) eatch the forlorn last glanees of the sail that bore away the Athenian.

Here are two points miraeulously eo-minting; fieree society, with the feeling of solitude still absolute, noon-day revelations, with the aceidents of the dull gray dawn unquenehed and lingering; the present Brechus, with the pust Ariadne; two stories, with double Time; separate, and harmonizing. Had the artist made the woman one shade less indifferent to the God; still more, had she expressed a rapture at his advent, where wonld have been the story of the mighty desolation of the heart previous? merged in the insipid aceident of a flattering offer met with a weleome receptance. The broken heart for Theseus was not lightly to be pieced up by a Cod.

We have before us a fine rough print, from a pieture by Raphael ${ }^{1}$ in the Vatican. It is the Presentation of the new-borm Eve to Adam by the Amighty. A fairer mother of mankind we might imagine, and a goodlier sire perhaps of men since born. But these are matters subordinate to the coneeption of the situation, displayed in this extraordinary production. A tolerably modern artist would have been satisfied with tempering certain raptures of connubial anticipation, with a suitable acknowledgment to the Giver of the blessing, in the countenance of the first bridearrome something like the divided attention of the child (Adam was here a child man) between the given toy, and the mother who had just blest it with the
bauble. This is the obvious, the first-sight view, the superficial. An artist of a higher grade, considering the awful presence they were in, would have taken care to subtract something from the expression of the more human passion, and to heighten the more spiritual one. This would be as much as an exhibition goer, from the opening of Somerset House to hast year's show, has been encouraged to look for. It is obvious to hint at a lower expression yet, in a picture, that for respects of drawing and coloring, might be decined not wholly inadmissible within these art-fostering walls, in whieh the raptures should be as ninety-nine, the gratitude as one, or perhaps Zero! By neither the one passion nor the other has Raphael expounded the situation of Adam. Singly upon his brow sits the absorbing sense of wonder at the created miracle. The moment is seized by the intuitive artist, perhaps not self-eonscious of his art, in whieh neither of the conflicting enotions-a moment how abstracted-have had time to spring up, or to battle for indecorons mastery.-We have seen a landscape of a justly admired neoterie, in which he aimed at delineating a fietion, one of the most severely beautiful in antiquity-the gardens of the Hesperides. ${ }^{1}$ To do Mr.- justice he had painted a laudable orchard, with fitting sechusion and a veritable dragon (of which a Polypheme, ${ }^{2}$ by Poussin, ${ }^{3}$ is somehow a facsimite for the sitnation) looking over into the world shut out backwards, so that mone but a "still-chimbing Hercules" conld hope to cateh a peep
at the admired Ternary of Rechuses. No conventual porter could keep his eyes better than this custos with the "lidless eyes." IIe not only sees that none do intrude into that privaey, but, as clear as daylight, that none but Hercules aut Diabolus ${ }^{1}$ by any manner of means can. So far all is well. We have absolute solitude here or nowhere. Ab extra ${ }^{2}$ the damsels are snug enough. But here the artist's courage seems to have failed him. He began to pity his pretty charge, and, to comfort the irksomeness, has peopled their solitude with a bevy of fair attendants, maids of honor, or ladies of the bed-chamber, aecording to the approved etiquette at a court of the nineteenth century; giving to the whole seene the air of a fête champêtre, ${ }^{3}$ if we will but excuse the absence of the gentlemen. This is well, and Watteauish. ${ }^{4}$ But what is to become of the solitary mystery-the

> Daughters three, That sing around the golden tree?

This is not the way in whieh Poussin would have treated this subject.

The paintings, or rather the stupendous architectural designs, of a modern artist, have been urged as objections to the theory of our motto. They are of a character, we confess, to stagger it. ITis towered structures are of the highest order of the material sublime. Whether they were dreams, or transeripts of some elder workmanship-Assyrian ruins old -restored by this mighty artist, they satisfy our
most stretehed and craving conceptions, of the głorics of the antique world. It is a pity that they were ever peopled. On that side, the imagination of the artist halts, and appears defective. Let us examine the point of the story in the "Belshazzar's Feast." ${ }^{1}$ We will introdnce it by an apposite anecdote.

The court historians of the day reeord, that at the first dinner given by the late King (then Prince Regent) at the Pavilion, the following characteristic frolic was played off. The gucsts were select and admiring; the banquet profuse and admirable; the lichts lustrous and oriental; the eye was perfeetly dazzled with the display of plate, among which the great gold salt-cellar, brought from the regalia in the Tower for this especial purpose, itself a tower! stood conspicuous for its magnitude. And now the Rev. * * *, the then admired court Chaplain, was proceeding with the grace, when, at a signal given, the lights were suddenty overeast, and a huge transparency was discovered, in whieh glittered in gold letters-

## Brigiton-Eartioquake-Swallow-up-alive:

Imagine the confusion of the quests; the fieorges and garters, jewets, bracelets, molted upon the oceasion! The fans dropped, and pieked up the next morniner by the sly cont pages! Mrs. Fitz-what 's-her-hame fainting, and the Comntess of * * * holding the sumedling bottle. till the good-hmmored Prince caused harmony to be restored by calling in fresh randles, and
declaring that the whole was nothing but a pantomime hoax, got up by the ingenious Mr. Farley, of Covent Garden, from hints which his Royal Highness himself had furnished! Then imaginc the infinite applause that followed, the mutual rallyings, the declarations that "they were not mueh frightened," of the assembled galaxy.

The point of time in the picture exactly answers to the appearance of the transparency in the anecdote. The huddle, the flutter, the bustle, the escape, the alarm, and the moek alarm ; the prettinesses heightened by consternation; the courtier's fear which was flattery, and the lady's which was affectation; all that we may conccive to have taken place in a mob of Brighton courtiers, sympathizing with the well-acted surprise of their sovercign; all this, and no more, is exhibited by the well-dressed lords and ladies in the Hall of Belus. Just this sort of consternation we have seen among a flock of disquicted wild geese at the report only of a gun having gone off!

But is this vulcar fright, this mere animal anxiety for the preservation of their persons,- such as we have witnessed at a theater, when a slight alarm of fire has been given-an adequate exponent of a supernatural terror? the way in which the finger of Cood, writing judgments, would have been met by the withered conscience? There is a human fear, and a divine fear. The one is disturbed, restless, and bent upor escape. The other is bowed down, effortless, passive. When the spirit appeared before Elipha\% ${ }^{1}$
in the visions of the night, and the hair of his flesh stood up, was it in the thoughts of the Temanite io ring the bell of his ehamber, or to call up the servants? But let us see in the text what there is to justify all this hmddle of vulgar eonsternation.

From the words of Daniel it appears that Belshazzar had made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. The golden and silver vessels are gorgeously enumerated, with the prinees, the king's coneubines, and his wives. Then follows-
"In the same hour eame forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the eandlestiek npon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the liing saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the liing's eountenance was ehanged, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosened, and his knees smote one against another." 1

This is the plain text. By no hint ean it be otherwise inferred, but that the appearanee was solely confined to the faney of Belshazzar, that his single brain was troubled. Not a word is spoken of its being seen by any else there present, not even by the queen herself, who merely undertakes for the interpretation of the phenomenon, as related to her, doubtless, by her husband. The lords are simply said to be astonished ; i. e., at the tronble and the changre of eountenance in their sovereign. Even the prophet does not appear to have seen the seroll, which the king saw. He reealls it only, as Joseph did the

Drean to the King of Egypt. "'Then was the part of the hand sent from him [tlie Lord], and this writing was written." He speaks of the phantasm as past.

Then what beeomes of this needless multiplication of the miracle? this message to a royal eonscience, singly expressed-for it was said, "thy kingdom is di-vided,"-simultaneously impressed upon the fancies of a thousand courtiers, who were implied in it neither directly nor grammatically?

But admitting the artist's own version of the story, and that the sight was seen also by the thousand courtiers-let it have been visible to all Babylon-as the knees of Belshazar were shaken, and his countenance troubled, even so would the knees of every man in Babylon, and their eoumtenances, as of an individual man, have been troubled; bowed, bent down, so would they have remained, stupor-fixed, with no thouglit of strurgring with that inevitable judginent.

Not all that is optieally possible to be seen, is to be shown in every pieture. The eye delightedly dwells upen the brilliant individualities in a "Marriage at Cana," by Veronese, ${ }^{2}$ or 'Titian, to the very fexture and color of the wedding garments, the ring glittoring upon the bride's fingers, the metal and fashion of the wine-pots; for at such seasons there is lrisure and luxury to be curious. But in a "day of judernent," or in a "day of" lesser horrors, yet divine," as at the impious feast of Belshazzar, the
eye should see, as the actual cye of an agent or patient in the immediate scene would see, only in masses and indistinction. Not only the female attire and jewehry exposed to the critical eye of fashion, as minutely as the dresses in a lady's magazine, in the criticized picture,-but perhaps the curiosities of anatomical science, and studied diversities of posture in the falling angels and sinners of Niehael Angelo, -have no business in their great subjects. There was no leisure for them.

By a wise falsification, the great masters of painting got at their true conchusions; by not showing the actual appearances, that is, all that was to be seen at any given moment by an indifferent eve, but only what the eye might be supposed to see in the doing or suffering of some portentous action. Suppose the moment of the swallowing up of Pompeii. There they were to be seen-houses, columns, architectural proportions, differences of publie and private buiddings, men and women at their standing oceupations, the diversified thousand postures, attitudes, dresses, in some confusion truly, but physically they were visible. But what cye saw them at that eclipsing moment, which rednees eonfusion to a kind of unity, and when the senses are upturned from their proprieties, when sight and hearing are feeling only? A thousand years have passed, and we are at leisure to contemplate the weaver fixed standing at his shuttle, the baker at his oven, and to turn over with antiquarian coolness the pots and pins of J'ompeii.
"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." ${ }^{1}$ Who, in reading this magnifieent Hebraism, in his eonception, sees aught but the heroic son of Nun, with the outstretched arm, and the greater and lesser light obsequious? Doubtless there were to be seen hill and dale, and chariots and horsemen, on open plain, or winding by seeret defiles, and all the cireumstances and stratagems of war. But whose eyes would have been conscious of this array at the interposition of the synchronie miracle? Yet in the picture of this subject by the artist of the "Belshazzar's Feast"no ignoble work either-the marshating and landseape of the war is everything, the miracle sinks into an anecdote of the day: and the eye may "dart though rank and file traverse" for some minutes, before it shall diseover among his armed followers, which is Joshuc!! Not modern art alone, but ancient, where only it is to be found if anywhere, can be detected erring, from defect of this imaginative faeulty. The world has nothing to show of the preternatural in painting, transcending the figure of Lazarus bursting his grave-clothes, in the great pieture at Angerstein's." It seems a thing between two beings. A ghastly horror at itself struggles with newly-apprehending gratitude at second life bestowed. It cannot forget that it was a ghost. It has hardly felt that it is a bordy. It has to tell of the world of spirits.-Was it from a feeling, that the crowd of lalf-impassioned by-standers, and the still more ir-
relevant herd of passers-by at il distance, who have not heard or but faintly have been told of the passing miracle, admirable as they are in design and hue -for it is a glorified work-do not respond adequately to the action-that the single figure of the Lazarus has been attributed to Michael Angelo, and the mighty Sebastian unfairly robbed of the fame of the greater half of the interest? Now that there were not indifferent passers-by, within actual scope of the eyes of those present at the miracle, to whom the sound of it had but faintly, or not at all, reached, it would be hardihood to deny; hat wonld they see them? or can the mind in the eonception of it adnit of such unconcerning objects? can it think of them at all? or what associating league to the imagination can there be between the seers, and the seers not, of a presential miracle?

Were an artist to paint upon demand a pieture of a Dryad, ${ }^{1}$ we will ask whether, in the present low state of expectation, the patron would not, or ought not be fully satisfied with a beantifnl naked figne recumbent under wide-stretehed oaks? Disseat those woods, and place the same fignre among fountains, and fall of pellncid water, and you lave a Naiad!? Not so in a rough print we have seen after Julin Romano, ${ }^{3}$ we think-for it is long since-thrre, by no process, with mere change of seeme, rould the fignre have reciprocated characters. Lomg, errotespue, fantastic, get with a grace of her own, heantifn] in convolution and distortion, linked to her con-
natural tree, co-twisting with its limbs her own, till both seemed either-these, animated branches; those, disanimated members-yet the animal and vegetable lives suffieiently kept distinet-his Dryad lay-an approximation of two natures, which to conceive, it must be seen; analogous to, not the same with, the delicacies of Ovidian transformations.

To the lowest subjects, and, to a superficial comprehension, the most barren, the Great Masters gave loftiness and fruitfulness. The large eye of genius saw in the meanness of present objeets their eapabilities of treatment from their relations to some grand Past or Future. How has Raphael-we must still linger about the Vatican-treated the humble craft of the ship-builder, in his "Building of the Ark?" It is in that seriptural series, to which we have referred, and whieh, judging from some fine rough old graphic sketches of them which we possess, seem to be of a higher and more poetic grade than even the Cartoons. The dim of sight are the timid and the shrinking. There is a cowardice in modern art. As the Frenehmen, of whom Coleridge's friend made the prophetic guess at Rome, from the beard and horns of the Moses of Michael Angelo colleeted no inferenees beyond that of a He Goat and a Cornuto; so from this subjeet, of mere meehanie promise, it would instinetively turn away, as from one ineapable of investiture with any grandeur. The dock-yards at Woolwich would objeet derogatory associations. The depôt at Chatham would be the
mote and the beam in its intellectual ere. But not to the nantical preparations in the shipyards of Civita Vecehia did Raphael look for instructions, when he imagined the Building of the Vessel that was to be conservatory of the wrecks of the species of drowned mankind. In the intensity of the action, he keeps ever out of sight the meanness of the operation. There is the Patriarch, in ealn forethought, ant with holy prescience giving directions. And there are his agents-the solitary but sufficient Three-hewing, sawing, every one with the might and carnestness of a Demiurgus: ${ }^{1}$ moter some instinctive rather than technical guidance! giant-museled; every one a Hercules, or liker to those Vuleanian Three, ${ }^{2}$ that in sounding caverns under Mongibello wrought in fireBrontes, and black Steropes, and Prraemon. So work the workmen that should repair a world!

Artists again err in the confonnding of poelic with pictorial subjects. In the latter, the exterior aceidents are nearly everything, the unseen qualities as nothing. Othello's color-the infirmities and corpulenee of a Sir John Falstaff-do they haunt us perpetually in the reading? or are they obtruded upon our conceptions one time for ninety-nine that we are lost in admination at the respective molal or intellectual attributes of the character? But in a picture Othello is always a Blackamonr; and the other only Plump . Tack. Deeply corporealized, and enchained hopelessly in the grovelling fetters of externality, must be the mind, to which, in its better
moments, the image of the high-sonted, high-intelligenced Quixote ${ }^{1}$--the errant Star of Knighthood, made more tender by eclipse-has never presented itself, divested from the unballowed aecompaniment, of a Sancho, or a rabblement at the heels of Rosinante." That man has read his book by halves; he has langhed, mistaking his anthor's purport, which was-tears. The artist that pietures Quixote- (and it is in this degrading point that he is every season held up at our Exhibitions) in the shallow hope of exeiting mirth, wonld have joined the rabble at the heels of his starved steed. We wish not to sce lhat comnterfeited, which we would not have wished to see in the reality. Conscious of the heroic inside of the noble Quixote, who, on hearing that his withered person was passing, would have stepped over his threshold to gaze upon his forlorn habiliments, and the "strange bed-fellows which misery brings a man aegmainted with?" Shade of Cervantes! who in thy Second Part eonld put into the month of thy Quixote those high aspirations of a super-chivalrons gallantry, where he replies to one of the shepherdesses, apprehemsive that le would spoil their pretty net-works, and inviting him to be a guest with them, in accents like these: "Truly, fairest Lady, Aetimon" was not more astonished when he saw Diana bathing herself at the formtain, than I have been in beholding your beaty: I commend the mamer of your pastime, and thank your for your kind offers; and, if I may serve yon, so I may be sure yon will be obeyed, yon
may command me: for my profession is this, To show myself thankful, and a doer of good to all sorts of people, espeeially of the rank that your person shows you to be; and if those mets, as they take up but a little piece of ground, should take up the whole world, I would seek out new worlds to pass through, rather than break then: and (he adds) that you may give credit to this my exagreration, behold at least he that promiseth you this, is Don Quixote de la Mancha, if haply this name hath come to your hearing." Ilhustrious Romaneer! were the "fine frenzies," whieh possessed the brain of thy own Quixote, a fit subject, as in this Second Part, to be exposed to the jeers of Duennas and Serving Men? to be monstered, and shown up at the heartless banquets of great men? Was that pitiable infirmity, which in thy First Part misleads him, aluays from within, into half-ludicrous, but more than half-eompassionable and admirable errors, not infliction enough from heaven, that men by studied artifiees must devise and praetice upon the humor, to inflame where they should sooth it? Why, Goneril wonld have blushed to practice upon the abdieated king at this rate, and the she-wolf Regan ${ }^{1}$ not have endured to play the pranks npon his fled wits, which thou hast made thy Quixote suffer in Duchesses' halls, and at the hands of that muworthy nobleman.*

In the First Adventures, even, it needed all the

[^19]art of the most consummatc artist in the Book way that the world hath yet seen, to keep up in the mind of the reader the heroie attributes of the eharacter without relaxing; so as absolutely that they shall suffer no alloy from the debasing fellowship of the clown. If it ever obtrudes itself as a disharmony, are we inclined to laugh; or not, rather, to indurge a contrary emotion?-Cervantes, stung, perchanee, by the relish with which his Reading Publie had reeeived the fooleries of the man, more to their palates than the generosities of the master, in the sequel let his pen run riot, lost the harmony and the balanee, and saerificed a great idea to the taste of his contemporaries. We know that in the present day the Knight has fewer admirers than the Squire. Anticipating, what did actually happen to him-as afterwards it did to his searce inferior follower, the Author of "Guzman de Alfarache" 1_that some less knowing hand would prevent him by a spurious Sceond Part; and judging, that it wonld be easier for his competitor to out-bid him in the comicalities, than in the romance, of his work, he abandoned his Knight, and has fairly set up the Squire for his Hero. For what else has he musealed the eyes of Sancho; and instead of that twilight state of semi-insanity-the madness at second-hand-the contagion, caught from a stronger mind infected-that war between native emnnillg, and hereditary deference, with which he has hitherto aceompanied his master-two for a pair ahmost-does he substitute a downight Knave, with
open eyes, for his own ends only following a confessed Madman; and offering at one time to lay, if not actually laying, hands upon him! From the moment that Sancho loses his reverence, Don Quixote is become-a treatable lmatic. Our artists handle him accordingly.

## REJOICINGS UPON TIIE NEW YEAR'S COIIING OF AGE

Trie Old Year being dead, and the New Year eming of age, which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he nust give a dinner upon the oceasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited. The Festirals, whom he depnted as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time ont of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below; and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated among them, whether the Fasts should be admitted. some said the appearance of such lean, starved grnests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the ohjection was over-1uked hy christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash W'rduesda! ² (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the Old Dominie would behave himself in his cups. Only the Vigils wre reguested to come with their lanterns. to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the Days eame to their day. Covers were provided for three humdred and sixty-five guests at the prineipal table; with an oceasional knife and fork at the side-board for the Twenty-Ninth of February.

I should have told you, that eards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the Hours; twelve little, merry, whirligig footpages, as you should desire to see, that went all round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the execption of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, ${ }^{1}$ and a few such Moveables, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul Days, fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but, Hail! fellow Day,-well met -brother Day-sister Day,-only Lady Day ${ }^{2}$ kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat seornful. Yet some said, Tuelfth Day ${ }^{3}$ eut her out and out, for she eame in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frost-cake, all royal, clittering and Epiphanous. The rest came, some in green, some in white,but old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping; and sunshiny Days helped them to ehange their stockings. Wedding Day was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear. Pay Day eame late, as le always does: and the Doomsday sent word-he might be expected.

April Fool (as my young lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made it. It would have posed old Erra Pater ${ }^{4}$ to have
found out any given Day in the sear, to erect a scheme upon-good Days, bad Days, were so shuffled together, to the confounding of all sober horoscopy:

He had stuck the Twenty First of Jume next to the Twenty Sccond of December, and the former looked like a Maypole siding a marrow-bone. Ash Wednesday got wedged in (as was concerted) betwixt Christmas and Lord Mayor's days. Lord! how he laid about him! Nothing but barons of beef and turkers would go down with him-to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackeloth bib and tucker. And still Christmas Day was at his clbow, plying him with the wassail-bowl, till he roared, and hiccupp'd, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the devil for a sour, windy: acrimonius, censorious, hy-po-crit-crit-critical mess, and no dish for a gentleman. Then he dipped lis fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his left-hand neighbor, and daubed his hmgry beard, all over with it, till you would have taken him for the Last Day in Decomber, it so hung in icicles.

At another part of the table, Shrore Thesclay was helping the Second of September to some cock broth, -which courtese the latter returned with the delieate thigh of a hen pheasant-so there was no love lost for that matter. 'The Last of Lent was spmuging npon Shrore-tide's pancakes: which a pril Fool pereciving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a good fry-day.

In another part, a hubbub arose about the Thirtie th
of Jamuary, who, it seems being a sour puritanic character, that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calf's head, which he had had cooked at home for that purpose, thinking to feast thereon incontinently : but as it lay in the dish March Manyweathers, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the megrims, screamed out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved about IIerodias' ${ }^{1}$ daughter to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulped down a Restorative, confected of Oak Apple, which the merry Tucnty Ninth of May always carries about with him for that purpose.

The King's health * being called for after this, a notable dispute arose between the Twelfin of August (a zcalous old Whig gentlewoman), and the Twenty Third of April (a new-fangled lady of the Tory stamp), as to which of them should have the honor to propose it. August grew hot upon the matter, affirming time out of mind the prescriptive right to have lain with her, till her rival had basely supplanted her; whom she represented as little better than a liept mistress, who went about in fine clothes, while she (the legitimate Birthday) had searecly a rag, \&e.

April Fool, being made mediator, confirmed the right in the strongest form of words to the appellant, but decided for peace' sake that the exereise of it

[^20]should remain with the present possessor. At the same time, he slyly rounded the first lady in the ear, that an action might lie against the Crown for bi-geny.

It beginning to grow a little duskish, Candlemas ${ }^{1}$ lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the Days, who protested against burning daylight. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers, and the same lady was observed to take an unusual time in Washing herself.

May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly New Year from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an oceasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late temants, promised to improve their farms, and at the same time to abate (if anything was found unreasonable) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four Quarter Days involuntarily looked at each other, and smiled; April Fool whistled an old tune of "New Brooms;" and a surly old rebel at the further end of the table (who was discovered to be no other than the, Fifth of November) muttered out, distinetly enough to be heard by the whole company words to this effect, that "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better." Which rudeness of his, the gruests resenting, unanimously roted his expmlsion:
and the male-content was thrust out neek and heels into the cellar, as the properest place for such a boutcfcu ${ }^{1}$ and firebrand as he had shown himself to be.

Order being restored-the young lord (who, to say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory) in as few, and yet as obliging words as possible, assured then of entire welcome; and, with a graceful turn, singling out poor Twonty Ninth of Fcoruary, that had sat all this while mumehance at the side-board, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him-which he drank accordingly; observing, that he had not scen his honest face any time these four years-with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time removing the solitary Day from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the Greek Calonds and Lattor Lammas.

Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, with his eyes fast stuck in his head, and as well as the Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, struck up a Carol, which Christmas Day had taught him for the nonce; and was followed by the latter, who gare "Miscrere" in fine strle, hitting off the mumping notes and lengthened drawl of Old Mortification with infinite humor. April Fool swore they had exchanged eonditions: but Good Friday was observed to look extremely grave ; and Sunday held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.
shrov-ctide. Lord Mayor's Day and April Fool next joined in a glee-

Which is the properest day to drink?
in which all the Days ehiming in, made a merry burden.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest mumber of followers-the Quartor Days said, there could be no question as to that; for they had all the ereditors in the world dogging their heels. But A pril Fool gave it in faror of the Forty Days bcfore Easter; beeause the debtors in all eases outmmbered the creditors, and they kept lent all the year.

All this while, Talcntinc's Day kent eourting pretty May, who sat next him, slipping amorous billets-doux moder the table till the Dog Days (who are maturally of a warm constitution) beran to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. April Fool, who likes a bit of sport above measure, and had sone pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin once removed,-clapped and halloo'd them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the E'mber Days, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame: and all was in a fervent; till old Madam Septuggesimu ${ }^{1}$ (who boasts herself the Mother of the Days) wisely diverted the conversation with a tedions tale of the loves which she could reckon when she was young: and of one Master Rogation Dayz in particnlar, who was for-
ever putting the question to her; but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell-by whieh I apprehend she meant the Almanaek. Then she rambled on to the Days that were gone, the good old Days, and so to the Days before the Flood-which plainly showed her old head to be little better than erazed and doited. Day being ended, the Days ealled for their eloaks and great coats, and took their leaves. Lord Mayor's Day went ofit in a mist, as usual; Shortest Day in a deep black Fog, that wrapped the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog. Two Vigils-so watchmen are called in heaven-saw Christmas Day safe home-they had been used to the business before. Another Vigil-a stont, sturdy patrol, ealled the Ere of St. Christopher ${ }^{1}$-seeing Ash Wrednesday in a condition little better than he should be-e'en whipped him over his shoulders, piek-a-pack fashion, and Old Mortification went floating home singing-

## On the bat's back do 1 fly

and a number of old snatehes besides, between drunk and sober, but very few Aves or Penitentiaries (you may believe me) were among them. Longest Day set off westward in a beantiful crimson and cold-the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentime and pretty Mays took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in.

## THE WEDDING

I do not know when I have been better pleased than at being invited last week to be present at the wedding of a friend's daugliter. I like to make one at these eeremonies, which to us old people give back our youth in a manner, and restore our gayest season, in the remembranee of our own sneeess, or the regrets, seareely less tender, of our own youthful disappointments, in this point of a settlement. On these oecasions I am sure to be in grood-humor for a week or two after, and enjoy a reflected honey-moon. Being without a family, I am flattered with these temporary adoptions into a friend's family; I feel a sort of eousinhood or uneleship, for the season; I am indueted into degrees of affinity; and, in the participated socialities of the little eommunity. I lay down for a brief while my solitary bachelorship. I earry this humor so far, that I take it unkindly to be left out, even when a funeral is going on in the louse of a dear friend. But to my subjeet.-

The union itself had been long settled, but its celebration had been litherto deferred, to an almost unreasonable state of suspense in the lovers, by some invincible prejudices whieh the bride's father had unhappily eontracted upon the subjeet of the ton early marriages of females. He has been lecturing any time these five years- for to that length thr courtship has been protracted-upon the propriety of
putting of the solemnity, till the lady should have completed her five and twentieth year. We all began to be afraid that a suit, which as yet had abated of none of its ardors, might at last be lingered on, till passion had time to cool, and love go out in the experiment. But a little wheedling on the part of his wife, who was by no means a party to these overstrained notions, joined to some serious expostulations on that of his friends, who from the growing infirmities of the old gentleman, could not promise ourselves many years' enjoyment of his company, and were auxious to bring matters to a eonelusion during his life-time, at length prevailed; and on Monday last the danghter of my old friend, Admiral - , ${ }^{1}$ having attained the uomanly age of nineteen, was condueted to the church by her pleasant cousin $J-{ }^{2}$, who told some few years older.

Before the youthful part of my female readers express their indignation at the abominable loss of time aceasioned to the lovers by the preposterous notions of my old friend, they will do well to consider the rehetance which a fond parent naturally feels at parting with his ehild. To this mwillingness, I believe, in most eases may be traced the differenee of opinion on this point between child and parent, whatever pretenses of interest or prodence may he held ont to cover it. The hardheartness of fathers is a fine theme for romanee writers, a sure and moving topic: but is there not something untender, to say no more of it, in the hurry which a beloved child is
sometmes in to tear hersell from the paternal stock, and commit hersell to strame graftings? 'The case is heightened where the lady, as in the present instance, happens to be an only child. I do not muderstand these matters experimentally, but I can make a shrewd giness at the wommed pridh of a parent upon these occasions. It is no new observation, I believe, that a lover in most, eases has no rival so mach to be feared as the lather. Certamly there is a jealousy in umparallel subjects, which is little less heart-rending than the passion which we more strictly christen by that name. Mothers' somples are more casily got over; for this reason, I suppose, that the protertion $f$ mansered to athstand is less a derogat fion and a loss to their ambority than to the patermal. Nothers, besides, have a trembling foresight, which paints the inconveniences (impossible to be eonceived in the same degree ly the other parent) of a life of forlom celibacy, which the refusal of a tolcrable match may emtail upon theib child. Dothers' instinet is a surer gnide here, than the cold reasonings of a father on such a topie. 'To this instinct may be imputed, and hy it alone may be exelused, the mabeserming antifers, by which somme wives push on the matrimonial projeets ol their danehters, which the hasband, however, approving, shall entertain with comparative indifferoner. A litte slamelessumess on this hem is pardomathe. With this explanation, forwarmess beromus a grace, athd matornal impertamity remedes the mame al a virtur. - Bat the par-
son stays, white I preposterously assume his office; I am preaching, while the bride is on the thesshold.

Nor let any of my female readers suppose that the sage reffections which have just escaped me have the obliquest tendency of applieation to the young lady, who, it will be seen, is about to venture upon a change in her condition, at a mature and compolent age, and not without the fullest approbation of all parties. I only depprecate very hast! marriages.

It had been fixed that the eceremony should be gone through at ann cally homr, to give time for a little déjeunc afterwards, to which a seleet party of fricuds had been invited. We were in chureh a little before the clock struck cirrot.

Nothing eould be more judicions or gracefut than the dress of the bride-maids-the thece charming Miss Foresters-on this morning. To give the bride an opportmity of shining singly, they hat come hathited all in green. I am ill at deseribing female ap) parel; but while she stood at the altar in vestments white and candid as her thoughts, a sacrificial whiteness, they assisted in robers, such as might become: Diama's nymphes '-Foresters inderd -as such who had not yet come to the resohtion of putting off eold virgrinity. Therse young mails, not being so blest as to have a mother living, I am told, kerp single for their fathere's sake, and live all together so happy with their remaining farent, that the hearts of their lovers are ever broken with the prospect (so inanspicions to their hopers) of such mintermpted and provoking
home-comfort. Gallant girls! each a victim worthy of Iphigenia! ${ }^{1}$

I do not know what business I have to be present in solemn places. I cannot direst me of an unseasonable disposition to levity upon the most awfinl occasions. I was never cut out for a public fumetionary. Ceremony and I have long shaken hands; but I could not resist the importunities of the young lacly's father, whose gont unhappily confined him at home, to act as parent on this occasion, and give aucay the bride. Something ludierous oecurred to me at this most serious of all moments-a sense of my unfitness to have the disposal, even in imagination, of the sweet young creature beside me. I fear I was betraved to some lightness, for the awful eye of the parson-aud the rector's ere of Saint Mildred's in the Poultry is no tritle of a rebuke-was upon me in an instant, souring my incipient jest to the tristfnl severities of a funcral.

This was the only misbehavior which I can plead to upon this solemm oceasion, umless what was objeeted to me after the ceremony he one of the handsome Miss T-s, be accomited a solecism. She was pleased to say that she had never seen a gentleman before me give away a bride in black. Now black has been myo ordinary apparel so long-indeed I take it to be the proper eostume of an anthor-the stare sametions it-that to have appeared in some lightor color would have raised more mirth at my expense. than the anomaly had ereated eensure. But I eould
perceive that the bride's mother, and some elderly ladies present (God bless them!) woukd have been well content, if I had eome in any other color than that. But I got over the omen by a lucky apologue, which I remembered ont of Pilpay ${ }^{1}$ or some Indian author, of all the birds being invited to the linnets? wedding, at which, when all the rest came in their gayest feathers, the laven alone apologized for his cloak because "he had no other." This tolerably reconciled the elders. But with the young people all was merriment. and shaking of hands, and congratulations and kissing away the bride's tear's, and kissings from her in return, till a young lady, who assumed some experience in these matters, having worm the nuptial bands some four or five weeks longer than her friend, rescued here, arehly observing, with half an eye upon the bridegroom, that at this rate she would have "none left."

My friend the admiral was in fine wig and buckle on this oceasion-a striking contrast to his manal neglect of personal appearance. He did not once shove up his borrowed locks (his custom ever at his morning studies) to betray the few gray stragerers of his own bencath them. He wore an aspect of thoughtful satisfaction. I trembled for the hour, which at length approached, when after a protarated brealifast of three homs-if stores of cold fowls, tongres. hams, botargoes. dried fruits, wines, cordials. ete., can deserve so meager an appellation-the eoach was amounced, which was cone to carry off the bride
and bridegroom for a season (as enstom has sensibly ordained) into the country: upon whiel design, wishing them a felieitous journey, let ns return to the assembled guests.

> As when a well-grated actor leares the stage, The eyes of men
> Are idly bent on him that enters next,
so idly did we bend our eyes upon one another, when the chief performers in the morning's pareant had vanished. None told his tale. None sipped her glass. The poor Admiral made an effort-it was not mnel. I had anticipated so far. Even the infinity of full satisfaction, that lad betrayed itself through the prim looks and quiet deportment of his lady, began to wame into something of misgiving. No one knew whether to take their leaves or stay. We seemed assembled upon a silly occasion. In this crisis, betwixt tarrying and departure. I must do justice to a foolish talent of mine, which had otherwise like to have bronght me into disgrace in the fore-part of the day; I mean a power, in any emergeney, of thinking and giving vent to all manner of strange nonsense. In this awkward dilemma I fomm it sovereign. I rattled off some of my most ceceplont absurdities. All were willing to be relieved, at any expense of reason, from the pressure of the intolerable vacmum which had sueceeded to the morning bustle. By this means I was fortunate in keeping together the better part of the company to a late hour : and a rubber of
whist (the Admiral's favorite game) with some rare strokes of chanee, as well as skill, which came opportunely on his side-lengthened out till midnightdismissed the old gentleman at last to his bed with comparatively easy spirits.

I have been at my old friend's varions times since. I do not know a visiting place where every guest is so perfeetly at his ease; nowhere, where harmony is so strangely the result of confusion. Every body is at eross purposes, yet the effeet is so mueh better than uniformity. Contradietory orders; servants pulling one way: master and mistress driving some other, yet both diverse; visitors huddled up in corners; chairs unsymmetrized; eandles disposed by - Canee; meals at odd hou's, tea and supper at once, or the latter preeeding the former; the host and the guest conferring, yet each upon a different topie, each monderstanding himself, neither trying to muderstand or hear the other; draughts and polities, chess and political ceonomy, cards and conversation on nautieal matters, going on at onee, withont the hope, or indeed the wish, of distinguishing then, make it altogether the most perfeet concordia discors you shall meet with. Yet somehow the old honse is not quite what it should be. The Admiral still enjoys his pipe, but he has no Diss Emily to fill it for him. The instrument stands where it stood, but sle is gone, whose delicate tonch enuld sometimes for a short minnte appease the warring elements. He has learned, as Marvel ${ }^{1}$ expresses it, to "make his destiny his ehoiec."

He bears bravely up, but he does not come out with his flashes of wild wit so thick as fommerly. His sea songs seldomer escape him. His wife, too, looks as if she wanted some youncer body to seold and set to rights. We all miss a junior presence. It is wonderful how one young maiden freshens up, and keeps green, the paternal roof. Old and young seem to have an interest in her, so long as she is not absolutely disposed of. The youthfulness of the house is flown. Emily is married.

## 'TIIE CIIILD ANGEL

## A DRELM

I Crinced upon the prettiest, oddest, fantastical thing of a dream the other night, that your shall hear of. I had been reading the "Loves of the Angels," ${ }^{2}$ and went to bed with my head full of speenlations, suggested by that extraordinary legend. It had given birth to inmmerable conjectures: and, I remember, the last waking thonght, which I gave expression to on my pillow, was a sort of wonder "what could come of it."

I was suddenly transported, how or whither I could searcely make out - but to some celestial region. It was not the real heavens neithor-mot the downright Bible heaven-hut a kind of fairyland heaven, about which a poor hman faney may have leave to sport and air itsclf, I will hope, withont presumption.

Methought-what wild things dreams are!-1 was present-at what would you imagine?-at an angel's gossiping.

Whence it came, or how it eame, or who bid it comc, or whether it came purely of its own head, neither you nor I know-but there lay, sure enough, wrapped in its little eloudy swaddling bands-a Child Angel.

Sun-threads-filmy beams-ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its prineely cradle. All the winged orders hovered round, watching when the new-born should open its yet closed eyes: whieh, when it did, first one, and then the other-with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, dim the expanding eye-lids of mortal infants, but as if to explore its path in those its unhereditary palaces -what an inextinguishable titter that time spared not celestial visages! Nor wanted there to my scemingO the inexplieable simpleness of dreams!-bowls of that cheering nectar,

## - which mortals caudle call below.

Nor were wanting faces of female ministrants,stricken in years, as it might seem,-so dexterous were those heavenly attendants to counterfeit kindly similitudes of earth, to greet, with terrestrial ehildrites the young present, which earth had made to heaven.

Then were celestial harpings heard. not in full symphony as those by which the spheres are tutored; but, as loudest instruments on earth speak of entimes,
mufted ; so to accommodate their somed the better to the weak ears of the imperfect-borns. And, with the noise of those subdued somblings, the Angelet sprang forth, Huttering its rudiments of pinions-but forthwith flagred and was recovered into the arms of these full-winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as years went romed in hearen-a year in dreams is as a day-contimually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings, but, wanting the perfeet angelie mutriment, amon was shom of its aspiring, and foll thuter-ing-still canght by angel hands-for ever to put forth shoots, and to fall flntteringe becanse its birth was not of the mmixed virgor of hearen.

And a mame was given to the labe Angel, and it was to be called Ge-ltania, ${ }^{1}$ becanse its production was of earth and heavem.

And it could not taste of death, by reason of its adoption into immortal palaers: lont it was to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of homan innbecelity: and it went with a lame grait; but in its goings it exceeded all mortal children in grace and swiftness. Then pity finst sprang inp in anelic bosoms: and rearnings (like the hmman) toneled them at the sieght of the immortal lame one.

And with pain did then first those Intuitive Esssences, with pain and strifo to their mathers (not grief), put back theib brisht intelligences, and reduee their ethereal minds, sedonding them to dexpess and slower proeessess, so to arlapt their hensons to thas gradual illumination (as must meeds be) of the half-
earth-borm ; and what intuitive notices they could not repel (by reason that their nature is, to known all things at once), the half-heavenly novice, by the better part of its nature, aspired to receive into its understanding; so that Humility and Aspiration went on eren-paced in the instruction of the glorious Amphibium.

Bui, by reason that Mature IIumanity is too gross to breathe the air of that super-subtile regiou, its portion was, and is, to be a child for ever.

And because the human part of it might not press into the heart and inwards of the palace of its adoption, those full-natured angels tended it by turns in the purlieus of the palace, where were shady groves and rivulets, like this green earth from which it came : so Love, with Voluntary Ifumility, waited upon the entertainment of the new-adopted.

Aud myriads of years rolled round (in dreams Time is nothing), and still it kept, and is to keep, perpetual childhood, and is the Tutclar Genius ${ }^{1}$ of Childhood upon earth, and still goes lame and lovely.

By the banks of the river Pisou is scen, lone-sitting by the grave of the terrestrial Adah, whom the angel Nadir loved, a Child; but not the same which I saw in hearen. A mournful hue overeasts its lineaments: nevertheless, a correspondeney is between the child by the grave, and that celestial orphan, whom I saw ahove: and the dimness of the grief upon the heavenly, is a shadow or cmblem of that which stains
the beauty of the terrestial. And this correspondeney is not to be amderstood but by dreams.

And in the arehives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place for mortal passion, mpspringing on the wings of parental love (snch power had parental love for a moment to suspend the else-irrevoeable law) appeared for a brief instant in his station; and, depositing a wondrous Birth, straightway disappeared, and the palaces knew him no more. And this charge was the self-same Babe, who goeth lame and lovelybut Adah slecpeth by the river Pison.

## OLD CIIINA

I hiwe an almost feminine partiality for ohd china. When I go to see any great house, I enquire for the china-eloset, and next for the picture gallery. I eannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we lave all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinetly that it was an açuired one. I ean eall to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to: but I am not conscions of a time when china jars and sancers were introdnced into my imagination.

I had no repugnamee then-why shonld I now have?--to those little, lawless, azmre-tinetured grotespues, that under the notion of men and women, float about, meiremmeribed ly any element, in that world before perspective-a chima teaterp.

I like to see my old friends-whom distance cannot diminish-figuring up in the air (so they appear to our opties), yet on terra firma still-for so we must in courtesy interpret that speek of deeper blue,which the deeorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions:

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver-two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another-for likeness is identity on tea-cups -is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calne garden river, with a dainty mineing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angels go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead-a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on-if far or near can be predicated of their world-see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here-a cow and rabbit conelant, and co-extensive -so objects show, seen through the lued atmosphere of fine Cathay. ${ }^{1}$

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson, (which we are old fashioned enough to drink ummixed still of an afternoon) some of these speciosa mirucult ${ }^{2}$ upon a set of extranctinary old b) ue china ( a reeent purchase) which we were now for the first time using ; and could not help remark-
ing, how farorable cireumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with tritles of this sort-when a passing sentiment scemed to overshade the brows of my companion. I am quick at deteeting these summer clouds in Bridget.
"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state"-so she was pleased to ramble on,-_"in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purehase, now that yon have money enough and to spare. Fommerly it used to be a trimmph. When we eoreted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get ron to consent in those times!) - we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the for and agginst, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saring we conld hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the moner that we paid for it."
"Do gou remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon rou, till all wour frionds eried shame upon yon, it grew so thread-bare-and all becanse of that folio Beammont and Fletehere, whel yom dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do yon remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the pmechase, and had not come to a dotemmination till it was near ten o clock of the Saturday nirht, when yon
set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late -and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures-and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome-and when you presented it to me-and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (collating you called it) -and while I was lepairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatienec would not suffer to be left till daybreak-was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black elothes which you wear now, and are so carcful to keep brushed, since we have become rieh and finical, give you half the hon"st vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit-your old corbeau-for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your ennscience for the mighty sum of fifteen-or sixteen shillings was it?-a great affair we thought it then-which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any niee old purchases now."
"When rou came home with twenty apologics for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Liouardo, ${ }^{1}$ whieh we ehristence the 'Lady Blanch:' when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money-and thought of the money, and looked again at the pieture-was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to
do but to walk into Coluaghi's, and bny a wilderness of Lionardos. ${ }^{1}$ Yet do you?"
"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Walthan, when we had a holyday-holydays, and all other fum, are gone, now we are rich-and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savory eold lamb and salad-and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent lrouse, where we might go in, and produce our store-only paying for the ale that you must eall for-and speenlate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth-and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton 2 has deseribed many a one on the pleasant banks of the lea, when he went a fish-ing-and sonetimes ther would prore obliging enough, and sometimes they would look gruderingly mpon us-but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, searcely grudging Piseator his Trout IIall? Now,-when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we ride part of the way-and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense -which, after all, nerer has half the relish of thuse chance country snaps, when we were at the merey of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome."
"Yon are too prond to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we nsed to sit, when we saw the Battle of Hexham, and the Snrrender of Cialais, ${ }^{3}$ and Bamister and Mrs.

Bland in the Children in the Wood '-when we squeezed ont our shillings a-picee to sit theee or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery-where you felt all the time that you onght not to have brought me-and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me-and the pleasure was the better for a little shame-and when the eurtain drew up, what eared we for our place in the honse, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, ${ }^{2}$ or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? ${ }^{3}$ You used to say, that the Gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially-that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequeney of going-that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage-beeanse a word lost would have been a chasm, whieh it was impossible for then to fill up. With sueh reflections we consoled our pride then-ind I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met gemerally with less attention and aecommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the erowding up those inconvenient staireases, was bad emough,-but there was still a law of eivility to woman recognized to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages and how a little diffienlty overeome heightened the smog seat, and the play, afterwands! Now we (ean only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see,

You say, in the galleries now: I am smre we satw, and heard too, well enought then-but sight, and all, I think is gone with our poverty:"
"There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite eommon-in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear-to lave them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat ean we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now-that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is rery little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat-when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxnry, which both like; while each apologizes. and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in peophe making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now-what [ mean by the word-we never (fo make much of ourselves. None but the poor ean do it. I do not mean the reriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.
"I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the rear to make all meet, -and much ado we nsed to have every 'Thirtyfinst Night of December to aceount for our exeredings -many a long face did you make over your puzzled aecounts, and in enntriving to make it out how we had spent so mueh-or that we had unt spent so muld or that it was impossible we slonuld spend so much
next year-and still we found our slender eapital de-ereasing-but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and eompromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the fu-ture-and the hope that youth brings, and langhing spirits (in which you were never poor till now) we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with 'lusty brimmers' (as you used to quote it out of hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton, ${ }^{1}$ as you called him), we used to weleome in the 'eoming guest.' Now we have no reekoning at all at the end of the old year-no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

Bridgret is so sparing of her speeeh on most oecasions, that when she gets into rhetorieal vein, I am eareful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of a poor-hundred pounds a year. "It is true We were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my eousin. I an afraid we must put up with the exeess for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strenghemod, and knit our compact eloser. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which yon now complain of. The resisting power-those natural dilations of the routhful spirit, which eireunstances cinlnot straiten-with us are long since passed away.

Competence to age is snpplementary youth, a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked: live better, and lie softer-and shall be wise to do so-than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return-could you and I once.more walk our thirty miles a-daycould Bannister and Mlrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them-could the grood old one-shilling gallery days return-they are dreams, my cousin, now-but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fireside, sitting on this lnxurious sofa-be once more struggling up those inconvenient stair cases, pushed about, and squeczed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers-conld I once more hear those anxions shrieks of yours-and the delicious Thank God, we are safe, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theater down beneath us-I know not the fathom line that ever tonched a deseent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Crossis. ${ }^{1}$ had, or the great Jew R - - ${ }^{2}$ is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, his enongh for a bed-tester, orer the head of that pretty insipid half Madoman-ish chit of a lady in that rery bhe summer house."

## CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD

Dehortitions from the use of strong tiqnors lave been the favorite topic of sober declaimers in all ages, and have been received with abundance of applanse by water-drinking eritics. But with the patient himself, the man that is to be eured, unfortunately their sound has seldom prevailed. Yet the evil is aeknowledged, the remedy simple. Abstain. No force can oblige a man to raise the glass to his head against his will. 'Tis as casy as not to steal, not to tell lies.

Alas! the hand to pilfer, and the tongue to bear false witness, have no eonstitutional tendency. These are actions indifferent to them. At the first instance of the reformed will, they ean be brought off without a murmur. The itehing finger is but a figure in speech, and the tongue of the liar ean with the same natmral delight give forth useful truths, with whieh it has been accustomed to seatter their pernieions eontraries. But when a man has commeneed sot-

O pause, thon sturdy moralist, thon person of stout nerves and a strong head, whose liver is happily monched, and ere thy gorere riseth at the name which I have written, first learn what the thing is; how much of compassion, how much of human allowance, thou mayst virtuously mingle with thy disapprobation. Trample not on the ruins of a man. Fxact not, muder so terrible a penalty as infany, a resuscitation from a state of death almost as leal as
that from which Lazarus rose not but by a miracle.
Begin a reformation, and custom will make it eas!: But what if the beginning be dreadful, the first steps not like climbing a mountain but going through fire? what if the whole system must undergo a change riolent as that which we conceive of the mutation of form in some insects? what if a process comparable to flaying alive be to be gone through? is the weakness that sinks under such struggles to be confounded with the pertinacity which clings to other vices, which have induced no constitutional necessity, no engargement of the whole rietim, body and soul?

I have known one in that state, when he has tried to abstain but for one erening,-thongh the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring lack its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it,-in the violence of the struggle, and the neeessity he has felt of getting rid of the present semsation at any rate, I have known him to scream out, to cry alond, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him.

Why should I hesitate to deelare, that the man of whom I speak is myself? I have no puling apology to make to mankind. I see them all in one way or another deviating from the pure reason. It is to my own nature alone I am accountable for the woe that I have brought upon it.

I believe that there are constitutions, romost heads and iron insides, whom searec any exeesses can linet; whom brandy (I have seen them drink it like wine),
at all events whon wine, taken in ever so plentifnl measure, can do no worse injury to than just to muddle their faculties, perhaps never very pellucid. On them this diseourse is wasted. They would but laugh at a weak brother, who, tryiug his strength with them, and coming oft foiled from the contest, wonld fain persuade them that such agonistic exereises are dangerous. It is to a very different deseription of persons I speak. It is to the weak, the nervous; to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of all aromed them without it. This is the secret of our drinking. Such must fly the convivial board in the first instance, if they do not mean to sell themselves for term of life.

Twelve years ago I had completed my six-andtwentieth year: I had lived from the period of leaving school to that time pretty mueli in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stanp. I rose early, went to bed betimes, and the faeulties which God had given me, I have reason to think did not rust in me mused.

About that time I fell in with some companions of a different order. They were men of boisterous spirits, sifters up a-mights, disputants, drunken; Yet semed to have something noble about them. We dealt abont the wit, or what passes for it after mithnight jovially. Of the quality called fancer $T$ ecrtamly possessed a larger share than my companions.

Lincouraged by their applatse, I set up for a mo fessed joker! I, who of all men an loast lithed for such an occupation, having, in addition to the gromest difficulty which I expericnee at all times of linding words to express my meaning, it matural nervous innpediment in my spereh!

Reader, if you are gifted with meves like mine, aspire to any character but that ol a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongne disposing you to that sort of conversation, especeially if yon lime a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly yom greatest destruction. If you cannot erush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake fore such, divert it, give it some other play: Write an essay, pern a charactur or de: seription,-but not as I do now, with tean's trickling down your cheeks.
'To be an object of compassion to fricmels, af' derision to foes; to be suspreted by strangers, stated at by fools; to be esteemed dull when yon cammot be witty, to be applanded for witty when you know that you have been dull; to be cealled upon fore the extemper raneons rexerese of that farmity which nu promeditation can give; to be spured on to efforts which rad in contempt ; to be set in to provoke minth which proscures the procura hatred; to give phensure and bo paid with squinting maliere ; 0 swallow dranghts of life-lestroving wine which are fo bre distilhed inlo air? bereath to tiekle vain anditors; to montinago mimemble
morrows for nights of madness ; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inemsiderable drops of grodging applatuse,-are the wares of buffoonery and death.

Time, which has a sure stroke at dissolving all conneetions which have no solider fastening than this liquid eement, more kind to me than my own taste or penetration, at length opened my cyes to the supposed qualities of my first friends. No traer of them is lof but in the viees whirl they infordueed, and the habits they infixed. In them my frimeds survive still, and exercise ample refribution for any smposed infidelity that I may have been gnilty of fowards them.

My next more immerliate eompanions were and are persons of such intrinsie and folt worth, that thonerh aceidentally their aergaintance has poover pernicious to me, I do not know that if the thing were to do over again, I should have the romrace to eschew the misdief at the priee of forfeiting the benefit. I eame fon them reeking from the steams of my late over-heated notions of companionship; and the slightest lios which they unconseionsly afforderl, was suffieient to feed my old fires into a propensity.

They were no drinkers, but, one from porefessomal lahits, and another from a rastom derived from his father, smoked tobaceo. 'The devil eould mot have devised a more subtle trap to re-take a blackstiding pernitent. The transition, from gulping down dramentis of lignuld fire to puffing out innoenous blasts of dry smoke.
was so like cheating him. But he is too hard for ns when we hope to commute. Ile beats us at barter; and when we think to set off a new failing against an old infirmity', 'tis odds but he puts the trick upon us of two for one. That (eomparatively) white deril of tobaceo brought with him in the end seven worse than himself.

It were impertinent to carry the reader through all the processes by whieh, from smoking at first with malt liquor, I took my degrees through thin wines, through stronger wine and water, through small punch, to those juggling compositions, which, under the name of mixed liquors, shm a great deal of brandy or other poison under less and less water continually, until they come next to mone, and so to mone at all. But it is hateful to diselose the secrets of my Tartarus. ${ }^{1}$

I shonld repel my readers, from a mere incapacity of believing me, were I to tell them what tobaceo has been to me, the drndging service which I have paid, the slavery which I have rowed to it. How, when I have resolved to guit it, a fecling as of ingratitude has started up: how it has put on personal clains and made the demands of a friend upon me. How the reading of it casmally in a book, as where Aclams takes his whifl in the chimney-cornel of some imn in Joseph Andrews, ${ }^{2}$ or Piscator in the Complete Angler ${ }^{3}$ breaks his fast upon a morning pipe in that delicate? room l'iscatoribus Sacrum, has in a moment booken down the resistene of weeks. How a pipe was ever in
my midnight path before me, till the rision foreed me to realize it,--how then its aseending vapors curled, its fragrance lulled, and the thonsand delicious ministerings conversant about it, employing every faculty, extracted the sense of pain. How from ilhminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thenee to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery.

How, even now, when the whole seeret stands eonfessed in all its dreadful truth before me, I feel myself linked to it beyond the power of revocation. Bone of my bone-

Persons not aecustomed to examine the motives of Hheir aetions, to reekon up the eountless mails that rivet the ehains of hahit, or perhaps being bound by none so obdurate as those I have eonfessed to, may recoil from this as from an overehared picture. But what short of such a bondage is it, whiel in spite of protesting friends, a weeping wife and a reprobating world, ehains down many a poor fellow, of no original indisposition to goodness, to his pipe and his pot?

I have seen a print after Corregrio, ${ }^{1}$ in which three female figures are ministering to a man who sits fast bonnd at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him. Evil Itabit is mailing him to a branch, and Rephenance at thr same instant of time is applying a snake to his side. In his face is feeble delight, the reeollection of past rather than pereeption of present pleasnres, languid enjoyment of evil with ntter innbecility to good, a Sybaritic effeminacy, a submission
to bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken clock, the sin and the suffering co-instantanteous, or the latter forerumning the former, remorse preeeding action-all this represented in one point of time.-When I saw this, I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away, I wept, because I thought of my own condition.

Of that there is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, eould I be heard, I would ery ont to all those who lave but set foot in the perilous flood. Conld the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly diseovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will,-to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise ; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruins; -could he see $111 y$ fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry honrly with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered,-it were emough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its manthing temptation; to make him clasp his tecth,

and not undo 'em

To suffer wet damination to run thro' 'em.
Yea, but (methinks I hear somebody object) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand, if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated exeitement which you describe and deplore, what hinders in your own instance that you do not return to those habits from which youl would induce others never to swerve? if the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth recovering?

Recovering! - O if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exereise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit. In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refieshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes imnocenee, only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills yon?-For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to my expericnce, with pain I must utter the dreadful trinth, that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit (I speak not of habits less confirmed-for some of them I believe the advice to be most prudential) in the stare which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and
sleep, the benumbing apoplectie sleep of the drunkard, is to have taken none at all. The pain of the self-denial is all one. And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial. He will come to know it, whenever he shall arrive in that state, in which, paradoxical as it may appear, reason shall only visit him through intoxication: for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faeulties by repeated acts of intemperance may be driven from their orderly splere of action, their clear day-light ministries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestation of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his grood."

Behold me then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Ifear me connt my grains, and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong. hut I think my coustitution (for a weak one) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to be. I scarce knew what it was to ail

[^21]anything. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.

At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter: I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hour's of reemmbence to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the eonfusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity, of an ill dream. In the day time I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which, though never particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of neressity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discombements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing eonereit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to preform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, etc., haunts me as a labor impossible to be got through. So mueh the springs of aetion are brokerl.

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honor, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So mnelr the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favorite oceupations in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with searcely any attempt at comection of thonglit, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly dclighted me in history or portic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage. My broken and dispirited natture seems to sink before anything great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause. or none. It is inexpressible how mueh this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

These are some of the instances, concerning which I can say with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift mp the veil of my weakness any further? or is this diselosure sufficient?

I am a poor nameless egotist, who have no vanity to consult by these Confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed at, or heard serionsly: Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if
he find his own case any way touched. I have told him what I am come to. Let him stop in time.

## POPULAR FALLACIES

I

## that a bllly is always a Coward

This axiom contains a principle of compensation, which disposes us to admit the truth of it. But there is no safe trusting to dictionaries and definitions. We should more willingly fall in with this popular langnage, if we did not find brutality sometimes awkwardly coupled with ralor in the same vocabulary. The comic writers, with their poetical justice, have contributed not a little to mislead us upon this point. To see a hectoring fellow exposed and beaten upon the stage, has something in it wonderfully diverting. Some people's share of animal spirits is notoriously low and defective. It has not strength to raise a vapor, or furnish out the wind of a tolerable bluster. These love to be told that huffing is no part of valor. The tronest courage with them is that which is the least noisy and obtrusive. But confront one of these silent heroes with the swaggerer of real life, and his confidence in the theory quickly vanishes. Pretensions do not uniformly bespeak non-performance. A modest inoffensive deportment does not necessarily imply valor; neither does the absence of it justify us
in denying that quality. Hickman ${ }^{1}$ wanted modesty -we do not mean him of Clarissa-but who ever donbted his comage? Even the poets-upon whom this equitable distribution of qualities should be most binding-hare thonght it agreeable to nature to depart from the rule upon occasion. Harapha, in the "Agonistes," ${ }^{2}$ is indeed a bully upon the reecived notions. Milton has made him at onee a blusterer, a giant, and a dastard. But Almanzor, ${ }^{3}$ in Dryden, talks of driving armies singly before him-and does it. Tom Brown ${ }^{4}$ had a shrewder insight into this kind of character than either of his predecessors. He divides the palm more equably, and allows his hero a sort of dimidiate pre-eminence:-"Bully Dawson kicked by half the town, and half the town kicked by Bully Dawson." This was true distributive justice.

## II

## TH.IT ILL-GOTTEN G.IIN NEVER PROSPERS

The weakest part of mankind have this saying commonest in their month. It is the trite consolation administered to the easy dupe, when he has been tricked out of his money or estate, that the aecquisition of it will do the owner no good. But the rogmes of this work-the problenter part of them, at least know better: and, if the observation had been as true as it is old. would not have failed her this time to have diseorered it. They hare pretty sharp distinetions of the fluetuating and the permanent.
"Lightly eome, lightly go," is a proverb, which they ean very well afford to leave, when they leave little else, to the losers. They do not always find manors, got by rapine or ehieamery, insensibly to melt away, as the poets will have it; or that all gold glicles, like thawing snow, from the thief's hand that grasps it. Chureh land, alienated to lay uses, was formerly denounced to have this slippery quality. But some portions of it somehow always stuck so fast, that the denumeiators have been fain to postpone the propheey of refundment to a late posterity.

## III

## TIIAT A MAN MíST NOT LAUGH AT HIS OWN JEST

The severest exaction surely ever invented upon the self-denial of poor hmman nature! This is to expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it ; to sit esurient at his own table, and eommend the flavor of his venison upon the absurd strength of his never touching it himself. On the eontrary, we love to see a wag taste his own joke to his party; to wateh a quirk, or a merry eoneeit, fliekering upon the lips some seconds before the tongue is detivered of it. If it be good, fresh, and racy-begotten of the oceasion; if he that utters it never thought it before, he is natmally the first to be tickled with it; and any suppression of sueh eomplacence we hold to be ehurlish and insulting. What does it seem to innply, but that your eompany is weak or foolish enough
to be moved by an image or a fancy, that slall stir you not at all, or but faintly? This is exactly the humor of the fine gentleman in Nandeville, ${ }^{1}$ who, while he dazzles his guests with the display of some costly toy, affeets hinself to "see nothing considerable in it."

## IV

THIAT SUCII A ONE SHOWS HIS BREEDING-THIAT IT IS easy to ferceive ile is no gentleman

A speech from the poorer sort of people, which always indicates that the party vituperated is a gentloman. The very fact which they deny, is that which galls and exasperates them to use this language. 'The forbearance with which it is usually received, is a proof what interpretation the bystander sets upon it. Of a kin to this, and still less politic, are the phrases with which, in their street rhetoric, they ply one amother more grossly;-IIe is a poor cricalure.-He has not a rag to cover-_ ete.; thongh this last, we eonfess is more frequently applied by femmles to femates. They do not pereceive that the satire glaneres npon themselves. A poor mant, of all things in the world, should not upbraid an antagonist with porerty. Are there no other topies-as, to tell him his father was hanged-his sister, ete-—, without exposing a se(reet, which shouk be kept sming between thent: ansl doing an aftront to the order to which they have the honor equally to belong? All this while they do not
see how the wealthier man stands by and laughs in his sleeve as both.

## V

## THAT THE POOR COPY THE VICES OF THE RICII

A smooth text to the latter; and, preached from the pulpit, is sure of a docile audience from the pews lined with satin. It is twice sitting upon velvet to a foolish squire to be told, that he-and not perverse nature, as the homilies would make us inagine, is the true eause of all the irregularities in his parish. This is striking at the root of free-will indeed, and denying the originality of $\sin$ in any sense. But men are not such implieit sheep as this comes to. If the abstinence from evil on the part of the upper elasses is to derive itself from no higher principle than the apprehension of setting ill patterns to the lower, we beg leave to discharge them from all squeamishmess on that score: they may even take their fill of pleasures, where they can find them. The Genius of Poverty, hampered and straitened as it is, is not so barren of invention but it can trade upon the staple of its own vice, without drawing upon their capital. The poor are not quite sueh servile imitators as they take them for. Some of them are very elever artists in their way. Ifere and there we find an original. Who taught the poor to steal, to pilfer? 'They did not go to the great for schoolmasters in these faculties surely. It is well if in some riees they allow us to be-no
copyists. In no other sense is it true that the poor copy them, than as servants may be said to talic aftor their masters and mistresses, when they succeed to their reversionary cold meats. If the master, from indisposition or some other caluse, neglect his food, the servant dines notwithstanding.
"O, but (some will say) the force of cxample is great." We knew a lady who was so serupulous on this head, that she would put up with the calls of the most impertinent visitor, rather than let her servant say she was not at home, for fear of teaching her maid to tell an untruth; and this in the very face of the fact, which she knew well enough, that the wench was one of the greatest liars apon the earth without teaching; so much so, that her mistress possibly never heard two words of consecutive truth from her in her life. But nature must go for nothing: example must be everything. This liar in grain, who never opened her mouth without a lie, must be guarded against a remote inference, which she (pretty casuist!) might possibly draw from a form of words-literally false, but essentially deceiving no one-that under some cireumstances a fib might not be so exceedinery sinful-a fiction, too, not at all in her own way, or one that she could be suspected of adopting, for few servant-wenches care to be denied to visitors.

This word cxample reminds us of another fine word which is in use upon these oceasions-cncouragement. "People in our sphere must not be thourght to give
eneouragement to such procecdings." To such a frantic leight is this principle eapable of being earried, that we have known individuals who have thought it within the scope of their influence to sanction despair, and give cclat to-suicide. A domestie in the family of a county member lately deceased, from love, or some unknown eause, cut his throat, but not suecessfully. The poor fellow was otherwise much loved and respeeted; and great interest was used in his behalf, upon his recovery, that he might be permitted to retain his place; his word being first pledged, not without some substantial sponsors to promise for him, that the like should never happen again. His master was inelinable to keep him, but his mistress thought otherwise; and John in the end was dismissed, her ladyship deelaring that she "could not think of encouraging any sueh doings in the eounty."

## VI

## Thit enougil is as good as a feast

Not a man, woman, or ehild in ten miles round Guildhall, who really believes this saying. The inrentor of it did not believe it himself. It was made in revenge by somebody, who was disappointed of a regale. It is a vile cold-serag-of-mutton sophism; a lie pahned mpon the palate, which knows better things. If nothing else eould be said for a feast, this is sufficient, that from the supertlux there is usually something left for the next day. Norally interpreted, it
belongs to a class of proverbs, which have a tendency to make us undervalue moncy. Of this cast are those notable observations, that money is not health; riches cannot purchase every thing; the metaphor which makes gold to be mere muck, with the morality which traces fine clothing to the sheep's back, and denounces pearl as the unhandsome excretion of an oyster. Hence, too, the phrase which imputes dirt to acresa sophistry so barefaced, that even the literal sense of it is true only in a wet season. This, and abundance of similar sage saws assuming to inculcate content, we verily believe to have been the invention of sone cunning borrower, who had designs upon the purse of his wealthier neighbor, which he could only hope to carry by force of these verbal jugglings. Translate any one of these sayings out of the artful metonyme which envelons it, and the trick is apparent. Goodly legs and shoulders of mutton, exhilarating cordials, books, pictures, the opportunities of secing foreign countries, independence, heart's ease, a man's own time to himself, are not muck-however we may be pleased to seandalize with that appellation the fathful metal that provides them for us.

## VII

of two displitants, the widmest is generahliy in THE WRONG

Our experience would lead us to duite an opposite eonclusion. 'Temper', indeed, is no test of truth; but
warmth and earnestness are a proof at least of a man's own conviction of the rectitude of that which he maintains. Coolness is as often the result of an unprincipled indifference to truth or falsehood, as of a sober confidence in a man's own side in a dispute. Nothing is more insulting sometimes than the appearance of this philosophic temper. There is little 'Titubus, the stammering law-stationer in Lincoln's Inn-we have seldom known this shrewd little fellow engaged in an argument where we were not convinced he had the best of it, if his tongue would but fairly have seconded him. When he has been spluttering excellent broken sense for an hour together, writhing and laboring to be delivered of the point of dispute-the very gist of the controversy knocking at his teeth, which tike some obstinate iron-grating still obstructed its deliverance-his puny frame convulsed, and face reddening all over at an unfairness in the logic which he wanted articulation to expose, it has moved our gall to see a smooth portly fellow of an adversary, that cared not a button for the merits of the question, by merely laying his hand upon the head of the stationer, and desiring him to be calm (your tall disputants have always the advantage), with a provoking sncer carry the argument clean from him in the opinion of all the brstanders, who have gone away clearly convinced that Titubus must have been in the wrong because he was in a passion ; and that $\mathrm{Mr}-$ - meaning his opponent, is one of the fairest, and at the same time one of the most dispassionate arguers breathing.

## VIII

THIAT VERBIL ALLUSIONS ARE NOT WIT, BECALSE THEY WVILL NOT BEAR A TRANSLATION

The same might be said of the wittiest local allusions. A eustom is sometimes as difficult to explain to a foreigner as a pun. What would beeome of a great part of the wit of the last age, if it were tried by this test? How would certain topies, as aldermanity, enekoldry, lave sounded to a Tereutian auditory, though Terence ${ }^{1}$ limself had been alive to translate them? Scnator urbamus, with Curruca ${ }^{2}$ to boot for a synonym, would but faintly lave done the business. Words, involving notions, are lard enough to render: it is too mueh to expeet us to translate a sound, and give an elegant version to a jingle. The Virgilian harmony is not translatable, but by substituting harmonious sounds in another language for it. To Latinize a pun, we must seek a pun in Latur, that will answer to it : as, to give an idea of the double endings in Itudibras. ${ }^{3}$ we must have recourse to a similar practice in the old monkish dorgerel. Denmis, the fiercest oppugner of puns in aneient or modern times, professes himself highly tiekled with the "a stick" chiming to "ceclesiastie." Yet what is this but a species of pun, a verbal consonance?

## LX

## THAT THE WORST PUNS ARE THE BEST

If by the worst be only meant the most far-fetched and startling, we agree to it. A pun is not bound by the laws whieh limit niecr wit. It is a pistol let off at the ear; not a feather to tickle the intellcet. It is an antic which does not stand upon manners, but comes bounding into the presence, and does not show the less comic for being dragged in sometimes by the head and shoulders. What though it limp a little, or prove defective in one leg-all the better. A pun may easily be too curious and artificial. Who has not at one time or other been at a party of professors (himsclf perhaps an old offender in that line), where, after ringing a round of the most ingenious eoneeits, cerery man contributing his shot, and some there the most experts shooters of the day; after making a poor word run the gauntlet till it is ready to drop; after hunting and winding it throngh all the possible ambages of similar sounds; after squcezing and hauling, and tugging at it, till the very milk of it will not yield a drop further,-suddenly some obscure, unthonght-of fellow in the eorner, who was never 'prentice to the trade, whom the eompany for very pity passed over, as we do by a known poor man when a money-subscription is groing round, no one calling upon him for his quota --has all at once come out with something so whimsical, yet so pertinent; so brazen in
its pretensions, yet so impossible to be denied; so exquisitely good, and so deplorably bad, at the same time,-that it has proved a Robin Hood's shot; ${ }^{1}$ any thing ulterior to that is despaired of ; and the party breaks up, unanimously voting it to be the very worst (that is, best) pun of the evening. This speeies of wit is the better for not being perfect in all its parts. What it gains in completeness, it loses in naturalness. The more exaetly it satisfies the eritical, the less hold it has upon some other faenlties. The puns whieh are most entertaining are those whieh will least bear an analysis. Of this kind is the following, recorded with a sort of stigma, in one of Swift's Misechanies. ${ }^{2}$

An Oxford seholar, meeting a porter who was earrying a hare through the streets, aceosts him with this extraordinary question: "Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare, or a wig?"

There is no excusing this, and no resisting it. A man might blur ten sides of paper in attempting a defense of it against a eritic who should be laughterproof. The quibble in itself is not considerable. It is only a new turn given, by a little false pronuneiation, to a very eommon, thongh not very courtens inquiry. Pat by one gentleman to another at at din-ner-party, it would have been vapid; to the mistress of the house, it would have shown much less wit than rudeness. We must take in the totality of time, plaee, and person; the pert look of the inguiring scholar, the desponding looks of the puzzled porter;
the one stopping at leisure, the other hurrying on with his burthen; the innocent though rather abrupt tendency of the first member of the question, with the utter and inextricable irrelevancy of the second; the place-a public street, not favorable to frivolous investigations; the affrontive quality of the primitive inquiry (the common question) invidiously transferred to the derivative (the new turn given to it) in the implied satire; namely, that few of that tribe are expected to eat of the good things which they carry, they being in most countries considered rather as the temporary trustees than owners of such dain-ties,-which the fellow was beginning to understand; but then the wig again comes in, and he can make nothing of it; all put together constitute a picture: Hogarth could have made it intelligible on canvas.

Yet nine out of ten crities will pronounce this a very bad pun, because of the defectiveness in the coneluding member, which is its very beauty, and constitutes the surprise. The same persons shall cry up for admirable the cold quibble from Virgil about the broken Cremona ;* ${ }^{1}$ because it is made out in all its parts, and leaves nothing to the imagination. We venture to call it cold; becanse of thousands who have admired it, it would be difficult to find one who has heartily eluckled at it. As appealing to the judgment merely (setting the risible faculty aside), we must pronomee it a monument of curions felicity. But as some storius are said to be too good to be true,

[^22]it may with equal truth be asserted of this bi-verbal allusion, that it is too good to be natural. One cannot help suspecting that the incident was invented to fit the line. It would have been better had it been less perfect. Like some Virgilian hemistichs, it has suffered by filling up. The nimium Ticina ${ }^{1}$ was enough in conscicnce; the Cremona afterwards loads it. It is in fact a double pun; and we have always observed that a superfortation in this sort of wit is dangerous. When a man has said a good thing, it is seldom politic to follow it up. We do not care to be cheated a second time; or, perhaps, the mind of man (with reverence be it spoken) is not capacious enough to lodge two puns at a time. The impression, to be forcible, must be simultaneous and undivided.

## X

THAT HANDSOME IS THAT IIANDSOME DOES
Those who use this proverl) can never have seen Mrs. Conrady.

The soul, if we may belicve Plotinns, ${ }^{2}$ is a ray from the celestial beauty. As she partakes more or less of this heavenly light, she informs, with corresponding characters, the fleshly tenement which she chooses, and frames to herself a suitable mansion.

All which only proves that the soul of Mrs. Conrady, in her pre-existent state, was no great judge of architecture.

To the same effeet, in a Hymn in honor of Beauty, divine Spenser platonizing, sings:-

And hath in it the more of lieavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth proeure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With eheerful grace and amiable sight.
For of the soul the body form doth take:
For sonl is form and doth the body make."
But Spenser, it is clear, never saw Mrs. Conrady.
These poets, we find, are no safe guides in philosophy: for here, in his very next stanza but one, is a saving clause, whieh throws us all out again, and leaves us as mueh to seek as ever:-
> " Y'e oft it falls, that many a gentle mind Dwells in deformed tabernaele drown'd, Either by elance, against the eourse of kind, Or through unaptness in the substance found, Which it assumed of some stubborn ground, That will not yield unto her form's direction, But is performed with some foul imperfeetion." 1

From which it would follow, that Spenser had seen somebody like Mrs. Conrady.

The spirit of this good lady-her previous anima -must have stumbled upon one of these untoward tabernacles which he speaks of. A more rebellious commodity of clay for a ground, as the poet calls it, no rentle mind-and sure hers is one of the gentlest-ever had to deal with.

Pondering upon her inexplicable visage-inexpli-
eable, we mean, but by this modification of the the-ory-we have come to a conelusion that, if one must be plain, it is better to be plain all over, than, amidst a tolerable residue of features, to hang out one that shall be exeeptionable. No one can say of Mis. Conrady's countenance that it would be better if she had but a nose. It is impossible to pull her to picees in this manner. We have seen the most malicious beauties of her own sex baffled in the attempt at a selection. The tout ensemble defies partienlarizing. It is too eomplete-too consistent, as we may sayto admit of these invidions reservations. It is not as if some Appelles ${ }^{1}$ had pieked out here a lip-and there a chin-out of the collected ugliness of Grecee, to frame a model by. It is a symmetrical whole. We ehallenge the minutest comoisseur to cavil at any part or pareel of the comntenance in question; to say that this, or that, is improperly placed. We are convineed that true ugliness, no less than is affirmed of true beauty, is the result of harmony. Like that too it reigns without a competitor. No one ever saw Mrs. Courady, without pronomeing her to be the plainest woman that he ever met with in the course of his life. The first time that you are indulged with a sight of her face, is an era in your existence ever after. You are glad to have seen it-like Stonehenge. No one can pretend to forget it. No one ever apologized to her for meeting her in the street on sueh a day and not knowing her: the pretext would be too bare. Nobody ean mistake her for another. No-
body ean say of her, "I think I have seen that face somewhere, but I eannot eall to mind where." You must remember that in such a parlor it first struck you-like a bust. You wondered where the owner of the house had pieked it up. You wondered more when it began to move its lips-so mildly too! No one ever thought of asking lier to sit for her pieture. Lockets are for remembrance; and it would be elearly superfluous to haug an image at your heart, which, onee seen, ean never be out of it. It is not a mean face either; its entire originality precludes that. Neither is it of that order of plain faces which improve upon aequaintance. Some very good but ordinary people, by an unwearied perseverance in good offices, put a cheat upon our eyes; juggle our senses out of their natural impressions; and set us upon diseovering good indications in a countenanee, which at first sight promised nothing less. We deteet geutleness, which had eseaped us, lurking about an under lip. But whell Mrs. Conrady has done you a serviee, her faee remains the same; when she has done you a thousand, and you know that she is ready to double the number, still it is that individual faee. Neither ean you say of it, that it would be a good face if it were not marked by the small pox-a comphiment which is always more admissive than excusatoryfor either Mrs. Conrady never had the small pox: or, as we say, took it kindly. No, it stands upon its own. merits fairly. There it is. It is her mark, her token; that which she is known by.

## XI

THAT WE MUST N゚OT LOOK A GIFT-IIORSE IN TIE MOUTII
Nor a lady's age in the parish register. We hope we have more delieacy than to do either; but some faces spare us the trouble of these dental inquiries. And what if the beast, whieh my friend would force mpon my acceptance, prove, upon the face of it, a sorry Rosinante, a lean, ill-favored jade, whom no gentleman could think of setting up in his stables? Must I, rather than not be obliged to my friend, make her a companion to Eclipse or Lightfont? A horse-giver, no more than a horse-seller, has a right to palm his spavined article mpon us for good ware. An equivalent is expeeted in cither case; and, with my own good will, I would no more be cheated nut of my thanks than out of my money. Some people have a knack of putting upon you gifts of no real value, to engage you to substantial gratitude. We thank them for nothing. Onr friend Mitis earries this hmmor of never refnsing a present, to the very point of absurdity-if it were possible to couple the ridienlous with so much mistaken delieacy, and real good nature. Not an apartment in his fine honse (and he has a trme taste in household decorations). but is stuffed up with some preposterons print or mirror-the worst adapted to his panels that may be-the presents of his friends that know his weakness ; while his noble Vandykes are displaced, to make
room for a set of daubs, the work of some wretehed artist of his aequaintanee, who, having had them returned upon his hands for bad likenesses, finds his aecount in bestowing them here gratis. The good ereature has not the heart to mortify the painter at the expense of an honest refusal. It is pleasant (if it did not vex one at the same time) to see him sitting in his dining parlor, surrounded with obseure aunts and cousins to God knows whom, while the true Lady Marys and Lady Bettys of his own honorable family, in favor to these adopted frights, are consigned to the stairease and the lumber-room. In like manner his goodly shelves are one by one stripped of his favorite old authors, to give place to a collection of presentation copies-the flour and bran of modern poetry. A presentation eopy, reader, -if haply you are yet innocent of sueh favors-is a eopy of a book whieh does not sell, sent you by the author, with his foolish autograph at the beginning of it; for which, if a stranger, he only demands your friendship; if a brother author he expeets from you a book of yours, whieh does sell, in return. We ean speak to experience, having by us a tolerable assortment of these gift-horses. Not to ride a metaphor to death-we are willing to acknowledge, that in some gifts there is sense. A duplicate out of a friend's library (where he has more than one copy of a rare anthor) is intelligible. There are favors, short of the pecumiary-a thing not fit to be hinted at among gentlemen-which eonfer as mueh grace upon the ae-
eeptor as the offerer; the kind, we confess, which is most to our palate, is of those little coneiliatory missives, which for their vehicle generally choose a ham-per-little odd presents of game, fruit, perlaps wine -though it is essential to the delicacy of the latter that it be home-made. We love to have our friend in the country sitting thus at our table by proxy; to apprehend his presence (though a hundred miles may be between us) by a turkey, whose goodly aspect reflects to us his "phump eorpusculum;" to taste him in grouse or woodcock; to feel him gliding down in the toast peculiar to the latter; to coneorporate him in a slice of Canterbury brawn. Thlis is indeed to have him within ourselves; to know him intimately : sueh participation is methinks unitive, as the old theologians phrase it. For these eonsiderations we should be sorry if certain restrictive regulations, which are thought to bear hard upon the pleasantry of this country, were eutirely done away with. A hare, as the law now stands, makes many friends. Caius eoneiliates Titius (knowing lis goul) with a leash of partridges. Titins (suspeeting his partiality for them) passes then to Lueins: who in his turn, preferring his friend's relish to his own, makes them orer to Marcius; till in their everrwidening progress, and round of meonseions cireum-migration, they distribute the seeds of larmony over half a parish. We are well disposed to this kind of sensible remembranees; and are the less apt to be taken lyy those little airy tokens-impalpable to the palate-whiel,
under the names of rings, lockets, keep-sakes, amuse some people's faney mightily. We eould never away with these indigestible trifles. They are the very kiekshaws and foppery of friendship.

## XII

that home is home thougif it is never so homely
Homes there are, we are sure, that are no homes; the home of the very poor man, and another which we shall speak to presently. Crowded places of cheap entertainment, and the benehes of ale-houses, if they could speak, might bear mournful testimony to the first. To them the very poor man resorts for an image of the home, which he eannot find at home. For a starved grate, and a seanty firing, that is not enough to keep alive the natural heat in the fingers of so many shivering children with their mother, he finds in the depths of winter always a blazing hearth, and a hob to warm his pittanee of beer by. Instead of the elamors of a wife, made gaunt by famishing, he meets with a eheerful attendanee beyond the merits of the trifle whieh he ean afford to spend. He has companions whieh his home denies him, for the rery poor man has no visitors. IIe ean look into the goings on of the world, and speak a little to polities. At home there are no polities stirring, but the domestie. All interests, real or imaginary, all topies that should expand the mind of man, and eonneet him to a sympathy with greneral existence,
are erushed in the absorbing considerations of food to be obtained for the family. Beyond the priee of bread, news is senseless and impertinent. At home there is no larder. Here there is at least a show of plenty; and while he eooks his lean serap of butcher's meat before the common bars, or munehes his humbler eold viands, his relishing bread and cheese with an onion, in a eorner, where no one refleets upon his poverty, he has a sight of the substantial joint providing for the landlord and his family. He takes an interest in the dressing of it; and while he assists in removing the trivet from the fire, he feels that there is such a thing as beef and cabbage, whieh he was beginning to forget at home. Ill this while he deserts his wife and ehildren. But what wife, and what ehildren? Prosperous men, who objeet to this desertion, image to themselves some elean eontented fanily like that whieh they go home to. But look at the countenance of the poor wives who follow and perseeute their good man to the door of the publie house, which he is about to enter, when something like shame would restrain him, if stronger misery did not induee him to pass the threshold. That face, ground by want, in which every eheerful, every conversable lineament has been long effaed by misery, is that a face to stay at home with? is it more a woman, or a wild eat? alas! it is the face of the wife of his youth, that once smiled upon him. It can smile no longer. What eomforts can it share? What burthen can it lighten? Oh, 'tis a fine thing to talk
of the humble meal shared together! But what if there be no bread in the cupboard? The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. Poor people, said a sensible old nurse to us once, do not bring up their children; they drag them up. The little careless darling of the wealthice uursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humor it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it eries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said that "a babe is fed with milk and praise." But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, unnourishing; the return to its little baby-tricks, and efforts to engage attention, bitter ceascless objurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up withont the lullaby of nurses, it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the eostlier plaything, or the eheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the ehild: the prattled nonsense (best sense 10 it), the wise impertincuees, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passion of foung wonder. It was never sung to- 110 one ever told to it a tale of the umesery. It was draged up, to live or to die as it happened. It had not
young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as ally object of dallianee; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labor. It is the rival, till it ean be the co-operator, for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace ; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times. It makes the very heart to bleed to overhear the casual street-talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays (fitting that age); of the promised sight, or play; of praised sulfieiency at sehool. It is of mangling and elear-starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outponrings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forceast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman,-before it was a child. It has learned to gro to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it mumnurs; it is knowing. acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say, that the home of the very poor is no home?

There is set another home, whieh we are constrained to deny to be one. It has a larder, which the home of the poor man wants: its fireside eonveniences. of which the poor dream not. But with all this, it is
no home. It is-the house of the man that is infested with many visitors. Nay we be branded for the veriest churl, if we deny our heart to the many nobleheated friends that at times exchange their dwelling for our poor roof! It is not of guests that we complain, but of endless, purposeless visitants; droppers in, as they are ealled. We sometimes wonder from what sky they fall. It is the very error of the position of our lodgings; its horoseopy was ill caleulated, being just situate in a medium-a plaguy suburban midspace-fitted to eateh idlers from town or country. We are older than we were, and age is easily put out of its way. We have fewer sands in our glass to reckon upon, and we cannot brook to see them drop in endlessly succeeding impertinences. At our time of life, to be alone sometimes is as needful as slecp. It is the refreshing sleep of the day. The growing infirmities of age manifest themselves in nothing more strongly, than in an invetcrate dislike of interruption. The thing which we are doing, we wish to be permitted to do. We have neither much knowledge nor devices; but there are fewer in the place to which we hasten. We are not willingly put out of our way, even at a game of nine-pins. While youth was, we had vast reversions in time future; we are reduced to a present pittanee, and obliged to economize in that article. We bleed away our moments now as hardly as our dueats. We cannot hear to have our thin wardrobe eaten and fretted into by moths. We are willing to barter our good
time with a friend, who gives us in exchange his own. Increin is the distinetion between the genuine gruest and the visitant. This latter takes your good time, and gives you his bad in exchange. The gllest is domestic to you as your good eat, or houschold bird; the visitant is your fly, that flaps in at your window, and out again, leaving nothing but a sense of disturbance, and victuals spoiled. The inferior funetions of life begin to move heavily. We camnot eoncoet our food with interuptions. Our ehief meal, to be nutritive, must be solitary. With difficulty we can eat before a guest ; and never muderstood what the relish of publie feasting meant. Neats have no sapor, nor digestion fair play, in a crowd. The mexpected coming in of a visitant stops the machine. There is a punctual generation who time their ealls to the precise eommeneement of your dining-hournot to eat-but in see you eat. Our knife and fork drop instinctively, and we feel that we have swallowed our latest morsel. Others again show their genins, as we have said, in linocking the moment yon have just sat down to a book. They have a peculiar compassionate sneer, with whieh they "hope that they do not interrupt your studies." Though they fintter off the next moment, to earry their impertinences to the nearest student that they eall their friend, the tone of the book is spoiled; we shat the leares, and, with Dante's lovers, ${ }^{1}$ read no more that day. It were well if the effect of intrusion were simply en-extensive with its presenee; but it mars all the gool hours
afterwards. These scratches in appearance leave an orifice that closes not hastily. "It is a prostitution of the bravery of friendship," says worthy Bishop Taylor, "to spend it upon impertinent people, who are, it may be, loads to their families, but can never case my loads." This is the secret of their gaddings, their visits, and morning calls. They too have homes, which are-no homes.

## XIII

## THAT YOU MUST LOVE MF AND LOVE MY DOG

"Good sir, or madam, as it may be-we most willingly embraeed the ofter of your friendship. We long have known your excellent qualitics. We have wished to have you nearer to us; to hold you within the very inuermost fold of our heart. We can have no reserve towards a person of your open and noble nature. The frankness of your humor suits us exactly. We have been long looking for sueh a friend. Quick -let us disburthen our troubles into each other's bosom-let us make our single joys shine by reduplica-tion-But yap, yap, yap! what is this confounded cour? he has fastencel his tooth, which is none of the bluntest, just in the fleshy part of my leer."
"It is my dog, sir. You must love him for my sakc. Here, Test-T'est-Test!"
"But he has bitten me."
"Ay, that he is apt to do, till you are better ac-
quainted with him. I have had him three years. He never bites me."

Yap, yap, yap!-"'He is at it again."
"Oh, sir, you must not kiek him. He does not like to be kieked. I expect my dog to be treated with all the respeet due to myself."
"But do you always take him out with you, when you go a friendship-hunting?"
"Invariably. 'Tis the swectest, prettiest, best-conditioned animal. I eall him my test-the touchstone by which I try a friend. No one ean properly be said to love me, who does not love him.'"
"Exense us, dear sir-or madam aforesaid-if upon further eonsideration we are obliged to decline the otherwise invaluable offer of your friendship. We do not like dogs."
"Mighty well, sir-you know the eonditions-you may have worse offers. Come along, Test."

The above dialogne is not so imaginary, but that in the intereourse of life, we have had frequent oceasions of breaking off an agreeable intimaey by reason of these eanine appendages. They do not always come in the shape of dogs; they sometimes wear the more plausible and human character of kinsfolk, near accuaintances, my friend's friend. his partmer, his wife, or his children. We could never yet form a friendship-not to speak of more delicate enrrespond-enees-however much to our taste, without the intervention of some third anomaly, some impertinent elog affixed to the relation-the understood $d o g$ in
the proverb. The good things of life are not to be had singly, but eome to us with a mixture; like a sehoolboy's holiday, with a task affixed to the tail of it. What a delightful eompanion is * * *, if he did not always bring his tall eousin with him! He seems to grow with lim ; like some of those double births whieh we remember to have read of with sueh wonder and delight in the old "Athenian Oraele," where Swift eommeneed author by writing Pindarie Odes ${ }^{1}$ (what a beginning for him!) upon Sir William Temple. There is the pieture of the brother, with the little brother peeping out at his shoulder; a species of fraternity, whieh we have no name of kin elose enough to eompreliend. When * * * eomes, poking in his head and shoulder into your room, as if to feel his entry, you think, surely you have now got him to yourself-what a three-hours' ehat we shall have!-but ever in the haunch of him, and before his diffident body is well disclosed in your apartment, appears the haunting shadow of the cousin, over-peering his modest kinsman, and sure to overlay the expeeted good talk with his insufferable procerity of stature, and uneorresponding dwarfisl1ness of observation. Misfortunes seldom eome alone. 'Tis hard when a blessing eomes aceompanied. Cannot we like Sempronia, without sitting down to chess with her eternal brother? or know Sulpieia, without knowing all the ronnd of her card-playing relations? must my friend's brethren of neeessity be mine also? must we be hand and glove with Dick Selby the par-
son, or Jack Selby the calico-printer, becatuse W. S., who is neither, but a ripe wit and a critic, has the misfortune to claim a common parentage with them? Let him lay down his brothers; and 'tis odds but we will cast him in a pair of ours (we have a snperflux) to balance the concession. Let F. II. lay down his garrulons uncle; and Honorins dismiss his rapid wife, and superfluous establishment of six boys: things between boy and manhood-too ripe for play, too raw for conversation-that come in, impudently staring their father's old friend out of countenance; and will neither aid, nor let alone, the conference: that we may once more meet upon equal terms, as we were wont to do in the disengaged state of bachelorhood.

It is well if yom friend, or mistress, be content with these canicular probations. Few young lackies but in this sense keep a dog. But when Ratilia hounds at you her tiger annt; or Raspina expects you to cherish and fondle her riper sister, whom she has preposterously taken into her bosom, to try stinging conchasions mon your constancy ; they mast not complain if the lonse be rather thin of suitors. Scolla ${ }^{1}$ must have broken off mamy excerlent matches in her time, if she insisted upon all, that loved her, loving her dog's also.

An excellent slory to this moral is told of Xerry.2 of Della C'ruscan menory. In temder youth, he lowed and courted a modest appanage to the Opera, in trinth a dancer, who had won him hy the artless contrast
between her mamers and situation. She seemed to him a native violet, that had been transplanted by some rude accident into that exotic and artificial hotbed. Nor, in truth, was she less genuine and sincere than she appeared to him. He wooed and won this flower. Only for appearance's sake, and for due honor to the bride's relations, she craved that she might have the attendance of her friends and kindred at the approaching solcmnity. The request was too amiable not to be conceded: and in this solicitude for conciliating the good-will of mere relations, he found a presage of her superior attentions to himself, when the golden shaft should have "killed the flock of all affections else." The morning came: and at the Star and Garter, Richmond-the place appointed for the breakfasting-accompanied with one English friend, he impatiently awaited what reinforcements the bride should bring to grace the ceremony. A rich muster she had made. They came in six coaches- the whole corps dn ballet-French, Italian, men and women. Monsieur De B., the famous pirouctter of the day, led his fair spouse, but cragog, from the banks of the Seine. The Prima Donna had sent her exense. But the first and seeond Buffa were there; and Signor Sc-, and Signora Ch-, and Madame V-, with a enuntless cavalcade besides of chorusers, figurantes, at the sight of whom Nerry afterwards declared, that "then for" the first time it struck him serionsly that he was about to marry-a dancer." But there was no help for it. Besides, it was her day ; these were,
in fact, her friends and kinsfolk. The assemblage, though whimsical, was all very natural. But when the bride-handing out of the last coaeh a still more extraordinary figure than the rest presented to him as her father-the gentleman that was to give hor auay-no less a person than Signor Delpini himself -with a sort of pride, as mueh as to say, See what I have brought to do us honor!--the thought of so extraordinary a paternity gnite overcame him; and slipping away under some pretense from the bride and her motley adherents, poor Merry took horse from the back yard to the nearest sen-coast, from which, shipping himself to Ameriea, he shortly after consoled himself with a more congenial matel in the person of Miss Brunton; relieved from his intended clown father, and a bery of painted Buffas for bridemaids.

## XIV

## THAT WE SHOULD RISE WITII THE LARK

At what preeise minute that little airy unsieian doffs his night gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists emourh to determine. But for a mere hmman rentleman-that has no orehestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exereises-we take ten, or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice), to be the very earliest honr, at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. 'To think of it, we say; for to do it in carnest, refuires
another half-hour's good eonsideration. Not but there are pretty sun-risings, as we are told, and sueh like gawds, abroad in the world, in summer time espeeially, some hours before what we have assigned; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But, having been tempted onee or twiee, in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our euriosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too saered to waste them upon sueh observances; whieh have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persie. ${ }^{1}$ T'o say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the sun (as 'tis ealled), to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headaehes; Nature herself suffieiently deelaring her sense of our presumption in aspiring to regulate our frail waking courses by the measures of that celestial and sleepless traveler. We deny not that there is something sprightly and vigorous, at the outset espeeially, in these break-of-day exeursions. It is flattering to get the start of a lazy world; to eonruer death by proxy in his image. But the seeds of sleep and mortality are in us; and we pay usually in strange qualms before night falls, the penalty of the unnatural inversion. Therefore, while the busy part of mankind are fast luddling on their clothes, are already up and about their oeeupations, content to have swallowed their sleep by wholesale;
we ehoose to linger a-bed, and digest our dreans. It is the very time to recombine the wandering images, whieh night in a confused mass presented; to snatch them from forgetfulness; to shape, and mold them. Some people have no grood of their dreams. Like fast feeders, they gulp them too grossly, to taste them eurionsly. We love to ehew the cud of a foregone vision ; to eolleet the scattered rays of a brighter phantasm, or act over again, with firmer nerves, the sadder noeturnal tragedies; to drag into day-light a struggling and half-vanishing night-mare; to hamdle and examine the terrors, or the airy solaces. The have too much respect for these spiritual communications, to let them go so lightly. We are not so stupid, or so eareless, as that Inperial forgetter of his dreans, that we should need a seer to remind us of the form of them. They seem to us to have as much significance as our waking eoncerns; or rather to import us more nearly, as more nearly we approach ly years to the shadowy world, whither we are hastening. We have shaken hands with the world's business; we have done with it; we have discharged ourself of it. Why should we get up? we hare neither suit to solicit, nor affairs to manage. The drama has shut in upon us at the fourth act. We have mothing here to expect, but in a short time a sick bed, and a dismissal. We delight to anticipate doath by such shadows as night affords. We are already half acomainted with ghosts. The were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and
its dazzling illusions. Our spirits showed gray before our hairs. The mighty changes of the world already appear as but the vain stuff out of which dramas are composed. We have asked no more of life than what the mimic images in play-houses present us with. Even those types have waxed fainter. Our clock appears to have struck. We are superannuated. In this dearth of mundane satisfaction, we contract politic alliances with shadows. It is good to lave friends at conrt. The abstracted media of dreams seem no ill introduction to that spiritual presence, upon which, in no long time, we expect to be thrown. We are trying to know a little of the usages of that colony ; to learn the language, and the faces we shall meet with there, that we may be the less awkward at our first coming among them. We willingly call a phantom our fellow, as knowing we shall soon be of their clark companionship. Therefore. we cherish dreams. We try to spell in them the alphabet of the invisible world; and think we know already, how it shall he with us. Those uncouth shapes, which, while we clung to flesh and blood, affricrited us, have beenme familiar. TVe feel attemated into their meager essences, and have given the hand of half-way approach to incorporeal being. TVe once thought life to be something: but it has macecombably fallen from us before its time. Therefore we choose to dally with visions. The stm has no purposes of ours to light nes to. Why should we get up?

## XV

## THAT WE SHOULD LIE DOWN WITH THE LAMB

We could never quite understand the philosoply of this arrangement, or the wisdom of our ancestors in sending us for instruetion to these woolly bedfellows. A sheep, when it is dark, has nothing to do but to shut his silly eyes, and sleep if he ean. Man found out long sixes.-Hail, eandle-light! without disparagement to sun or moon, the kindliest luminary of the three-if we may not rather style thee their radiant deputy, mild rieeroy of the moon!-We love to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep, by eandlelight. They are everybody's sun and moon. This is our peeuliar and household planet. Wanting it, what savage unsoeial nights must our aneestors have spent, wintering in eaves and umillumined fastnesses! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbor's eheek to be sure that he understood it? This aceounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry. It has a somber cast (try Hesiod or Ossiam), ${ }^{1}$ deriverl from the tradition of those mulantern'd nights. Jokes eame in with eandles. We wonder how they saw to pick up a pin, if they had any. How did they sup? what a melange of chance carving they must have made of it!-here one had grot the leg of a goat, when he wanted a horse's shoulder-there another
had dipped his scooped palm in a kid-skin of wild honey, when he meditated right mare's milk. There is neither good eating nor drinking in fresco. Who, even in these civilized times, has never experienced this, when at some economic table he has commenced dining after dusk, and waited for the flavor till the lights came? The senses absolutely give and take reciprocally. Can you tell pork from veal in the dark? or distinguish Sherris from pure Malaga? Take away the candle from the smoking man; by the glimmering of the left ashes, he knows that he is still smoking, but he knows it only by an inference; till the restored light, coming in aid of the olfactories, reveals to both senses the full aroma. Then how he redoubles his puffs! how he burnishes!-There is absolutely no such thing as reading, but by a candle. We have tried the affectation of a book at noon-day in gardens, and in sultry arbors: but it was labor thrown away. Those gay motes in the beam come about you, hovering and teasing, like many coquettes, that will have you all to their self, and are jealous of your abstractions. By the midnight taper, the writer digests his meditations. By the same light, we must approach to their perusal, if we would eatch the flame, the odor. It is a mockery, all that is reported of the influential Phœbus. ${ }^{1}$ No true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. They are abstracted works-

[^23]Marry, daylight-daylight might furnish the images, the erude material ; but for the fine shapings, the true turning and filing (as mine author hath it), they must be content to hold their inspiration of the candle. The mild internal light, that reveals them, like fires on the domestie hearth, goes out in the sum-shine. Night and silence eall out the starry fancies. Milton's Morning Hymn in Paradise, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight; and Taylor's rieh description of a sun-rise smells decidedly of the taper. Even ourselves, in these our humbler lueubrations, tune our best measured cadences (Prose has her eadenees) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsier watchman, "blessing the doors;" or the wild sweeps of wind at midnight. Even now a loftier speculation than we have set aftempted, courts our endeavors. We would indite something about the Solar System.-Betty, bring the candles.

## XVI

THAT A SILLK TEMPER IS A MISFORTUNE
We grant that it is, and a very serions one-to a man's friends, and to all that have to do with him: but whether the eondition of the man himself is so mueh to be deplored may admit of a question. Wre can speak a little to it, being omself but lately re-eovered-we whisper it in emfidence, reader-out of a long and desperate fit of the sullen. Wras the cime a blessing? The eonviction which wrought it, came
too elearly to leave a seruple of the fanciful injuries -for they were mere fancies-which had provoked the humor. But the humor itself was too self-pleasing, while it lasted-we know how bare we lay ourself in the eonfession-to be .abandoned all at onee with the grounds of it. We still brood over wrongs which we know to have been imaginary; and for our old acquaintance, $\mathrm{N}-$ —, whom we find to be a truer friend than we took him for, we substitute some phantom-a Cains or Titius-as like hinn as we dare to form it, to wreak our yet unsatisfied resentments on. It is mortifying to fall at once from the pimacle of neglect; to forego the idea of having been ill-used and eontmaciously treated by an old friend. The first thing to aggrandize a man in his own coneeit, is to coneeive of himself as neglected. There let him fix if he can. To undeceive him is to deprive him of the most tickling morsel within the range of selfeomplacency. No flattery ean come near it. Happy is he who suspects his friend of an injustice; but stipremely blest, who thinks all his friends in a eonspiracy to depress and undervalue him. There is a pleasure (we sing not to the profane) far beyond the reach of all that the world counts joy-a deep, enduring satisfaction in the depths, where the superficial seek it not, of discontent. Were we to recite one half of this mystery,-which we were let into hy our late dissatisfaction, all the world would be in love with disrespect; we should wear a slight for a bracelet, and neglects and contumacies would be the
only matter for courtship. Unlike to that mysterions book in the Apocalypse, ${ }^{1}$ the study of this mystery is unpalatable only in the commencement. The first sting of a suspicion is grievous; but wait-ont of that wound, which to flesh and blood seemed so difficult, there is balm and honey to be extracted. Your friend passed you on such or such a day-haring in his company one that you conceived worse than ambiguously disposed towards you,--passed you in the street without notice. To be sure he is something short-sighted; and it was in your power to lare accosted lim. But facts and sane inferences are trifles to a true adept in the science of dissatisfaction. He must have seen you; and S - who was with him, must have been the eause of the eontempt. It galls you, and well it may. But have patience. Co home, and make the worst of it, and you are a made man from this time. Shut yourself up, and--rejecting, as an enemy to your peaee, every whispering snggestion that but insinuates there may be a mistake-reflect seriously upon the many lesser instances which you had begun to perceive, in proof of your friend's disaffection towards you. None of them singly was much to the purpose, but the aggregate weight is positive; and you have this last affront to clench thrm. Thus far the process is anything but agreable. But now to your relief eomes in the comparative faculty: You conjure up all the kind feelings you have had for your friend; what you have been to him. and what you would have been to him, if he would
have suffered you; how you defended him in this or that place; and his grood name-his literary reputation, and so forth, was always dearer to you than your own! Your heart, spite of itself, yearns towards him. You could weep tears of blood but for a restraining pride. How say you? do you not yet begin to apprehend a comfort? some allay of sweetness in the bitter waters? Stop not here, nor penuriously cheat yourself of your reversions.- You are on vantage ground, Enlarge your speculations, and take in the rest of your friends, as a spark kindles more sparks. Was there one among them, who has not to you proved hollow, false, slippery as water? Begin to think that the relation itself is inconsistent with mortality. That the rery idea of friendship, with its eomponent parts, as honor, fidelity, steadiness, exists but in your single bosom. Image yourself to yourself, as the only possible friend in a world incapable of that communion. Now the gloom thickens. The little star of self-love twinkles, that is to encourace you through deeper glooms than this. You are not yet at the half point of your elevation. You are not ret, believe me, half sulky enough. Adverting to the world in general (as these circles in the mind will spread to infinity), reflect with what strange injustice You have been treated in quarters where (setting gratitude and the expectation of friendly returns aside as chimeras) you pretended no claim beyond justice, the naked due of all men. Think the very idea of right and fit fled from the earth, or your
breast the solitary receptacle of it, till yon have swelled yourself into at least one hemisphere, the other being the vast Arabia Stony of yom friends and the world aforesaid. To grow bigger every moment in your own emecit, and the world to lessen; to deify yourself at the expense of yomr species; to jndge the world-this is the acme and sumeme point of your mystery-these are the true Phastres of Sulkiness. We profess no more of this griand sceret than what ourself experimented on one miny afternoon in the last week, sulking in our study. We had proceeded to the pembltimate point, at whieh the true adept seldom stops, where the eonsideration of benefit forgot is about to merge in the meditation of general injustice-when a knoek at the door was followed by the entrance of the very friend, whose not seeing of us in the morning (for we will now ennfess the ease our own), an aceidental oversight, had given rise to so meh agreeable generalization. To mortif! us still more, and take down the whole flattoring superstructure which pride had piled npon newlect, he had brought in his hand the identieal $S-$, in whose faror we had suspected him of the contumacy. Assererations were needless, where the frank manner of then both was eonvictive of the injurious nature of the suspieion. We fancied that they perceived onl embarrassment; but were too proud, or something else, to confess to the secret of it. Wre had been hat ton lately in the eondition of the noble patient in Argos:-

## POPULAR FALLACIES

Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos, In vacuo feetus sessor plausorque theatro -1
and could have exclaimed with equal reason against the friendly hands that cured us-

Pol, we occidistis, amici, Non serrâstis. ait; cui sic extorta voluptas, Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error. ${ }^{2}$

## NOTES

## ESSAYS OF ELLA

27, 1. Elia. When Lamb wrote his first artiele for the London Magazine, he, wishing to remain anonymous, signed it Elia,-a nom de plume which he afterwards deeided to retain. It was the mame of an obscure Italian who was a fellow-elerk of the author's at the time he was employed in the South-Sea House.

## THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE

2. This essay appeared in the London Ma!azine, in August, 1920, under the title Recollections of the South-Ser House. Lamb's connection with the house is deseribed on patere9. Introduction.
3. Bank. Bank of England.
4. Flower Pot. An inm in Iondon from which the coach for the north started.
5. Dalston or Shacklewell. Northern parts of London oecupied by people in humble circumstanees.
6. Balclutha's. In Maepherson's poem Carthon, a town belonging to the luritons, taken and destroyed by the father of the hero Fingal. Maephemon aseribed the poem to Ossian, claming he had but translated it. Lamb was among those deceived, for in a font-mote he quotes from the Greek writer: "1 passed by the walls of Balchitha, and they were denolate."

28,1 . Queen Anne (166t-1714). The last sorcreign of the honse of Stuart. She governed Encland from 170:2 until her death.
2. Two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty. Feorqe t ( $1660-1727$ ). Who ruled Fincland from 1714 to 1727 . and Genver 11 (1683-1i(i0). Whe followed him, ruling from 1727 to 1760 .
3. "Unsunned heap." An expression fiom Iliton. Yon may as well pread ont the unsunned heaps Of miser's treanure.

Comus, 11. 39S-399.
4. Mammon. The god of avariee and riches among the ancient Syrians, a people dwelling in Palentine.

> " Ye eannot serve God and Mammon."
> Sathew V'l, थ.
5. That famous Bubble. The South-Sea Bubble, a gigantic financial scheme, which failed in 1720 . (soe (irecus short II istory of the English Pcople, Chatp. IX, Kec. X.)

29, 1. Titan. A giant of great strength, who, with his aswociates, waged war against the grols, Saturn and Jupiter. (Siee classieal dictionary.)
2. Vaux's superhuman plot. The " Gunpowder Plot," orir. inated by Guido Vian or Guy Fawkes in 1605 to destroy the Houses of Piarliament.

30, 1. Herculaneum. One of the eities destroyed ly the eruption of Vesurius in 79 A . D. Exearations have revealed many interesting things, especially statues and mamuseripts.

31, 1. Evans. William Evans, a clerk in the South-Nea llouse. Lamb throughout his essays nearly or quite always usen real rather than fietitious names.
2. Cambro-Briton. Welchman. Cambria was the Latin name for Wales.
3. Macearonies. An eighteenth century term for fops. The reader will reeall its use in the song, Vankee Inoodle.

32, 1. Pennant. Thomas Pennant ( $1720-1798$ ), an arehioolorist who published an Account of London in 1790.
?. Rosamond's pond. A small lake in St. James lark which was drained in 1770.
3. Mulberry Gardens. Publie gardeus near Buckingham Palace, so ealled because many mulberry trees grew there.
4. Cheap. Cheapside, a street in London well known to history.
5. Hogarth has immortalized in his picture of Noon. Wil. lian Hograth (169-15(64), an English artint much admirey by Lamb. Among his paintings is one entitled Soon, the subject being a French Hugnenot chapel in London.
6. Louis the Fourteenth and his dragoons. Lomis the Fourteenth (1643-175), king of Fronee. be his har-h measures, drove fifty thousand llucrumots into evile. Nany of them sought refuge in England, others in America.
7. Obscurities of Hog Lane, and the vicinity of the Seven Dials. Parts of London which were onee largely occolpied ly foreigners and which were centers of extreme poterty.
S. Thomas Tame. Another elerk in the Suthth-ieet Houre.
9. Westminster Hall. A building adjoining the Honses of Parliament, built by William II.

33, 1. His mind was in its original state of white paper. Taken from the works of John Locke. "Jet us then suppose the mind to be, as we may say, white paper, void of all characters. without any ideas."
In Essay Conecrning Human Understanding, Bk. II, Chap. I.
2. Unfortunate house of Derwentwater. The Earl of Derwentwater (James Radeliffe, 1689-1716), was executed on a charge of treason for upholding the eause of the Pretender, James Franeis Edward.
3. Decus et solamen. Honor and consolation. (Sce Virgil's Ancid, Bk. X, 1. 85S.)
t. John Tipp. Still another elerk in the Soulh-Sea Mouse. Lamb's brother succeeded him as deputy accountant.

34, 1. Orphean lyre. Taken from Milton.
With other notes than to the Orphean lype
1 sang of Chaos and eternal Night.
Paradise Lost, Bk. 111, 11. 17-18.

Orphens was a celebrated musician in Greck mythologry. (Sce classical dictionary.)
2. Lord Midas. A legendary king of Phrygia who, acting as judge in a musical contest in which Apollo and Pan took part, ararded the prize to Pan, thus betraying his dense ignorance.

35, 1. Fortinbras. Prince of Norway, a claaracter in Shakespeare's Hamilet.

36 , 1. Greatly find quarrel in a straw. A quotation from IItimlet.
"Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argmont, But greally 10 find quarrel in a strak When honor's at the stake."

> Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 1V, 11. 55-56.
2. The dusty dead. Adapted from Shakespearc.

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way 10 dusty deall.

Macleth, Aet V. Se. V, II. 21-22.
3. Henry Man. Sill another elerk in the South-Sea IIouse. 11. Was the anthor of a mumber of humorous papers on various subjeets.
4. Barbican. A street in London upon whieh Milton lived for a time.
5. "New-born gauds." I quotation from Shakespeare.

Oue toueh of nature makes the whole world kin, That all with one eonsent praise now-born gauds. Troilus and Cressida, Aet III, Se. III, 11. 174-17i).
6. Public Ledgers, and in Chronicles. Two London newspapers of the eighteenth eentury.
7. Chatham. William Pitt (1708-1778), a prominent statesman who upheld the Ameriean colonies in their controversies with the mother country. Shelburne. William Petty (1737-1805), prime minister in 1783 when England recognized the independence of Ameriea. Rockingham. Charles Wentworth ( $1730-1782$ ), prime minister before Shelburne. Howe. Sir William Ilowe (1729-1814), a prominent English general in the Revolutionary Wrar. Burgoyne. John Burgoyue (1722-1792), another British general in the same war; surrendered to Gates at Saratoga in 1777. Clinton. Sir IIenry Clinton (1738-1795), still another British general in the same war.
8. Keppel. Augustus Keppel (1725-1786), an Fnglish admiral. Wilkes. Joln Wilkes (1727-1797), a eelebrated Eng. lish politician who bitterly opposed the Ameriean war. Sawbridge. John Sawbridge (1732-1705), Lord Mayor of London from 1775 until his death. Bull. Willian Bull (1738-1814), Independent minister, close frient of the poet Cowper. Dunning. John Dumning (1731-1783), Lord Ash. burton, author of a bill in the llouse of (ommons to lessent the power of the Crown. Pratt. Charles Pratt (1713-1794), afterwards Earl of Camden. Richmond. Chartes Lenmox (1735-1806), a supporter of the American colonics.

37, 1. Plumer. Riehard Phmer, owner of the house deseribed in Blakesmoor in II-shire. He employed Lamb's grandmother, Mary Fiekt, as house-keeper for more than fifty years.
2. Fine old whig still living. William Plumer, a politician of some repute.
3. George the Second's days. See notu $: 2$, 2 .
4. Johnson's "Life of Cave." Sammel Johnson (17001784). a celebrated English esenyist, poet, nut levicographer. He was at one time in the employ of betward Cave: Who drew upon himself the censure of parliament for publishing
speeches made by members of that body which were incorrectly reported.
5. Pastoral M- T. Maynard, still another clerk in the South-Sea House. Lamb say's elsewhere that he hanged himsclf.
6. Arcadian melodies. In Greck mythology, Arcadia was the residence of Pan, god of shepherds. (See note 34, 2.) It was a place where happiness reigned without interruption.
7. Worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke. See Shakespeare's is Iou Like it, Act II, Sc. VII.

38, 1. Newton. Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), a great English phiosopher and mathematician who discovered the law of gravitation.
2. Like Henry Pimpernel, and old John Naps of Greece. Names mentioned in the Introduction to Shakespeare's Taming of the Sherevo.

## OXFORD IN THE VACATION

38, 3. The London Magazine, October, 1820.
4. Quis sculpsit. Literally, who has done the chiseling; frecly, the name of the artist.

39, 1. A Vivares, or a Woollet. Francois Vivares (17091780), a celebrated landscape painter. He was a Frenchman by brrth, but spent most of his life in London. William Woollet (1735-1785), a noted English landscape engraver.

40, 1. Red-letter days. It has long been the custom to mark the important church feast-days in red on the calendar; hence the expression.
2. Andrew and John, men famous in old times. Critics have not succerded in placing this quotation.
3. At school at Christ's. Scc page 9, Introduction.
4. Basket Prayer-Book. A prayer-book publislied in 1749 by Joln Baskett (Note Lamb's spolling), printer to King George II.
5. Peter in his uneasy posture. Peter is reputed to have been ertucified with his liead downward. June 29 is the day sacred to him.
6. Bartlemy in the troublesome act of flaying. Saint Bartholomew, according to tradition, was flayed alive. August $2 t$ is the day sacred to him.
7. Marsyas by Spagnoletti. A painting by the Epimich artist, Jose Ribera (1588-1656), commonly known as spag-
noletti, of Ipollo diay iner Marryas, a sittr, who hath chaflemged him to a musical conterit.
s. Better Jude. Siant Jude the apostle, as distinguished froun Judis lecariot.

41, 1. "Fiat all their eomintr shome." Adapted from Mit1011.

> Attemded with fen thonsame thomsand Saints
> lle onward cambe far off his commin! shome.
2. Epiphany. A chared fextian celebrated on the sixth of Jamary, the twelfth diyy affer Christmas, in commemorto tion of the appearance of the Satriom to the wise men of the Pilast.
3. Selden, nor Areh-bishop Usher. John אiden (15st(ti5t), an linglish jurist and antignary who wrote several lewal and theolugival treatises of great merit. James Usher ( $1.580-1$ tiati), an arch-hishop in the ('hureh of England who wrote a eoblemated work on bibleal duronotogy.
4. Bodley. Sir Thomas lbelley (1,-4i-1tili), fomded the great Bedteian library of Oxford loniversity near which Latmt lived at the time he wrote this exsily.
5. Ad eundem. 'To the sime stinding.

42, 1. Trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen. Christ
 moted collegres of Oxford Liniversity.
$\because$ Cooked for Chancer. Cootliey Chituer (1810?-1400), the "father" of linglish poetry. "There is mo reword that shows he alfemed sehoel at (ixford.
43. 1. Half Jamuses. Jimms, a Latingod, represented with two faces looking in opposite direetions. (soe elasionell die (imary.)
2. Oxenford. In obsolete mate for (oxford.
3. Varix lectiones. Diflement. rading
4. Herculanean raker. Sior note 30, 1, The šouth-Sicu Honses.

44, 1. Porson and to G. D-. Niehard I'orson (17.st-1suR). a moted (ireck seholar and profemone at (Nford. G. D-. ( Coome D) yer (17-i-1sil), a fricme of lamb who wrote a
 liife of Robert Rotrinsom.
$\because$ Oriel. (hate of the colltemes at Oxfort.
3. Scapula. A writer of the sivernth (entury who publinhed a lireck lexicons.
4. Clifford's Inn. An inn of chaneery in London; originally a law sehool.

45, 1. In manu. In hand.
2. Temple. Dee note 175,1, The Old Beneliers of the Inner Temple.
3. Our friend M's. Basil Montague, who edited Lord Baeon's works. He was a close friend of Lamb.

46, 1. Queen Lar. In homan mythology, the Lars or Lares were the guardian spirits of homes. (See classical dictionary.)
2. Pretty A. S. Ame Skepper, daughter to Mrs. Montague, afterwards married to B. W. Procter. (Lamb's note.)
3. Another Sosia. Sosia, a slave in Amphitryon, by Plautus ( ?-184 B. C.), a Roman dramatist.
4. Mount Tabor - or Parnassus. Mount Tabor, the seene of the Transfiguration. Parnassus. In classical mythology, the home of the Mnses.
5. Plato - or, with Harrington. Plato (429-347 B. C.), the famons Greek philowopher. James Harrington (16111677), author of the Commonteallh of Oceana.

47, 1. Cam and the Isis. Rivers that flow near Oxford and Cambridge.
2. Waters of Damascus. Are not Ahana and Pharpar, river of Damaseus, better than all the waters of Isracl?

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\text { II Kings V, } 12 .
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3. Delectable Mountains. The mountains from which the sojourners see the Celestial City, as described in Bunyan's P'ilgrim's Progress, Part I.
4. Interpreter at the House Beautiful. The owner of a honse beyonl the Wicket Gate in Pilgrim's Progress.

## CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE AND TIIRTY YEARS AGO

47, 5. The London Magazine. Norember, 1820. In June, 181:3, an essay by Lamb, entitled Recollections of Christ's Hospitnl. appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine: and later was inehded in the collection of his works made in 1818. It wats a serions attempt to show to the public the value and dignity of the school the author hat attendect. The later paper. as the reacter witl discover, deals rather with the eustoms aud practices of the insitution.
6. Mr. Lamb's "Works." Lamb's work= were published in 1819 in two small whmes, which containerl poems, a tragedy. the tale of linsamumd Gray and various ensays of which Recollertions of Christ's Hospital was one. (See note 47, $\overline{5}$, above.)
7. Between the years of 1782 and 1789. The years Lamb attended Christ's Ilospital. (See page 9, Introduetion.)

48, 1. Caro equina. Horse flesh.
49, 1. The ravens ministered to the Tishbite. See $I$ Kings XVII, 6.
2. Calne in Wiltshire. A reference to Coleridge's home at Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire.

51, 1. Lions in the Tower. The royal menageric was leppt in London Tower until 1834, when it was taken to liegent's Park.
2. L's governor. Mr. Salt for whom Lamb's father worked and who helped seeure the author a place at Christ's Mospital. (See-page 9, Introduction.)
3. H-. Hodges. (Lamb's note.)

52, 1. Nevis. An island belonging to the British West Inclies.
2. St. Kitts. Also an island of the British West Indies. It is usually ealled St. Christopher.
3. Nero. (37-68), the crnel and tyrannical emperor whe ruled Rome from 54 to 68 A . D.
4. Caligula's minion. Caličula (12-41), a Roman emperor, made lis favorite loorse a consul and priest, and fed him from a marble manger.

53, 1. Verrio. Autonio Verrio (1630-1707), all Italian decorative painter employed by Charles II.
2. Blue-coat boys. The loys at Clrist's Inspital. from the time it was fomded (155is) to the present. have worn blue gowns. This accounts for the mime, Blue Cuat Sehool, whieh is often applied to the institution.
3. To feed our mind with idle portraiture. A free translation of Virgil's AEncid, Bk. I, l. 464.
4. 'Twas said, He ate strange flesh. Adapted from Slakespeare.

It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on.
Antony and Cleoputru, Aet I, Se. IV. 11. 68-69.
56, 1. Bedlam. An asylum for lumaties in Lomdon; for merly the hospital of St. Mary of Rethlehem.
2. Auto da fé. Aet of faith. ( P (nthornese.)

57, 1. Disfigurements in Dante. A reference to The /h ferno ly the Italian poet. Dante Alighieri (1:2;5-13:1).
2. Ultima Supplicia. Extreme pumishments.
3. San Benito. A robe painted with hideous figures, worn by persons eondemmed by the Inquisition.

58, 1. Pyrenees. A range of mountains whieh separate France and Spain. After the Moorish eonquest of Spain in the eighth century, these mountains marked the boundary between Christian and Mohammedan.

59, 1. Insolent Greece or haughty Rome. Quoted from Ben Jonson.

> Leave thee alone, for the comparison Of all that insolent Grccee, or houghty Rome. To the Memory of Shalespeare, 11. $38-39$.
2. Peter Wilkins. The Life and Adventures of Peter Witkins, an extravagant tale somewhat like Robinson Crusoe, which was published in 1751 by Robert Paltock (1607-1767), an English writer.
3. Rousseau and John Locke. Jacques Roussean (171217:8), a Freneh philosopher and educational reformer. John Locke ( $1632-1704$ ), an English philosopher, who like Rousseau, was also an edlucational reformer. They both taught that the student is to be led to look upon his studies with pleasure rather than as a task.

60, 1. Phædrus. A Roman writer of fables who lived in the early part of the first century $A$. D.
2. Helots. Spartan slaves.
3. Xenophon and Plato. Celebrated Greek historian and philosopher of the fifth eentury B. C. (See note 46, 5, Oxford in the Tacation.)
4. Silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite. A reference to the practice of Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher of the sixth century B. C.. who required his followers to keep silent on all matters enneerning their study with him.
5. Goshen. The part of Egypt in which the Israelites lived before their departure for the IIoly Land. It was free from the plagues that visited the Egyptians.
G. Gideon's miracle. Sice Judges VI, 3i-40.

61, 1. Ululantes. The howling ones.
2. Tartarus. In classical mythology, the infermal regions.
3. Serannel Pipes. Taken from Milton.

Grate on their serannel pipes of wretched straw. Lyjcidres. 1. 124.
4. Flaccus's quibble about Rex. A reference to llorace's

Satires I. VII, 35. Quintus Horatius Flaceus (6i.)-8 B. C.), a great Roman writer, eommonly called Horace.
5. Tristis severitas in vultu, or inspicere in patinas, of Terence. Grim severity in his comntenance or looking upon the dishes. Publins Terentius Afer (185?-159\% B. C.), a eelebrated Roman comic port.

62, 1. Rabidus furor. liaging fury.
63, 1. Country Spectator. A periodical founded by Thomas Middleton (1769-1822), an linglish clergyman.
2. Dr. T-e. Dr. Trollope (Lamb's note.)

64, 1. Cicero De Amicitia. Cicero on Friculship, Marens Tullius Cicero ( $106-43$ B. C.). a celebrated lioman orator, statesnam, philosopher, and writer.
2. Th- Thornton (Lamb's note.)
3. Regni novitas. New power.
4. Jewel or Hooker. 'Tlicological writers and clergyinen of the Church of England in the sixtcenth century:
5. Poor S-. Kcott; died in Bedlam. (Laml's note.)
6. Ill-fated M-. Naunde; dismissed from school. ( Lamb's note.)
7. Finding some of Edward's race, etc. Quoted from Prior's C'armen Sacculare for 1700 , stanza VIIl.

65, 1. Mirandula. l'ico della Miraudola (14(33-1404), an Italian poet and philosopher. The reference here is to Coleridge.
2. Jamblichus or Plotinus. Jamblichus, a Creck philos. opher of the third eentury who made his home at Alexandria. Plotinus. A plifosopher of Greck origin, living in the thired century, who prent much of his life at Rome.
3. Pindar. ( $522-443 \mathrm{~B} . \mathrm{C}$.$) , the greatest of the Greek$ lyrie poets.
4. C. V. Le G-. Charles Valentine Le Grice. (Iamb's note.)
5. Nireus formosus. Nireus, the most beautiful man in the Greck army at the sioge of Troy.

66, 1. F-. Farell; left Camlridge, ashamed of his father, who was a lonse painter there. (Lambis noto.)
2. Salamanea. A province in the western part of Spain where a desperate battle was fought in 1812 between the Encrlish and French.
3. Fr-. Franklin. (Lamb's note.)
4. Marmaduke T-. Marmaduke Thompson. (Lambs's note.)

## TIlE THO RACES OF MEN

66，5．The London Magazine，Deeember， 1820.
6．Parthians，and Medes，and Elamites．See Acts of the Apostles，11，9．

67，1．Lean and suspicious．Adapted from Shakespeare．

> Yond Cassins has a lean and hungry lool. Julius Casur, Aet 1, Se. II, 1. 194.

2．Alcibiades，（ $450-404$ B．C．），an Athenian general and statesman．Falstaff．Sir John Falstaff，a hmmorous character in Shakespeare＇s ling Henry IV（Parts I and ll），and Herry Wires of 11 indsor．Sir Richard Steele（1672－1729），a noted English esmayist，associated with Addison in the publieation of the The spectator and the writing of the Sir Roger de Coverley Pajers．Brinsley．Lichard Brinsley Sheridan （1751－1816），an linglish statesman and dramatist；best known for his comedies，The S＇chool for Scandal and The Rivals．

3．Meum and tuum．What is mine and what is thine．
4．Tooke．A name assumed by John Họne（1736－1812）， an English philosopher and politician．

68，1．His Candlemas，or his Feast of Holy Michael． Candlemas．A festival eelebrated on February 2 in honor of the purification of the Virgin Mary；so ealled beanse of the great mmber of eandles used on the oceasion．Feast of Holy Michael．Feast oi Saint Miehael the Arehangel；echehrated on September 29.

2．Lene tormentum．Pleasing lorture．Quoted from Hor－ aee， 11 I，Ode XXI，1． 13.

3．Propontic．An ancient name for the Sea of Marmora， lying between the Black and Archipelago Seas，southeast of T＇urkey．

4．Of Lazarus and of Dives．See Saint Luke＇s Gospel， सVI，20－31．

5．Ralph Bigod，Esq．Joln Fenwick，editor of the＂A1－ bioll．＂（lamb＇s note．）

69，1．To slacken virtue，etc．See Milton＇s I＇oradise Re－ guined．liook 11，11．455－4．5i．

70，1．Stocked with so fair a herd．Taken from Milton．
He well stocked with as fair a herd as grazed Nhout my mother Ciree．

Comия，11．152－153．
2．Hagar＇s offspring．See Genesis，ズさ1，（1－14．
3. Cana fides. Lusullied faith.

71, 1. Comberbatch. The name under which Coleridge enlisted in a company of dragonns in 1793.
2. Switzer-like tomes. Books of large size. The soldiers of the "Siwiss Guard" were famous for their size, benee the term, "Switzer-like."
3. Guildhall giants. Two great wooden statues, ealled (inef and Magog, which onee stond at the entrance to the Guildhati, the ancient eouncil chamber of Loudon.
4. Opera Bonaventurae. The works of Saint Bonaventura (1221-1274), an Italian philosopher and theolomian.
5. Bellarmine, and Holy Thomas. Cardinal liolerto lBellarmino (1542-1621), an Italian Jesuit theologian. Saint Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274), also an Italian theologian.
6. Ascapart. A giant thirty feet in height. conquered by Beris of Hampton. He is frequently mentioned lyy Elizabethain writers.
72, 1. Brown on Urn-Burial. Hydrotaphia, or Urn-13urial. a work written by Sir Thomas Browne (160.5-1682), an English author. "It. is a deseant on the vanity of human life. based on the diseovery of certain einerary urns in Norfolk."
2. Dodsley's dramas. A series of early English dramas. edited by Rinbert Dodsley (1703-1764), inder the title of Select Collection of Old Plays. Lamb made nee of them whle preparing his specimens of E'nglish Dramatic Pocts contemporary with Shalespearc. (See page 12, Introduction.)
3. Vittoria Corombona, A tragedy ly Jolin Welstor (1580?-1625?). It is frequently known as The White Deril.
4. Priam's refuse sons, when the Fates borrowed Hector. The other sons of lriam. King of Troy, were insimnifient when eompared with Ileetor, and quiekly sank into olseurity when Ilector was slain. See l'ope's Ilomer's Iliwh.
5. Anatomy of Melancholy. A unique piseliologital work. dealing with the ealuse of and cure for melancloty, written ly Rolert Burton (1577-1640).
6. Complete Angler. A fanous treatise on angling written ly Lzaak Walton (1593-1683).
7. John Buncle. A romanee ley Thomas Amory ( $16^{6} 1-$ 1788), which was a farorite with Lamb.

73, 1. C. Coleridge.
2. K. James Kemey, a dramatie writer, besf known for his faree, liuising the Wind. Tle and Laml were clone fricmle.
3. Margaret Newcastle (1624-1673), author of "The Life of Willian Catendish, Earl of Neweastle."

74, 1. Fulke Greville, Lord Brook (15.5-1628), an Eng-li-h anthor of some repute, his works including poetry, drana, and bingraphy. His Life of Sidney is probally his best production.
2. Zimmerman on Solitude. Jolam George Zimmerman (1728-1795), a Swiss physieian and philosopher, who wrote On solitude in 1755.
3. Daniel. Samuel Daniel (I562-1619), an English poct and prose writer, contemporary with Spenser.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

75. 76. The London Magazine, January, 1821.
1. I saw the skirts of the departing Year. Quotel from Coleridge's Ode to the Dcparting Ycar, Stanza I, I. S.

76, 1. Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest. (enoted from. Pope's Homer's Odyssey. Bk. XY, I. S4.
2. Alice W-n. 'Alice Winterton. (Lamb's note.) Her real mame was Ann Simmons. She was the reputed sweetheart of Lamb's routh and afterwards married a Mr. Bartram, a wealthy London parmbroker.

79, I. Like a weaver's shuttle. Paraphrased from the l3ook of Jol, VH, 6. My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope.

80, 1. Lavinian shores. Paraplirased from Virgil.
Laviniaque renit litora.

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\text { Fncid. I, II, } 3 .
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2. "Sweet assurance of a look." Adapted from Royden. A full assurance given ly hookes.

Elegy on sir Plitips siducy, 1. 14.
81. 1. Phoebus' sickly sister. The moon. In classic mythology lhoobus or Apolto was the sun god, and Diania or Cyuthia, his twin sister, the moon goldess. (See classical dictionary.)
2. One denounced in the Canticles. See the Canticle of Canticles or sonny of Solomon, V'111, 8-9.
3. I hold with the Persian. Yoroaster, the fomuler of a religion based on the worship of the sum, was a l'ersian.
4. Friar John. A ranting character in labelais' satirical work Giargantun.
.5. Lie down with kings and emperors in death. Quoted fron Browne's llydrolaphiat, or Cru-Burial. (Soe note i2, 1 The Tro Races of Mer.)
82. 1. Mr. Cotton. Charles Cotton (1630-1687), an Eng.
lish poet and translator. His bent known works are his trans. lation of Montaigne's Lissctys, and lis fomplefe ingler, a contimation of lzakk Walton's famous prodnetion. (See note 7-, 6, The Tito Ruces of Mcn.)
2. Janus. An old llatian deity, the grod of the sme and the year to whom the monh of Jinuary was salered; not to he confused with the two-faced latin god of the same mame. (See classical dietionary.)

84, 1. Helicon. A mountain in Greece mpon one of whose slopes classieal mythology located the Hippocrene and Aganippe fountains saered to the Mluses.
2. Spa. Originally the name given a famous wateringplace in Belgium, but which is now applied to any resort of that mature.

## MRS. BATTLES Ol’NIONS ON WH1ST

84, 3. The London Magazine. Febrnaty, 1821.
86, 1. Pope. Alexander l'ope (l6SS-1ith), it famons Finglish poet of the Augustan Age. Among his greatest works are The Essay on Jan, The Lissay on Criticism, and The liale of the Lock.
2. Rape of the Lock. A moek-heroie proem lnased upon a trivial incident. It is usually rergirded as Pope's greatest work. (Hee note 86, 1, above.)
3. Celebrated game of Ombre. See The liape of the Lock, Canto Jll.
4. Mr. Bowles. Williamr Lisle liowles (1762-18.5n), an English plergyman and poet, known for his somnets and his edition of Pope's works.
5. Spadille. The are of spades at ombre and quadritle.
87. l. Sans Prendre Vole. A term at eards which means "without taking the play that wins all the tricks."
2. Machiaeval. Niceolo Dachiaeval (1469-15) ${ }^{-}$), a noted Italian statoman and historian. Among his historital works is one on Flomenee which is the one lamb refers to.

88, 1. Vandykes. Sir Anthony Van Drke (1.sas-1641), a eelebrated Femish painter, who aremt mmeh of his lifo in london as eoart painter to kimer (harles 1.
2. Paul Potters. Pinul loter ( $16.2 .5-16.54$ ), a moted Dut(c) painter of portraits and amimals.

89, 1. Pam in all his glory. The knave of chube.
2. Ephesian journeyman. See Act: of the Apo-tlen, XIX, 24-41.
3. Sienna marble. A valuable marble found at Siema, Italy, it is of a brownish-yellow color.
4. Old Walter Plumer. Sise note 37, 1, The South-Sen House.
93, 1. Bridget Elia. The name given by Lamb in the essilys to his sister Mary.

## A CHAPTER ON EARS

94, 1. The London Magazine, March, 1821.
95, 1. Defoe. Daniel Defoc ( $1661-1731$ ), a famous novelist and political writer; author of the first English novel, Robinson Crusoc. He was punished on one occasion for publishing a political article by having his ears cropped.
2. Mrs. S-. Mrs. Spinkes. (Lamb's note.)

97 , 1. Sostenuto and adagio. Nusical terms meaning sustained and slow.
2. Baralipton. A term in logie having to do with the syilogism.
3. Jubal. The world's first minsician.

And his brother's name was Jubal; he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.

Gcnesis, IV, 21.
98, 1. Hades. In classical niythology, the maderworld over which Pluto ruled.
2. Party in a parlor, etc. Quoted from a rejected stanza of Wordsworth's l'eter Bell.

99, 1. Disappointing book in Patmos. See the Book of Revelation, X, 10.
2. Amabilis insania and mentis gratissimus error. A pleasing madness and most pleasant distraction.

100, 1. Subrusticus pudor. Awkward bathfulness.
2. Nov-. Vincent Novello, a composer of music with whom Lamb was well acquainted.
101, 1. Haydn and Mozart. Joseph Haydn (1732-1809), a noted Austrian musician and composer. Violfyang Amadeus Mozart (1719-1isi), alio a famous Alistrian musician and composer.
2. Bach. Beethoven. Johann Selbastian Bach (1695-1750), a celebrated Gemman musician and comporer. Ladwig von Beethoven ( $1770-1827$ ), also a moted (German musician and compozer.
3. Malleus hereticorum. Hammer of hereties.
4. Marcion. I noted leretic of the second century. He
founded the Marcionite seet and wrote sereral treatines to disprove the teachings of the Gospel of Luke and the Epistles of Paul. Ebion. lounder of the sect of Ebionites who accepted part of the teachings of the Bible and rejected the remainder. Cerinthus. Founder of a sect of hereties known as Cerinthians in the latter part of the first century. Gog and Magog. Princes of evil who are to assist Satan in his finall struggle against the chmreh. (See the Book of Revelation, XX, \%.)

## ALL FOOL'S DAY

102, 1. The London Jagavine, April, 1821.
2. Stultus sum. I am a fool.
3. Duc ad me. Come to me.
4. Here shall he see, cte. Quoted from Shakespeare's As You Like It.

Act II, Se. V. $11.52-53$.
103, 1. Empedocles $(400-4: 30$ B. C. $)$, a famous Greek philosopher, port, and statesman. Whe is said to have committed suicide loy throwing himsilf into the crater of Etna. Read Matthew Arnold's E'mpeloctes on LEtna.
2. Cleombrotus (?-371 13. C.), a king of Sparta who was slain in battle at lenctra while warring against the Thelans.
3. Sect of the Calenturists. lersoms suffering from a furions delirium cansed by the heat of the tropical sun at sea which often leads to suicide by drowning.
4. Gebir. An Arabian alehemist of the eighth century. It is not clear why Lamb refers to him in connection with the Tower of Babel.
5. Babel. See Genesi:, XI, 1-9.
6. Herodotus ( $484-424$ B. C.) a celebrated (ireck historian, surnamed "The Fiather of Itistory."
7. Sennaar. The conntry in which the Tower of Bahel was built. The mane is usinally writtein Shiner. (siee note 5, above.)

104, 1. Alexander in tears. Alexander the Great 1.3.ti323 B . (.), who is said to lave wept after conduring the known world, hecalse there were more worlds to subduc.
2. Good Master Raymund Lully. A Spanish alclomist of the thirteenth ecutury.
3. Duns. Duns Scotus, a highly edueaterl monk of the thirteenth eentury. He wrote several theotorical treatives.
4. Master Stephen - Cokes - Aguecheek - Master Shal-
low - Slender. Characters (noted for their lack of intelligenee) found in the plays of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare.
5. Honest R-. Ramsay. (Lamb's note.)

105, 1. Good Granville $S$-. Grandville Sharp. (Lamb's note.)
2. King Pandion, he is dead, ete. Quoted from To a Nightingale, by lichard Barnfield (1574-1627).
3. Quisada. Don Quixote, hero of the romance by that name, written by the Spanish writer Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616).
4. Macheath. The ehief eharacter in Gay's Beggar's Opera. He is represented as being a rollicking highwayman.
5. Malvolian smile. Taken from Shakespeare.

No, madam, he (Malvolio) does nothing but smile. T'uelfth Night, Aet IlI, Se. IV, 1. 11.
6. Gay. John Gay (1685-1732), an English dramatist and poet. (See note 4, above).

## A QUAKER'S MEETLNG

107, 1. The London Ilagazinc, April, 18き1.
108, 1. Nor pour wax - self-mistrusting Ulysses. A reference to the incident in Homer's Odyssey in which Ulysses fills the ears of his sathors with wax so that they might not hear the song of the Sirens.
2. "Boreas, and Cesias, and Argestes loud." Quoted from Nilton's Paralise Losi, Bk. X, 1. 699.

109, 1. Carthusian. An order of monks founded by St. Bruno in 10s6. The fows taken were exeeptionally strict.
2. Master Zimmerman. See note 74, 2, The Ťwo Liaces of Men.
3. The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solcmn. Read Trving's Westminster Abbey in The Sketeli Book.

110, 1. Fox. Genrge Fox (1624-1691), the founder of the soriety of Friends. Ile was arrested several times for violating the eonventide laws.
2. Penn before his accusers. William Penn (1644-1718), the well known quaker who fombed Phibadelphia was also arreted muder the Conventicte Aet on several oceasions.

111, 1. Sewcl's History of the Quakers. A II islory of
 17:2)

2 . James Naylor (1018-1060), a Quaker fanatic who be-
lieved himself to be Christ reinearnated. He Was convieted of blasphemy by Parliament and sererely pmished.
3. John Woolman ( $1720-172 \cdot$ ), a (Quaker born in New Jersey. He is known to the literary world through his Journal which Lamb thought a great deal of.

113, 1. Jocos Risus-que. Jokes and langhter.
2. Loves fled the face of Dis at Enna. A reference to the alduction of Proserpina who wat carried a way by Pluto (Dis) as she played with the loves in the Vale of Ennas. (See note 98, I, A C'lutpter on E'urs; also classical dictionary.)
3. Trophonius. An oracle in Beotia, whose answers always made those who eonsulted it melancholy.

114, 1. Whitsun-conferences. learly gatherings of the Quakers. Whitsun (meaning White Sunday) is the sermith Sunday after Easter; the day of Pentecost.
2. Troops of the Shining Ones, Shining Ones is a term used by Bunyan in his lilgrim's J'rogress, l'art I.

## THE OLD IND THE NEW SCHOOLMLSTER

114, 3. The London Mugazine, May, 1821.
4. Ortelius. Abroham Ortelius ( $15 こ ゙-15!8$ ), a Flemish geographer. He publi-hed an atlas and encouraged Canden to produce his Britamia.
5. Arrowsmith. Aaron Arowsmith (17.50-1823), a celebrated English geographer and chartographer.
6. Van Diemen's Land. A name formerly applied to Tasmania, an island south of Anstralia.
7. Terræ Incognitæ. L'nknown land.
8. The Bear, or Charles's Wain. The Bear is one of two eonstellations in the northern hemisphere, called the Greater and Lesser Bear. Charles's Wian is the chaster of stars known as the Dipper.

115, l. Venus. The second planet from the sum.
2. My friend M. Thomas Naming. (Lamb's note.)
3. Euclid. A famous (ireck geometer of the fourth eemtury 13. C. His ehief work is the lilements, much in we in schools at the present time.
4. Small Latin and less Greek. From Ben Jonson.

And thourg thou hadst small latin and less direok. Limes to the Mrmory of Nhaliesperme, 1. 31.
117, 1. Sirens. Sea nymphe who ly m-ir allume ators to destruction. (See note 10s, 1, I (Qakms" Meetines.)
2. Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women. When the Grecks were drawing up their forees to sail for Troy, Thetis, the mother of Achilles, sought to save her son who was fated to perish if he went on the expedition lyy hiding him among the women at the court of King Lycomedes. There lie was discovered by Ulysses.

119, 1. Lilys and the Linacres. William Lily (146S1522), a noted English grammarian. Thomas Linacre (14601524), a celebrated English physician and classical scholar. He published many works on grammar.
2. Arcadia. See note 37,6 , The South-Sea House.
3. Basileus - Pamela - Philoclea - Mopsa - Damoctas. Characters in the pastoral poem Arcadia written by Sir Philip Sidney.
4. Preface to Colet's. Johin Colet ( $1466-1519$ ), a celebrated English theologian and classical scholar.

120, 1. Solon, or Lycurgus. Solon (638-559 B. C.), a noted Athenian lawgiver. Lycurgus ( $306-323$ B. C.), a celebrated Greek orator and statesman.

121, 1. Cum multis aliis. With many others.
2. Tractate on Education addressed to Mr. Hartlib. A treatise entitled of Education, ly Joln Milton (1608-1674).
3. Mollia tempora fandi. Parapluased from Virgil's Ancid, 13k. 1V, l. 293.

## VALENTLNES DAY

126, 1. This evaly first appeared in Leioh Hunt's Exemminer in 181!, and wat republished in his Indieator in 1821.
2. Bishop Valentine. Saint Vialentine was a Christian who was pint $t 0$ death at Rome. Febmary 14, 270. There has long been a popular superstition that on that day of the year birts bexin to mate. Hence, perlaps arose the custom of olserving it by sending missives containing professions of love and aflection.
3. Hymen. In elasical mythology, the god of marriage.

127, 1. Jcrome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril. Jerome (340420), a father of the Latin Chureh. He was the first publisher of the Vulgate, the Latin version of the Bihle. Ambrose ( $340-397$ ): another father of the Latin Chureh. Cyril (820)869), a missionary among the slass, surmamed the "Apostle of the Slars."
2. Austin. Saint Augustine (35t-440), the most noted father of the Latin Churd. Ite is the anthor of several religions treatises, the erreatest of which is his Confessiones.
3. Origen ( $185-253$ ), one of the Greek fathers of the church. He was a writer of religions works.
4. Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Parker, nor Whitgift. Bishops of the Churel of England in the sixteenth and serenteenth centuries.
5. Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. (binted from Milton's P'aradise Lost, Bk. I, I. it6s.
6. Singing Cupids. Culid, god of love.

128, I. Announced the fatal entrance of Duncan. A reference to Shakespeare.

The raven himself is harse
That eroaks the fatal entrance of Duncan Under my battlements.

Bucbeth, Aet I, Sc. V, II. 38-40.
129, 1. E. B-. Edward Burney. (Tamb's note.)
130, 1. Ovid (43 B. C.-18 A. D.). Hhe greatest Roman poet of the Augustan age: best known for his Metamorphoses. l'usti, Ars Amatoria. Heroides, and Amores.
2. Pyramus and Thisbe. Lovers in Shakespeare's A l/ictSummer Xight's Dream. Reall tet V .
3. Dido. The quenn of Carthage whe eommitted suicide because her love for , Eneas was not requited.
4. Hero and Leander. Lovers in classieal mythology. Leander was drowned while swimming the Hellespont to rivit Hero and when she learned of it she thew herself into the sea. (See classieal dictimary.)
5. Cayster. A river in Ionia where aceordine to leyend, swans were acenstomed to gather in laree mumbers.
(i. Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia. I referenee to Shakespeare's Ilamlet.

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime.
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine.
IIamlet (Ophelin's Song), Act iv, Se. V:

## MIPERFECT SYMPATITIES

131, 1. The Lomdon Magnzine, Augnst, $18 \div 1$.
2. Religio Medici (A Physician's Religion), a religions treatise by Sir Thomas Browne. (See note 72, 1, The Tiro Races of 1 Ien.)

133, 1. Anti-Caledonian. Caledonia, the Roman name for Scotland; now used only in poetry.

134, 1. Minerva. The Roman goddess of wisdom. She sprang from the head of Jupiter fully equipped for battle.

135, 1. John Buncle. See note 72, 7, The Two Races of Men.
$\because$ Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), a celebrated Italian painter.
136. 1. Burns. Robert Burns (1759-1796), the greatest of the Seoteh lyrie poets and song writers.

2 . Swift. Jonathan Swift (11667-1745), a noted English satirist. He is the author of Gulliver's Trarcls.

137, 1. Thomson. James Thomson (1700-1748), a Scoteh poet; best known for his The Seasons.
2. Smollett. Tohias George Smollett (1721-1771), a Seoteh novelist; author of Roderich Random and Humphrcy Clinker.
3. Rory and his companion. Characters in Rodericli Random. (See note 2, above.)
4. Hume's History. David Hume (1711-1776), a. Scoteh historian and philosopher.
5. Stonehenge. The ruin of a prehistorie Celtic monument in the midst of Salisbury Plain. Wiltshire. England.
f. Hugh of Lincoln. A Christian youth, who, aleeording to legend, was tortured and murdered by the Jews of Lincoln, Fngland in 125.5. The myth has been treated of in several old hallads in Perer's Reliques and in the Prioress's Talc in Chaneer's Canterbury Tales.

138, 1. B-. Braham (Lamb's note.)
2. Kemble. John Philip Kemble (1757-1823), a famous Fugli-h ador. He was the brother of the eelebrated aetress Mrs. Siddons.

139, 1. Jael. The wife of Helore the Kenite, who slew Sivera, a Camanite eaptain. See. Indges, IV, 18-29.
2. Fuller. Thomas Filler (160S-1661), an English anthor; best known for his The Worthies of E:ngland.
3. Desdemona. I eliaracter in Shakespeare's othello. She is the wife of the Moor.
4. To live with them. A paraphrase from Shakespeare.

> That I did love the Monr to live with him. Othrello. Ast I, Se. IlI, l. 249.

140, 1. Evelyn. Tohn Ewelyn (1fon-1700), an English writer, lle is best known for his 31 cmosirs .

143, 1. India House. The Vat Linlia Honse, where Lamb worked most of his life. (Nice page ?, Introduction.)

## HITCHES, AND OTHER NI(HITFEARS

143, 2. The London Magazine, October, 18:2.
144, 1. Prospero. A magician in Shakespeare's The Tempest. Read Aet 1, Se. 11 .
145. 1., What stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces. In the Forie Queen, by Edmund spenser ( $1.502-1598$ ), a eelebrated Englihh poet, Sir Guyon, the knight of Temperanee, is made to pans throngh some very thrilling experiences in the cave of Mammon and during the siege of the llouse of Temperance. (See Bk. HI, Cantos VII and X1.)
2. Stackhouse. Thomas Stackhouse (1756-1836), an English antiquary and theologian.
3. Witch raising up Samuel. A reference to King Sull's risit to the Witel of Endor. (See 1 Samuel XNVII, 11-20.!

146, 1. Saint George. The patron saint of England. He is known as the Red-('ross Kinight in the firrie Quene, where he is represented as the victor over the monster, limror. (sieo IBk. I, Canto I.)

148, 1. Headless bear, black man, or ape. (inoted from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, pare 111 . (See note $i=2,5$, The Tho Ruces of 1 Men .)
2. T. H. Thomton Ilmut. (lamb's mote.) He was the eldest son of Leigh Hunt, the proct.
149, 1. Gorgons and Hydras and Chimaeras. The (Corgons were three simer-monsters of clasical metholary that petrified every one they looked at. lnteat of hair their hrads were covered with serpents. The Hydra was a monster serpent, which had a Lumdred heads. The Chimaera wats a monster with the head and breant of a lion, the berly of a groat, and the tail of a serpent. (See classical dietionary.)
2. Celæno and the Harpies. Celamo, one of the Harpies. which in elassieal mythology are repremed as becing myy ereatures with the hemels of maderns and the hodicu of bisits.

150, 1. Like one that on a lonesome road, atc. Quoted from 'oterilge's Rime of the Inciont Marimer. 11. 44ti-4.51.

151, 1. Helvellyn. (hne of the highe-t momitain peak - in the Cimblerland distried in Emgland.
2. Where Alph, the sacred river. runs. (onoted from cooleridgess liubla lihen, I. 3. liead tla pmem.
3. Barry Cornwall (1790-1574), it writer of sen songs. His real name was Jryan Wialler Procter.
4. Neptune. In dassical mythology the god of the seat.
5. Ino Lucotliea. The wife of Athimas, King of Thehers. Beeatse of mhappinesis she drowned herself and was changed by Neptune into a sea-goddess.

## MY IEELATIONS

152, 1. The London Marfazinc, Jme, 1821.
2. Browne's Christian Morals. See note 131, 2, Imperfect Sympathies.

153, 1. Thomas à Kempis (1380-1471), a German theologiant the author of He Imitatione Cluristi.

154, 1. James and Bridget Elia. The names that Lamb gives his brother and sister in his essiays. (See page 9, lntroduction: also note 9.3, 1, Mms. Buttle's Opinions on Whist.)

155, 1. Yorick. The pen mame of Laturnce Sterne (17131768), an English writer, in his Sentimental Jowrocy through France and Italy. The name is also given to a chamater in Tristram shandy. hy the same anthor.
2. Shandian lights and shades. A reference to the work, Tristrum shendy mentioned in note 1 , above.
3. Dominichino. A painting by the noted Itallian artist Domenien Zampieri ( $1581-1(i+1)$, who is best known for his Communion of St. Jerome, Ditane and her Niymphs, and The Martyidom of St. Agmes.

156, 1. Charles of Sweden. Charles XII (1682-1718), the famons wartior-king of sweden.
2. Cham of Tartary. The sovereign prinee of the Mongrolian montries. He is commonly represented as a despot.

158, 1. A Claude - or a Hobbima. Landscapes by Clate Lorman (1600-1689)), a celehated Freneh artist; or Hobhima ( 1 (i:38-170.9), a noted Duteh ari-t.
2. Christie's, and Phillips's. Art auction rooms in Iondon.
3. Westward Ho. A ery used by the hatmen of fommer times on the Thames. It is also the title of one of Charles Kingsley゚s novel.

159, i. "Cynthia of the minute." Quoted from lope's Moral lisweys. Jip. 11. 1. 20. Centhia is the gothess of the moon. (See clamieal dietionary.)
2. Madonna. The Virgin Mary is a favorite smbject with
the world's greatest artists, ineluding such men as Raphacl, Maratti, Titian, Botticelli, Mnrillo, Van Dyck, and Corregerio.
3. Raphael. Raphael Sanzio (1483-15:0), the celebrated Italian painter; best known for his The Marriage of the Virgin, The Transfogurution, St. Gicorge, and The Sistin: Madonna.
4. Carracci, Agostino, Amibale, and Lodovico Carrateci, were sixteenth eentury lalian painters of the bolognese seliool.
5. Lucca Giordano (1632-170.5), an Italian arti-t who lived in Naples.
6. Carlo Maratti (1625-1713), an Italian painter loest known for his Madonnas.
7. Set forth in pomp, ete. Quoted from Shakespeare's Richard II. Aet V, Se. I, II. TS-80.

160, 1. Thomas Clarkson ( $1760-1846$ ), an Engrish abolitionist who was assoeiated with William Wibberforee in the stamping out of the slave trade.
2. "True yoke-fellow with Time." Quoted from Wirrls. worth.

> O true yoke-fcllou of Time,
> Duty's intrepid liegeman.
> Sonnct to Thomas Clarkison, l/. $s$ - $!$.

161, 1. Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire. Taken from one of Lamb's sonnet.

## MACKERY END, LN IHERTFORDSHIRE

162, 1. The London Magazine, July. 1821.
2. The rash king's offspring. The daughter of Jeplithalı. (See Judges, XII, 30-40.)
3. Old Burton. See note $i=$, 5 , The Tun Races if $M / n$.

163, 1. Religio Medici. See note 131, 2, Imperfict N'ym. pathies.
2. Margaret Newcastle. See mote 7.3, 3, The TH゚O lineers of Mch .

166, 1. But thon, that didst appear so fair. From liordsworth's larrowe lisited.

168, 1. B. F. Barrow lijeld. (Lamb's note.)

## MODERIN GALTANTRY

169, 1. The Loudon Magazine, November, 1823.
2. Dorimant. A claracter in the Man of Mord, or sir

Foppling Filutter, a comedy by Sir George Etherege (163J1691).

172, 1. Preux Chevalier. A kuightly defender.
2. Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan. Sir Calidore, a eharaeter in Spenser's liarie Queen, Bk. VI, the personifieation of Courtesy. Sir Tristan. A kuight of King Arthur's Round Table.

## THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TEMPLE

175, I. The London Magazine, September, 1821. The Temple has bren deseribed by Barry Cornwall as follows: "On the south side of Fleet Street, near to where it joins Temple Bar, lies the Inner Temple. - About seven hundred years ago it was the abiding place of the Knights Templars, who ereeted there a ehureh, whiel still uplifts its round tower for the wonder of modern times." On the same site now stand the two Inns of Court - the Inner and Middle Temples - belonging to a legal society.

The eharaeters dealt with in the essay are, with one or two possible exeeptions, taken from real life.
2. There when they came, ete. Quoted from Spenser's Prothalamium, Stanza VIII.

176, 1. Twickenham Naiades. Twiekenham, the home of Pope, was higher up the river above "the trade-polluted waters" of the town, hence offering a more suitable dwelling plaee for the river-nymphs.
2. Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand, ete. Shakespeare's Sonmets, 104.

177, 1. "Carved it out quaintly in the sun." Adapted from Shakespeare.

> To sit upon a hill, as I do now, To earve out dials quaintly, point by point. King IIenry VI, Act II, Se. V, ll. $23-24$.
2. Marvell. Andrew Marvell (1621-1678), an English lyrie poct. IIe was associated with Milton as seeretary to (romwell.

178, 1. What wondrous Iife is this I lead, cte. From Marvell's The Garden. This poem may be found in the Golden Treasury of English Lyyrics.

180, l. J-ll. Jokyll, Master in Claneery. (Lamb's note.)
181, I. Samuel Salt. Sce page 9, Introduction.
2. Lovel. John Lamb, the author's father, who died in 1707. Note Lamb's eharacterization of lim.

182, 1. Miss Blandy. A woman who was hanged in 1752 for poisoning her fither at the instigation of her lover.
2. P-. Pierson. (Lamb's note.)

183, 1. Hic currus et arma fuêre. Jlere she kept her chariot of war and her arms.
2. Mad Elwes breed. Joln Elwes (1714-1759), a noted English miser.

185, 1. Gay as Garrick's. David Carrick (1717-1779), the greatest actor of the eighteenth eentury. He was also a successful theater manager.
2. Swift and Prior. Swift. See note 136, 2, Imperfect Sympothies. Matthew Prior ( $1664-1 ; 21$ ), an English poet.
3. Mr. Isaac Walton. See note 72 , $\mathbf{6}$, The Tiwo Races of Men.
4. Bayes. The leating eharacter in Buckingham's Rehearsal, a satire on the tragedies of Dryden and his contemporaries.
188. 1. Friar Bacon. linger Bacon (1214-1204), an Enclish philosopher and seientist. He is represented as a magician in Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, a comedy by Fobert Grecte ( $1560-1502)$.
2. Michael Angelo's Moses. A statue in the clurelı of San lietro in Vineoli, Rome, made by Alichael Ancelo (1.47515(64), a celebrated Italian senptor, painter, poet, and architeet.

189, 1. R. N. Randal Norris. (Lamb's note.)
190, 1. Urban's obituary. Urhan, the pen name of the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.
2. Hookers and Seldens. Kichard 1looker (1553-1600). a Master of the Temple, and anthor of The Lates of Lechesiastical Polity. John Sclden (1:54-16.54), an English anticplaty and jurist who lived in the Jmer Temple.

## GRACE BERORE MEAT

191, 1. The London Magazine, November, 1821.
192, 1. Fairy Qucen. The wreat allegorical poem ly Spenser. (Siee note 145. 1, Witches, and Other . Vight Fecers.) Note Lamlis spelling.
2. Utopian Rabelæsian. Utopian, derived from C゙topia, an imarinary ishand, the sat of an iteal eommonwealth; and Rabelæsian from liabelais (1+9.-15.53), a moted firench hur morist whone works are noted for their liecons and satire. 193, 1. A rarus hospes. An infreplent que-t.

194, 1. Jeshurun waxed fat. See Deuicronomy, IXXll, 15.
2. Celæno. Sec note 149, 2, W'ilehes, and Olher NightFears.

195, 1. A table richly spread in regal mode, cte. Quoted from Milton's Paradise liegained, Bk. II, 1l. 340-347.

196, 1. Heliogabalus (204-222), a Roman emperor famous for debauchery.
2. As appetite is wont to dream, etc. Quoted from Purudise licyained, Bk. 1I, 11. 264-27s.

198, 1. C-. Coleridge. (Lamb's note.)
2. The author of the Rambler. Dr. Sammel Johnson. (See note 37,4 , The South Sca-llouse.) The Rambler was a periodical modeled after the spectator.
3. Dagon. A god of the Philistines which was half man and half fish. (See Judges, XVI, 23; also I Samucl, V, 1-7.)

199, 1. Chartreuse. The princinal Carthusian monastery; situated near Grenoble, France. (See note 109, 1, \& Quakers' Mecting.)

200, 1. Lucian. A Greek writer of the second century whose satires on the religions beliefs of his day led to his being given the smrname the " Blasphemer."
2. C. V. L. Charles Valentine le Grice. (Lamb's note.)

201, 1. Non tunc illis erat locus. There was no place for them at that time.
2. Horresco referens. At the recital, I shudder.

## MY FIRST PTAY

201, 3. The London Maguãine, December, 1821.
4. Garrick's Drury. The Drury Lane Theatre was opened shortly after the liestoration. It burned down and was rebuilt in 16i74. Garrick beame manager of it in 1747. (See note 185, 1, The Old Benchers of the Iuner. Temple.)

202, 1. My godfather F. Fiell. (Lamb's notc.)
2. Sheridan. Thomas Sheridan (17:1-1788), an Trish anthor and actor. He followed Garrick as manager of the Driry Lane Theater.
203. 1. Ciceronian. After the mamer of Cicoro (106-4:3 B. (.). a celebrated Roman orator, philomphier, and statesman.
2. Seneca or Varro. Lacins Ammens Seneca (4 13. (.6.5 A. D.). a moted Roman philosopher belonging to the society of stoies. Jharens Terentius Varro (116-27 B. C.), a celebrated Roman author and seholar.
3. St. Andrew's. A miversity. including a school of theology, at St. Andrews, a eity in sonth-enstern Seotland.

204, 1. Troilus and Cressida. A tragic comedy by Shakespeare. The story of these lovers has been a favorite theme with anthors. (See Chaucer, Dekker and Chettle and Dryden.)
2. Diomede. A character in Troilus and Cressida whom Shakespeare designates as a Greeian prinee.
3. Auroras. Aurora, the goddess of the dawn. (fice classical dietionary.)

205, 1. Artaxerxes. An opera by Thomas Arue (17101778).
2. Darius. The Median king who eaptured Babylon and slew Belshazzar. It was he who east Daniel into the lion's den. (See Danicl, V, 30-31; V'I, 16-24.)
3. Persepolis. One of the eapitals of the ancient Persian Empire. It was made a capital by Darius I and was destroyed by Alexander the Great.
4. Legend of St. Denys. St. Denys is the patron saint of Franee. He was beheaded and legend has it that he arose after his eveention, earrying his head with him.
5. Lun's Ghost - a satiric touch upon Rich. John Ricll (1681-1761), who introduced pantomime upon the English stage.

206, 1. Lud. The mythotogical founder of Tondon.
2. Motley. Jester or fool; sil ealled beeause of the dress of many enlors worn by such characters.
3. Way of the World. A eomedy ly William Congreve (1670-1720), a noted Finglish dramatist.

207, 1. Mrs. Siddons in Isabella. Mrs. Sildons. (17..51831), a noted English tragic actress. Isabella, a tradedy (first ealled the Fatal $1 /$ arriage) by Thomas Southerne (lfitit1746).

## DREAM-CHILDIREN: A REVERIE

208, 1. The Lombon Jagazime, Jammary. 18:3. This esing was written a short while after the death of the anthor"s brother and reflects, in its patherie seriommens. the grief resulting from that event. (For a eharacturization of the brother see M ! Relations.)
2. Great grandmother Field - house in Norfolk. See note 37, 1, The Soulh.ser House.
3. The ballad of the Children in the Wond. The billind may be found in Perey's licligurs and Child's linglish and

Scottish Popular Balluds. The story was dramatized by Thomas Morton (1764-1838).

210, 1. Twelve Cæsars. The first twelve emperors of Rome were all entitled Casar in compliment to Julius Ciesar. After the death of Domitian, in 96 A. D., the title was dropperl.

213,1 . I courted the fair Alice $W-n$. See note 76,2 , New Yeur's Exe.
2. Lethe. One of the rivers of the infemal regions, of which the sonls of the departed are obliged to drink to produce oblivion or forgetfulness of what they did or knew on the earth. (See elassieal dietionary.)

## DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS

214, 1. The London Magazine, Mareh, 1822.
2. B. F. Barrow Field. (Lamb's note.)
3. Mrs. Rowe (167t-1737), an English poet; best known for her Poems on several occasions by Philomela.
4. Alcander to Strephon. Alcander, a young Spartan who was an intimate friend of the orator lyeurgus. Strephon. A character in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia. (See note 37, 6, The South-Sea House.

215, 1. Munden. Joseph Shepherd Munden (1758-1832), an English actor. (See essay On the Acting of Munden.)

218, 1. Lord C. Lord Camelford. (Lamb's note.)
219, 1. Saint Gothard. Saint Godeharlus, hishop of IIildesheim, Germany, in the eleventh century.
2. Melior lutus. Finer elay.
3. Sol pater. Sim father.

220, 1. Peter Wilkin's island. See note 59, 2, Christ's Ilospilal Five and Thirty Jears I Igo.
2. Diogenes (412-323), a celebrated Creck philosopher. Aecording to legend. he once went about the streets of Corinth with a lantern in the day time, and when asked why he did so, replied that he was searehing for an honest man.
3. Sydneyites. Sydner, a sea-port in New South Wales, Australia, was settled in 1788 as a eonvict eolony; hence the term "Sydnevites."

221, 1. Delphic voyages. Toyages to Delphi, Grecce, the seat of the oracle of the Pythian Apollo. (See classical dietionary.)

222, 1. Ay me! while thee the seas, ete. Quoted from Milton's Comus, 11. 1:it-1\%.).
2. Miss W-r. Miss Winter. (Lamb's note.)
3. J. W. James White. (lamb's mote.)

## THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY SHEFPERS

222, 4. The London Magazine, May, 1822. Lamb gave this essily the sub-title, 1 May-Day E/fusion.

223, 1. Fauces Averni. The jaws of Avernus, the entrance to the infemal regons. (Sce clawical dictionary.)
2. Stage direction in Macbeth. Sce Jucbeth, Act 15 : is. I.

224,1 . The only Salopian house. Saloop, an infusion of sassafras-chips or similar aromatic herbs, flavered with sugar and milk, formerly much unad as a beverage.

227, 1. Hogarth. William 1logarth ( $1697-17(64)$, a noted English painter and engraver. (See e-say On the lienius and (haracter of Hoyarth.)

228, 1. A sable cloud, ete. From Milton's Comus, 11. 2.2122.2.
2. Noble Rachels mourning for their children. See J/rcminh, NXXI, 1.5; alio IMthero, II, 17-18.
3. Young Montagu. it is said that a member of the noterl Montarg family once ran away when a youth and became a chimney-sweep.
4. Arundel Castle. A mansion on the Strand in London.

229, 1. Venus lulled Ascanius. Venus, the godde'ss of love and heauty, Iulled hecanius, a son of leneas, asleep and sent Cupid to anoume his place. (See Virgil's Alncid, Bk. 1, 11. $643-3$ - 2.2.$)$

230, 1. Fair of St. Bartholomew. A fair formerly held in London on St. Bartholomew's day (Auchat $2+$ ). It began in 1133 and lanted until 185.5. At first it was a great cloth market, but gradually changed from a place of business to one of pleasure.
231, 1. Rochester in his maddest days. Jolm Wilmot, Earl of Fochester (1fiti-l (is0), an English poet and courtier at the court of Charles 11. He was noted for his eacapades.

232, 1. "Cloth." Clergy.
2. Golden lads and lasses must, ctc. Quoted from Shakespuares c'ymbeline, Act 1 V , Sc. 11, 11. 20:3-2 6.4 .
3. James White is extinct. Jime, White, a elone frieml of Lamb and an author of some repute, died in leen.

## A COMPLANT ON THE DECAY OF BEGGALS IN TIIE: METROPOLIS

233, 1. The London Magazine, June, 1822.
2. Alcides's club. Alcides, a name occa-ionally ppliem (1) Ilerenles, the most celebrated of all mythological hervere.

234, 1. Dionysius (395-3+3? B. C.), surnamed "the Younger." He wats tyrant of syracuse from which position he was twice expelled.
2. Vandyke. See note 88,1, Mrs. Ballle's Opinions on Whist.
3. Belisarius $(505-565)$, the greatest gencral of the Byzantine Limpire. A legrand, which lats no foumlation in fact, hats it that in old age he became blind and had to beg for a living.
4. The Blind Beggar. The lerend may be found in P'erey's Relirques of Ancienl liomance l'octry.

235,1 . Lear, thrown from his palace. Sce Shakespeare's King Lear.
2. Cresseid. A character in literature famous for her faithlessuess.
3. Lucian wits. Lncian, a Greek writer of the second erentury; best known for his "Dialorrues of the Ciods" and "Dialogues of the Doall." He may beregarded as the forerunmer of Swift. (See note 200, 1, Grace Before Meat.)
4. Semiramis. The issyrian queen who founded Babylon; noted for her wistom and hratuty.
5. King Cophetua. A lergendary African king who narried Penelophon, a begrgar maid. A ballarl deseribing his wooing and marriage may be found in Perey's lirlirpues of Ancient Liomance l'oetry.

237, 1. Blind Tobits. The Book of Tobit is a romance, one of the apoeryphal books of the Old Testament. In Chap. XI, 10, oceur these words: "And his father that was blind, rising up. began to run stumbling with his feet; and giving a servant his hand, went to mert his son."

238, 1. Vincent Bourne ( $1695-174 \overline{5})$, an English writer of Latin verse.

240, 1. Antæus. In clacical mytholony, a wrestler, who so tone as he remained in contact with the earth was invincible. He was slain by Ilereules.
2. Elgin marble. The Flgin marlbes are a eollection of the statues marle by Phidias (500? -430 ? B. C.), a noted Greck monlptor, which were brought to England by Lord Elgin.

241, 1. Hercules. Sie note 2333, 2, ahove.
2. Man - part of a Centaur. The Contanrs were a mythwhigleal race reprecented as in form half men and half lorsos. The mot famons lesend connceted with them is the one telling of their battle with the Lapithes, which followed
an insult offered by one of their number and in whiel they were defeated. (S'e classieal dictionary.)
3. Os sublime. Upward-looking fice.
4. Lusus (not Naturæ, indeed, but) Accidentium. Freak (not of Nature, indeed, but) of Aecident.

242, 1. A Yorick. A jester. (Sce Shakespeare's Humlet, Aet IT, Se. I; also note 155, I, My Relations.)

243, 1. Blind Bartimeus. Sce Mark, X. 46.

## A DISSERTATION UPON LOAST PIG

244, 1. The I.ondon Magazine. September, 1822.
2. Chinese manuscript. There is, of course, no such manuseript.
3. M. Thomas Manning, who at one time traveled in China. He and Ismble were close friends.
4. Great Confucius. The celehrated Chincere philosopher and teacher (550-478 B. C.).

249, 1. Our Locke. See note 33, I, The South-Sicu House.
2. Mundus edibilis. Edible world.
3. Princeps absoniorum. Prince of viands.

250,1 . Amor immunditiæ. Love of the inpure.
251, 1. Ere sin could blight, etc. Quoted from Coleridges Epitaph on an Infant, 11. 1-2.

254, 1. St. Omer's. A Catholie school for English students at St. Omer, France. Lamb nerer attended it.
2. Per flagellationem extremam. With the severest punishment.

## A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT OF TIIE BEILAVIOR OF M.IRRIED I'EOPLE

255, 1. The London Matuainc, September, 182.2.
258, 1. Phœnixes. Phornix or phenix, a bird fabled to exist single, and to rise again from its own ashes. (See classical dietionary.)

259, 1. Love me, love my dog. Sen essay X11, Popular Fallacies.

## ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS

265, 1. This eseay was one of theree articles published under the title of The Old Actors in the Lomdon Jetguzine in 18:2 and l8:2?. When the first series of the I'ssays of I:Tia Was collected and isubed in hook form. these attioles were revised and printed under separate titles: On s.ome of the Ild Actors,

On the Arlificial Comedy of the Last Century, and On the Acting of Munden.
2. Twelfth Night. To appreciate Lamb's eriticism the reader must be familiar with Shakespeare's T'uelfth Night.
3. Mr. Barrymore. Spranger Barry (1719-1777), an Irish actor, who was especially effective in tragedy.

266, 1. Mrs. Jordan. Dorothy Bland (1762-1816), an Irish aetress. Comedy was her forte.
2. Nells and Hoydens. Nell, a meek charaeter in The Devil to Pay, by C. Coffey. Hoyden, a lively eharacter in The Relapse, by John Vanbrugh.
3. Write loyal cantos of contemned love, ete. From Ticelfth Night, Aet I, Sc. V, 11. 291-292.

267, 1. Bensley. Robert Bensley (1738-1817), an English actor.

268, 1. Hotspur's famous rant about glory. See Shakespeare's I IIcury IV, Act 1, Se. III, beginning with 1. 201.
2. Venetian incendiary. A reference to the tragedy Vemee rreserced by Thomas Otway (1652-1685), an English playwright.

269, 1. Jolin Kemble. Sce note 138, 2, Imperfcet Sympallics.

271, 1. Castilian. Pertaining to the province of Castile, Spain, whose inhabitants were at one time very eonspicuous in the eyes of the world.

272, i. The hero of La Mancha. Don Quixote. (Sec note 105, 3, All F'ool's Day.)
2. Hyperion. In classical mytlology, the original sungod. He was overthrown by fipollo.

273, 1. Dodd. James William Dodd (1740-1796), an English actor who played the part of Aguecheck (Twelfth Night) with great sucecss.
2. In puris naturalibus. In a pure and natıral state.

274, 1. Bacon. Francis Bacon (1561-1626), a eelebrated Fnglish philosopher, statesman, and writer. He is best known as an anthor for his Essays and The Advancement of Learniny.

275, 1. Foppington. A vain character in Vanbrugh's The Relupse. Tattle. A bragging hut cowardly character in Congreves Love for Lore. Backbite. A conceited charaeter in Sheridan's A School for Scondal. Acres. Bob Acres, a ridicnlous chatacter in Sheridan's The Rimals. Fribble. A shallow, worthless character in Garriek's Miss in her Terns.

276,1 . "Put on the weeds of Dominic." The dress of the order of monks founded by St. Dominic. The phrase is
adapted from Milton. (See P'urudise Lost, Bk. 111, 1. 473.)
2. Like Sir John. Sir John Falstaff.

For my voice, 1 have lost it with
Halloing and singing of anthems.
Shakespeare's II II cnry IV, det I, Se. II, 11. 213-214.
277, 1. Robin Good-Fellow. A playful, misehievous elf in folk lore. Cominonly known as Puek.
2. Puck. Sce note 20, above.

278 , 1. Force of nature could no further go. Froum Dryden.

The foree of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joinet the former two. Under the Portruit of Joln Millon, 11. 5-6.
2. Thorough brake, thorough briar. Adapted from Shakespeare.

Thorough busll, thorongh brier
Over park, orer pale
Thorough flood, thorough fire
I do wander ever?where.
A Midsummer Night's Drecim, Act II, Sc. I, Il. 3-6.
3. Jack Bannister (160-1836), a celebrated linglisil comedian.

279, 1. Children in the Wood. A comedy by Thomas Morton (176t-1838).
2. Vesta's days. Vesta, godlens of the hearth.
3. Elder Palmer. Joln lalmer ( $1747-1798$ ), an English aetor.

280, 1. Bobby in the Duke's Servant. A character in High Life Below Stairs by Townley, an English dramatint.
2. Captain Absolute. I charater in Sheridan's The hitals.
3. Dick Amulet. A character in Vanbrugh's comedy, The Confedrracy.
4. Wilding. Jack Willing, a character noted for his mauy falsehoods in The Liar: a farce by Samuel Fonte (17:2017i7). It is an adaptation of Corncille's Le Menteur.
5. Joseph Surface. A character in Sheridan's Schoos for Scamedal.
281, 1. Sir Sampson. Thou last been many a weary league, cle. Qnoted from Congreves love for lore.
282, 1. Wapping sailor. Wiappine, a part of London on the north bank of the Thames below the Tower.

ON THE IRTHFICAIL COMEIOY OF THE LAST CENTURE

3．Farquhar．（icorge Farpular（ $1678-1707$ ），int burlish dramatist，athtor of The Bemens Statatem，The T＇win livere， cte．

284，1．Ulysses to deseend twice to the shades．In the clevemb book of the odyssey，Vlyssis matates his reperionces with the shates of the lower worlt．
2．Alsatia．A mame ：ppliod fo a pitt of Lomblon once moted for its lawlessums．

285, i．Wyeherley＇s comedies．Willian Wyabriley（16i0－ 171．），an binglish dramatish，anthor of the I＇lain lealer， The Gommery Wife，Lome in＂Womel，de．
$\therefore$ Catos of the pit．The mities．Mareus loreins（＇ato （23：1－14）13．（．），a Roman statesman，frimmat，and writor．

3．Swedenborgian．Vimanuel Swedenborĭ（ $1688-1672$ ），a relebrated Siwedish philosomher．

4．The Fainalls－Mirabels－Dorimants－Lady Touch－ woods．（hatracters fomme in the dramas of Congrowe and 1：1才cmer

287，1．Sir Simon，－Dapperwit－Miss Martha－Lord Froth－Sir Paul Pliant．（haractars foume in the dranats of Compreve and Wivelemey．

288，1．Don Quixote．Fiere motr 105，3， 111 fionls＇Day．
2．Atlantis．A mylhical islamd morlh－west of Africa，res． fermed to hy Mato and other anciont writers．

3．School for Seandal．Siere motw（i7，2，The Tron liaces of l／rn．

290，1．Teazle King．A reference to the rharacter，sir 1＇eter＇lomale，in Sheridan＇s sedoenf for semblal．

292，1．Saturnalia．liestivala lald in lomor of Sitturn atont the midalle of Derember；principally famons for the： riotens disorder which attented them．

## ON＇THE ムCJING：OF゙ MUNHEN


 lambs attributed＂half tha world＇s fun．＂



3．There the antic sate，du．Allypled from Shakespuate．
Iud lherer llar anlire sits
Sereflin！his state athd kriming at hia pomp．
kin！！Rirhard II，A•1 111，Sic． 11.

295, 1. Farley: Charles Farley (1771-1859), an English aetor and dramatist.
2. Liston. John Liston (1776-1846), a celebrated London comedian.
3. Hydra. See note 149, 1, Witches and Other Night-Fears.

296, 1. Sessa. A word used by Shakespeare with unecrtain meaning.

Let the world slide, sassa!
The Taming of the Shreu, Introd. Sc. I, I1. 5-(i.
2. Cassiopeia's chair. A constellation of the nothern hemisphere; named in honor of Cassiopeia, an Ethiopian queen. (See classieal dietionary.)

297, 1. Fuseli. John Henry Fuseli (1741-1825), a SwissEnglish art eritie and painter.

## LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA

## PREFACE

301, 1. This essay was first published in the London Mayazine January, 1823, under the title $A$ Character of the Late Lilia, and probably was intended to announce to the publie the withdrawal of the writer from the field of essay writing. It was used as a preface to the Last lissuys of Llia, which were collected in 1833.

303, 1. Intimados. Intimate associates.
304, l. Indian weed. Tobaeco, so ealled beeause first found in Ameriea. Lamb smoked excessively.
2. Shacklewell. See note 27, 5, The South-Eed House.

305, 1. Toga virilis. The manly toga. The dresis anumed by Roman boys when about fifteen years of age.

## BLAKESMOOR IN H-SHIRE

305, 2. The London Magazinc, September, 1821. The mansion referred to is Blakesware situated in Hertfordhite, the old home of the Plumer family. (See note 37, 1 ; The southSea House.)

307, 1. Cowley. Abraham Cowley (1618-106if), an ling lish poet in whose writings Lamb was deeply intereated.
2. Ovid. See note 130, 1, Talentine's Inay.
3. Actæon in mid sprout . . . prudery of Diana. Actron, while hunting, came upon Diana bathing, and was
ehanged to a stag by the angry goddess. (See note 81, 1, New Year's E've, also classical dictionary.)
4. Dan Cupid . . . divesting of Marsyas. See note 40, 7, Oxford in the Vacation.

308, 1. Old Mrs. Battle died. See Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.
2. Lacus Incognitus. An unknown lake.

309, 1. Bind me, ye woodbines, etc. Quoted from "Marvell on Appleton House, to the Lord Fairfax." (Lamb's note.) See note $17 \%$, 2, The Old Benehers of the Inner Temple.
2. Mowbray's or De Clifford's pedigree. Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, an important character in the time of Kichard II. Richard De Clifford. The progenitor of the great Clifford family, best known through Rosamond, who was mistress of Henry 11.

310,1 . "Resurgam." I shall rise again.
2. Damœtas. A shepherd in Virgil's Lelogue, Bk. III.
3. Aegon. Also a shepherd in Virgil's Eclogue, Bk. III.

311, 1. Twelve Cæsars. See note 210, 1, Dreain Children: A Reverie.
2. Nero. See note 52, 3, Christ's Mospital Five and Thirty Years Ago.
3. Galba. Servius Sulpieius Galba ( 24 B. C.-69 A. D.), a Roman cmperor, one of the Twelve Cæsars. He had ruled Rome for a few months only when he was assassinated.

312, 1. Pan or to Sylvanus. In Greek mythology, Pan was the god of pastures, flocks, and forests and dwelt in Areadia. Sylvanus. The Roman god corresponding to Pan.

## POOR RELATIONS

313, 1. The London Magazine, May, 1823.
2. Agathocles' pot. Agathocles (361-289 B. C.), a ruler of Syraeuse was originally a potter.
3. Mordecai in your gate. A character of the Old Testament associated with Ewther. (See Esther V, 13.)
4. Lazarus at your door. Sce Luke's (iospel XVI, 19-21.

316, 1. Aliquando sufflaminandus erat. It was neeessary at times to repress him.
2. Richard Amlet, Esq. A riotous character in Vanbrugh's comedy. The Confederacy.

317, 1. Poor W-. Fivell. (Iamb's note.)
!. Nessian venom. In Greek mythology, Nessus, a centaur, was slain by tlereules with a poisoned arrow, When later

Hereules' wife sterped one of his garments in some of the eentaur's blood, he was fatally poisoned.
3. Latimer. High Latimer ( $1485-1555$ ), a eelebrated Fing. lish reformer who was burned at Oxford.
4. Hooker. Riehard Hooker (155.3-1600). (See note 64, 4, Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Jears Ago).

319, 1. Artist Evangelist. Saint Luke, patron saint of artists.
2. St. Sebastian. A sea-port in northern Spain noted as a watering place. Captured by Wellington in 1813.

320, 1. Mint. The Royal Mint built in 1811.
321, 1. Grotiuses. Hugo Grotius (1583-1645), a Dutele jurist; author of De Jure Belli et P'ucis.

## DETACHED THOUGHTS ON゙ BOOKS AND READIN゙G

323, 1. The London Magazine, July, 1822.
2. To mind the inside of a book, ete. Quoted from The Relapsc. (Sen note 262,2, On Some of the Old Aetors.)
3. Shaftesbury. Anthony Ashley Cooper, third earl of Shafteshury (1671-1713), author of Characteristics of Men, 31 anners, Opinions, and Times.
4. Jonathan Wild. A novel of Henry Fielding (17071754), the ehief character of whieh is portrayed as a man wholly devoid of principle.
5. Hume. Divid llume (1711-1776), author of the IIstory of Eingland. Gibbon. Elward Gibbon (1737-1794), author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman limpire. Robertson, William lobertson (1721-1793), anthor of the Mistory of Scotland. Beattie. James Beattic (1735-1803), \& Scotelı essayist. Soame Jengns ( $1704-1787$ ) , an Euglish writer.

324, 1. Flavius Josephus ( $37-95$ ), a noted Jewish historian; author of Whers of the Jews and Antiquities of the Jcus.
2. Paley's Moral Philosophy. William Paley (174:3-1805), an English writer on theology and philosoplyy
3. Steele. Richard Stecle. (See mote līे, 2, The Tro Races of Men.) Farquhar. (icorge Farquhar. (See note $2 S_{2}=$, 3. On the Artificial Comedy of the Last rentury). Adam Smith (1723-1790) a seotel) politieal ecomomist: tuthor of Then Wenlth of Vations.
4. Paracelsus. philipus l'aracelsus ( $1493-1511$ ) a a Swiny alchemist.
5. Raymund Lully (1235-1315), a Spanish alchemi-t.

325, 1. Thomson's Seasons. See note 137, 1, Imperfeet Sympathies.
2. Fielding. Sce note 323 , 4, above. Smollet. Sce note 137, 2, Imperfcet Sympathies. Sterne. See note 155, 1, My Relations.
3. We know not where is that Promethean toreh, etc. Adapted from Shakespeare.

I know not where is that Promethean heat
That ean thy light relume.
Othello, Act V, Sc. 11, 11. 12-13.
326, 1. Life of the Duke of Neweastle, by his Duchess. Sec note 73, 3, The Tiwo Raecs of Mcn.
2. Rowe and Tonson, English authors and booksellers who brought out an edition of Shakespeare's Works in 1709.
3. Beaumont and Fletcher. Francis Beaumont (15841616), and John Fletcher (1579-1625), two noted English dramatists who wrote plays together; authors of Philaster, A King and So King, The Maid's Tragedy, etc.

327, 1. Malone. Edmund Nalone (1741-1812), a noted Shakespen rean seholar and eritic.
2. Kit Marlowe. Christopher Marlowe (1564-1503), the Engli-h dramatist ramking next to Shakespeare; author of The Jew of Malta, Educter II, Dortor Faustus, cte. William Drummond (158.5-1049), an English poct. Abraham Cowley (1618-16(67) an English poet and essayist.

328, 1. Bishop Andrewes' sermons. Launeelot Andrews (1555-1626). a noted English theologian.
2. Pro bono publico. For the public goorl.

329, 1. Nando's. A coffce-house in London.
2. Poor Tobin. John Tobin (1770-1804), an English dramatist.
3. Candide. A story by Voltaire (1604-1778).
4. Primrose Hill. A hill northwest of London.
5. Cythera. An island in the Eacan Sea sacred to Venus.
6. Pamela. One of the carliest English novels, by Samuel Richardson (168!)-1761).

330, 1. Lardner. Niathaniel Jardner (1684-1768), an English theologian.

331, 1. Martin B-. Martin Burney. (Lamb's note.)
2. Clarissa. Clarissu llurloue, a novel in the form of letters by Richardson. (See note 329,6 , above.)
3. A quaint poetess of our day. Mary Lamb.

## STAGE ILLUSION

332, 1. The London Magazine, August, 1825. This essay was first published muder the title of Imperfeet Dramatic Illusion.

333, 1. Jack Bannister's cowards. Sce note 278, 3. (1) Some of the Old Aetors.

335, 1. Osric. A character in Hamlet styled a courtier by Shakespeare.

## TO THE SHADE OF ELLISTON

337, 1. The Englishman's Magazine, August, 1831.
2. Avernus. See note 223, 1, The Praise of ChimneySweepers.
3. Elysian streams. Elysium, the abode of the just after death.
4. Platonist. Disciple of Plato. (See note 46, 5, Oxford in the Vacation.
5. Tartarus. Sce note 61, 2, Christ's Mospital Five-and Thirty Years Ago.

338, 1. Limbo. A region bordering on hell.
2. Up thither like aerial vapors fly, etc. Sce Milton's I'aradise Lost, J3k. III, 11. 348, seq.
3. Crazy Stygian wherry. A reference to the boat rowed by Charon on the river Styx in the infernal regions. (See classical dietionary.)

339, 1. Pluto's kingdom. See note 113, 2, A Quaker's' Mceting.
2. Surly Ferryman. See note 338,3 , above.
3. A la Foppington. See note 275,1 , On some of the Old Actors.
4. Thracian Harper. Orphens, who was permitted to enter the lower world to plead for Eurydiec.
5. Pura et puta anima. A pure and clean sonl.

340, 1. Rhadamanthus. A judge of the dead in the 11 fermal regions.
2. Medusean ringlets. Meduca, a Corgon lad writhing serpents upon her head in the place of hair. (See note l4?), 1, Witches, and Other Night-Herrs.
3. Proserpine. Ser note 113, 2. A Qualier's Mocting.
4. Plaudito, et Valeto. Applaud, and say farewell.

## ELLISTONIANA

340, 5. The Englishman's Magazine, August, 1831.
341, 1. Lovelace. A character in Threc Wechs after Marriuge, a comedy by Arthur Murphy (1727-1805), an English dramatist.

342, 1. Appelles. A celebrated Greek artist of the time of Alexander the Great. (Sce note 104, 1, All Fools' Day.)
2. G. D. George Dyer. (Lamb's note.)

343, 1. Ranger. A character in The Suspicious Husband, a comedy by Benjamin Hoadly (1706-1757).

344, 1. Cibber. Colley Cibber (1671-1757), an English dramatist and actor.

345, 1. Consular exile. Caius Marius (1505-86 B. C.), Sulla's rival. He was exiled from Rome in 88 B . C.
2. More illustrious exile. Napolcon Bonaparte (17691821), who when exiled the first time, was given the island of Elba to govern.
3. Small Olympic. A theater in London where plays of a light nature were offered.
4. Sir A.-C-. Sir Anthony Carlisle. (Lamb's note.)

346, 1. Vestris. Madame Vestris, an actress at Drury Lane Theater.

347, 1. A fortiori. By the stronger.
2. The son of Peleus uses to Lycaon. Achilles, the son of Peleus slew Iseaon, son of Priam before the walls of Troy.
2. Surrey Theater. A London theater where plays of a light, rollieking nature were staged.

348, 1. Pious Colet. Sce note 119,4 , The Old and the New šhoolmaster.

## THE OLD MARGATE HOY

348, 2. The London Magazine, July, 1823. Nargate is a sea-port in Kent, England, on the Isle of Thanet. Hoy is a small coasting vessel.

349, 1. Fire-god parching up Scamander. Scamander, 凤 river in Asia Minor: For the reference see Pope's llomer's llind, Bk. NXI, 342 seq.

350, 1. Ariel. A charactor in Shakespeare's Tcmpest. The reference here is to Jet I, Se. 11, 11. 190-109.
2. Azores. A group of islands morthwest of Africa.

351, 1. Genius Loci. The spirit of the place.
352, 1. Colossus at Rhodes. A giant statue of Apollo at lihodes. (See elassical dictionary.)

353, 1. Reculvers. Two towers, the remmant of a retined monastery, near the mouth of the Thames.

355, 1. Orellana. The mame by which the Amazon River was originally known.
2. For many a day, and many a dreadful night, cte. Quoted from Thomson's Scersons, 11, 1002-1003.
3. "Still-vexed Bermoothes." From Shakespeare.

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew From the still-vex'd Isermoothes.
Tempest, Aet I, Se. 1I, 11. 228-2:29.

356,1 . Be but as buggs to frighten babes withal, cte. An inaceurate quotation from Spenser.

Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the ereatures in the seas enthrall.
Faïric Queen, Bk. II, Canto XII, Stanza 25.
2. Juan Fernandez. The island on which Alexander Scl. kirk (Robinson Crusoc) is reputed to have had his many adventures.
3. Gebir. A poem by Walter Savage Landor ( $1: 5 / 5-1561$ ). an English writer.

357, 1. Amphitrites. In classical mythology the wife of Ňeptume.
2. Meschek. See Psalms, CXX, 5.

## TIIE CONVALESCENT

360, 1. The London Magazine, July, 1825.
361, 1. Mare Clausum. Closed sea.
2. Two Tables of the Law. The ten commandments.

365 , 1. Lernean pangs. Lerna, the mythologieal hidingplace of the llydra which Ilereules slew. The monster's bhod was rank poison and Hereules dipped his arrows into it.
2. Philoctetes. A friend of Hercules to whom the arrows were given after the hero's death. He aceidentally wounded himself, but was relieved of his agony by the plysician Ilachaon.

366, 1. Articulo Mortis. At the point of death.
2. Tityus. A mythological giant, son of Jupiter.

## SANITY OF TRUE GENIUS

366, 3. The New Monthly Magazine, May, 182f. This essay was originally ineluded among the series under the title, popular Pallacies.

367, 1. Timon. A character in Shakespeare's Timon of Athens. noted for his hatred of his fellow-men.
2. Kent. A eharaeter in Shakespeare's King Lear, moted for his faithfulness to his master.

368, 1. Proteus. In classical mythology, a god of the sea who had the power of foresight.
2. Caliban. A character in Shakespeare's Tempest, the soln of a witch.

369, 1. Wither. George Wither (15SS-1667), an English poet.
2. Lane's novels. Lane, a London publisher who issued many light works of fiction.

370, 1. Mammon. See note 28, 4, The South-Sea Houss.
2. Hesperian fruit. The golden apples given ly Juno to Jupiter on the day of their marriage.
3. Tantalus. A character in elassical mythology who, having served his son's body for meats to the gods, was pmuished by being placed in the infernal regions in a pool of water from which he could not drink. (See classical dictionary.)
4. Cyclops. In classical mythology, giants who aided Vulean at the forge to make Jove's thunderbolts.

## CAPTAIN JACKSON

371, 1. The London Magazine, November, 1824.
372, 1. Althea's horn. Amalthea, the goat by which Jupiter was nursed when an infant; her horn was known as the cornucopia or Horn of Plenty. (See classical dictionary.)
2. Master Shallow. A weak minded character in Sliakespeare's II King Henry IV. Designated as a country justice.

373,1 . Verè hospitibus sacra. In truth, sacred to guests.
2. Bacchanalian encouragements. In classical mythology, Baechns was the god of wine.

374, 1. Glover. Richard Glover (1712-1785), an English statesman, orator and writer. Among his works are Leonidas, Mrder and Boadicea.

376,1 . When we came down through Glasgow town, etc. One of the popular English ballads of which Lamb was very fond.

377, 1. Tibbs and Bobadil. Tibbs, a eharaeter in A Cilizen of the World, a eomedy by Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774). Bobadil. A charaeter in Lirery Man in his own Ilumour, a comedy by Ben Jonson (1.573-16.37).

## THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

377, 2. The London Magazine, May, 1825. A superannuated man is a man who on aceount of old age has been retired on a pension.
3. Sera tamen respexit Libertas. Though late, liberty at last eonsidered me. Virgil's liclogucs.

381, 1. Esto perpetua. May this be a lastimy memorial.
382, 1. Old Bastile. A famous state prison in Paris. It was eaptured and destroyed by the Freneh Revolutionists.

384, 1. 'Twas but just now he went away, ete. Quoted from the tragedy, The lestal Virgin, Act V, Se. I, by Sir Robert Howard (1626-1698), an English dramatist elosely associated with John Dryden.

385, 1. Aquinas. Thomas Aquinas (1225 ?-1274), a celebrated Italian theologian and philosopher.
2. Carthusian. See note 109, 1, A Quaker's Meeting.

386, 1. Elgin marbles. See note 240, 2, A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metroplis.

387, 1. Lucretian pleasure. An allusion to the opening lines of De Rerum Natura, Bk. II, by Titus Lucretius Carus ( $96-55$ B. C.), a noted Roman philosopher and poet.
2. Cum dignitate. With dignity.

388, 1. Opus operatum est. The work is finished.

## THE GENTEEL STYLE IN WRITING

388, 2. The New Monthly Magazine, March, 18?6.
3. Lord Shaftesbury. See note 323, 3, Detuched Thoughts on Bookis and Reading.
4. Sir William Temple (1629-1009), a noted English statesman and author. He was ambassador to the Hagne from 1068 to 1671 .

389, 1. Maid Marian. Robin Hood's sweetheart in the old English ballads.

392, 1. Me, when the cold Digentian stream revives, cte. Taken from Horace, Eip. I, 18, 11. 104-112.

## BARBARA S-

395, 1. The London Magazine, April, IS25. Barbara Swas Fanny Kelly ( $1790-1882$ ), a noted English actress with whom Lanb was well acquainted.
2. Arthur. A character in Sliakespeare's King John.

396, 1. Duke of York. A character in Shakespeare's Richard 11 .

397, 1. Mrs. Porter's Isabella. See note 207, 1, My First Play.

398, 1. Mr. Liston. See note 295, 2, On the Aeting of Munden.
2. Mrs. Charles Kemble. An English aetress.
3. Macready. William Charles Macready (1793-1873), a celebrated English tragedian. 11c was especially strong in Shakespearian roles.

## THE TOMBS IN THE ABBEY

402, 1. The London Magazine, Oetober, 1823. In connection with this essay read Washington Irving's Westminister dubey in the Sketeh Book.
2. R-S-, Esq. Robert Southey. (Laml's note.)

405, 1. Nelson. Horatio Nelson (1758-1805), the most noted of Eligland's admirals. He defeated the combined French and Spanish fleets at Cape Trafalgar, but was fatally wounded in the battle. (Sce Southey's Life of Nelson.)
2. Shame these Sellers out of the Temple. A reference to the expulsion of the money changers from the temple at Jerusalem by the Christ. (See Matthew XXI, 12-13.)

406, 1. Major André. John André (1751-1780), an English officer in the American Revolution who was exceuted as a spy.

## AMICUS REDIVTVUS

406, 2. The London Magazine, December, 1823.
3. Where were ye, Nymphs, etc. Quoted from Milton's Lycidas, 11. 50-51.
4. G. D. George Dyer, a close friend of Lamb.

407, 1. Who bore Anchises. The Trojan hero, Eneas, carried his father, Anchises, out of Troy when that eity was destroyed by the Greeks.

408, 1. Monoculus. Note Lamb's humor in the choice of this name which means haring one cye omly.
2. Cannabis. IIemp. Lamb has hanying in mind.

410, 1. Tremor cordis. Trembling of the heart.
2. Sir Hugh. 1 character in Shakespeare's Mcrry Wires of Windsor.
411, 1. Abyssinian traveler. James Bruce (1730-1794), a Scotch explorer who traveled extensively in north eath Afriea.
2. Naiads. Reautiful nymples of liman form who presided over springs, fountains, and wells.
3. Cam. See note 47, 1, Oxford in the Vacation.
4. Aristotle ( $384-322 \mathrm{~B}$. C.) , a eclebrated Greek philosopher. Aecording to legend he drowned himself in the strait of Euripus which separates the isle of Eubaa from the mainlaud.

412, 1. Clarence in his dream. Sce Shakespenre's Richard 111, Act I, Sc. IV.
2. Christian beginning to sink, and crying out to his good brother Hopeful. Sea Bunyan's Pilgrim's I'rogress, lart $I$.
3. Palinurus. The pilot employed by Aneas, the hero of Virgil's Ancid.
4. Charon. See note $33 \mathrm{~S}, 3$, To the Shade of Elliston.
5. Arion. A famous Greek poet who, according to legend, played so sweetly upon his harp that the dolphins of tho sea flocked about to hear him.
6. Dr. Hawes. The founder of the Royal Humane Society.
7. Dismal streams of Lethe. Lethe, one of the river: of the infernal regions, of which the souls of the departed drank to produce forgetfulness. (See classieal dictionary.)
8. Ophelia twice acts her muddy death. See Shakespeare's Hamtet, Aet IV, Se. VII, 11. 164-195.

413,1 . Asphodel. The flower of Elysium. (See notc 337, 3, To the Shade of Elliston, also classical dietionary.)
2. Esculapian chair. Esculapius, the physician god.

## SOME SONNETS OF SIR PILLIP SIDNEY

413, 3. The London Magazine, September, 1823. Sir Philip Sydney (the name is commonly written Sidney) (15541586), a celebrated writer, soldier and courtier. He is best known for his romance Arcadia.

414, 1. Masque at Ludlow Castle. Comms, a masque by Milton which was presented at Ludlow Castle, Wales, in 16:34.
2. A later Sydney. Agernon Plilip Syduey ( $1(6 \geq 2)-1683$ ), an English patriot. He was execnted for complicity in the live Ionse llot.
3. Circum præcordia frigus. Chill abont the heart.

415, . Tibullus. Albius Tibullus ( $54-18 \mathrm{~B}$. C..), a Lioman elegiate poet.
2. Author of the Schoolmistress. Willian Shenstone (1714-1763), an English poct.
3. Ad Leonoram. To Leonora.
416. 1. Dian. Diana. See note 81, 1. Merk Year's Eve.

417, 1. Stella's image. Stella, Lady l'enelope Devereaux,
daughter of the Earl of Essex. Sydney loved her and after her marriage was ineonsolable, giving expression to his grief in the somids of Astrophel and Stclla.
$418,1$. Mars' livery. Mars, god of war. (See classical dietionary.)

419, 1. Aganippe well. A companion-fountain to Hippocrene on the slope of Helicon, Greece, sacred to the Muses.
2. Tempe. A valley in Greece, noted for it. 3 beauty.

420, 1. Floure-de-luce. The lily: the national flower of France. The word is usually written feur-de-lis.
2. Lewis. Louis X1 ( $1754-1793$ ), King of France.

421, 1. Æol's youth. Nolus, god of the winds.
2. Parnassus. See mote 46, 4, Oxford in the Vacation.

422, 1. W. H. William Hazlitt (1778-1830), an English essayist and eritic; author of Table Talk, Characters of Shakespeare's Plays, ete. Ile and Lamb were well aequainted. 423, 1. Friend's Passion for his Astrophel. An elegy by Spenser on the death of Sydncy.

## NEWSPAPERS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

425, 1. The Englishman's Magazine, Oetober, 1831. This essay was first published under the title On the Total Defect of the Quality of Imagination, Obscrvable in the Works of Modern British Artists.
2. Abyssinian Pilgrim. Sce note 411, 1, Amicus Redivirus.

426, 1. Gnat which preluded to the Eneid. Culex or the cinal, a poom long attributed to Virgil.
2. Duck which Samuel Johnson trod on. Dr. Johnson is reputed to have written the following stanza when but three years of age:

> Here lies good master duck Whom Sammel Johnson trod on; If it had lived it had been trood luek, For then we'd had :modd one.

427, 1. Flower of Cytherea. The red rose which was sarered to the godless Venus.
2. Autolycus-like in the Play. See Shakespeate's The Winter's Trale, Aet IV Se. IV.
3. Flight of-Astræa. X-tran, mother of Nemesis, wats the goddese of justiee; she returned to heaven when the earth became corrmpt.
4. Ultima Calestune terras reliquit. She was the last of the endestials to have the carth.

428, 1. No Man's Land. A mame formerly applied to a district in south dfrital also the name of a small island ofl the eroast of Massalehmedts.

429, 1. Aquarius, that watery sign, Aquarius, the water bearer, ome of the signse of the zodiace.
2. Baechus. The grod of wine.
3. Basilian water-sponges. Basilian, an island of the Sulu Archipelago south east of Asia, noted for its sponges.
4. Mount Agne. A voleano in Central Ameriea which diselarges water.
5. Capulets. A family in Shakespeare's Romeo and Julict at strife with the Montagnes.

430, 1. Revocare gradus, superasque evadere ad auras. Quoted from Virgil.

To retrace one's steps, and to escape to the air above.
lineid, Bk. V1, 1. 128.
2. When the mountain must go to Mahomet. Xiahomet, to combince some of his followers of his supernatural powers. once ordered Mount safa to come to him. (Sire Brewors Dictionary of Phase and Fibble.)
3. Like him in Bel's temple. Bel, one of the most intportant of the Babytonian gods. (see 1 suiuh XINI, 1 and deremich, 1. 2.)

434, 1. Mr. Bayes. Sce note 185, 4, The Old Benchers of the Inner T'emple.
435. 1. Sir J-S M-h. Sir James Macintosh. (lambis note.)

## B.ARLENNESS OF THE MMAGINATIVE FACULTY IN THE PRODCCTIONS OF MODERN ART

435, 2. The Athenaum, January and Pelmatry, 1833. This essaly was originally divided into two parts.

436, 1. Ariadue. A celebrated painting by Titian (1477?-15-6), a great Venetian artiot, portaying the wooing of Ariadne, the danglter of the king of ('rete hy bacehus. after 'Thesens had dewertod her.
2. Satyr. A spirit of the woodland, half man and half goat: an altendant of B:acchas.
3. Guido. Guido Reni (1:555-1 it: a a noted 1t:alian painter behomging to the loolornewe sehool.
4. Theseus. One of the most famons of the (ireck heroes.

Ite was resened from the labyrinth by Ariadme, who fled with him only to be deserted. (Nee note 436,1 , alove.)

437, 1. Kaphæl. See note 159, 3, 11 !/ liclations.
438, 1. Gardens of the Hesperides. The abiding place of the lesperides loeated on an island in the Atlantic. (See note 3 io, 2, N'anity of Truc (icnius.)
2. Polypheme. A one eyed giant, the chief of the Cyelopes. (Sec note 370, 4, Sanity of True Uenius.)
3. Poussin. Nicolat Poussin (1594-1665), a French historical and laudscape painter.

439, 1. Hercules aut Diabolus. Hereules or the devil. (See note 233, 2, A Complaint on the Decaly of Beggars in the Metropolis; also classical dietionary.)
2. Ab extra. On the out-side.
3. Fête champêtre. A pienic or a country garden party.
4. Watteauish. Jean Antoint Wattean (1684-1721), a Freneh painter best known for hi: pietures of country seenes.

440, 1. Belshazzar's Feast. A piating by Jolu Martin (1789-1854), an English historical painter.

441, 1. Eliphaz. A eharacter in the Book of Job. Lamb refers to his vision as given in Jol $1 \mathrm{~V}, 13-15$.

442, I. In the samc hour came forth fingers, cte. Quoted from the book of Daniel $Y, 5-6$.

443, 1. As Joseph did the dream of the King of Egypt. Sec Genesis XIsl, 2:-57.
2. Veronese. Paul Veronese ( $1528-1588$ ), a noted ltalian painter. Amoner his masterpieces is his Marringe at Cana.

445,1 . Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, ete. Quoted from the Book of Joshme, X, 12.
2. Angerstein's. John Julius Angerstein (1735-1823), an English art-eollector.

446, 1. Dryad. A rural deity or nymple of the forest.
2. Naiad. See note 176,1 , the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.
3. Julio Romano (1492-154(i), an Italian painter and architeret, pupil of Japhel.

448, I. Demiurgus. (reator; a name applied to a skilled workman.

2 . Vulcanian Three. Vulean, whose forges were lomated under suld meanomes as lethat and Lemmos. was ailed in his Work by the ('yclops - Bromtes, Steropes, amd l'yanmon. (See note $37(0,4$, simily of True (imius; also classical dietionary.)

449, 1. Quixote. (See note 105, 3, dll l'ools' Day.)
2. Rosinante. Don Quixote's war-horse. (See note 1. above.)
3. Actæon. See note 307,3 , Blakesmoor in II-shire.

450, 1. Goneril-Regan. The mmatural daughters of Lear in Shakespeare's King Leur.

451, 1. Guzman de Alfarache. A romance by Mateo Aleman (1550?-1610?), a Spanish novelist.

REJOICING UPON THE NEW IEAR'S COMING OF AGE
452, 1. The London Magazine, January, 1823.
2. Ash Wednesday. The first day of Lent.

453, 1. Shrove Tuesday. The day preeeting Ash Wednesday.
2. Lady Day. The day of the annumeiation of the Virgin Mary, Mareh 25.
3. Twelfth Day. The twelfth day after Christmas. (See note 41, 2, Oxford in the Vacation.)
4. Erra Pater. An astrologer frequently mentioned in the literature of the Flizabethan period.

455, 1. Herodias' daugliter. See Mathew XIV, 3-11.
456, 1. Candlemas. See 6S, 1, The Two Ricees of Men.
457, 1. Boutefeu. An inecndiary.
458, 1. Septuagesima. The third Sunday beforr Lent.
2. Rogation Day. One of the days of logation Wrok which is the second week before Whit-Sunday: (see mote 114, 1, A Quaker's Ifceling.)

459, 1. Eve of St. Christopher. July 24; observerl in honor of the saint, who aceording to tradition, onee bore the Christ upon his shoulders.

## TIIE WEDDING

460, 1. The London Mayazine, Jnme, 1S25.
461, 1. Admiral. Admiral lurney. (Lamb's note.)
2. Cousin J-. John Payne. (Lamb's note.)
463. 1. Diana's nymphs. Diana was usually attended by nymphs as she hunted in the forest. (See note 81, 1, Jem Fiur's E've; also chassieal dietionary)

464, 1. Iphigenia. The danghter of Agamemmon, commander of the (ireeks in their attack on 'Troy, who was saterifieed hy her father to galn the fawor of Diana.

465 , 1. Pilpay. In lndian wise man and court scholar.

## THE CHILD ANGEL

467, 1. The London Magazine, June, 1823.
468, 1. Loves of the Angels. A poem by Thomas Moore (1769-1852), an lrish poet and song writer.
470, 1. Ge-Urania. Ge, a Greek goddess, the personifieation of the earth. Urania, the goddess or muse of Astronomy'. (Sce elassieal dietionary.)
471, 1. Tutelar Genius. Guardian spirit.

## OLD CHINA

472, 1. The London Magazine, March, 1823.
473, l. Cathay. The mediaeral name for the Chinese empire.
2. Speciosa miracula. Brilliant wonders.

474,1 . Beaumont and Fletcher. See note 320, 3, Dctached Thoughts on Books and Readings.

475, 1. Lionardo. Sce note 135, 2, Imperfect Sympathics.
476, I. Wilderness of Lionardos. Adapted from Shakespeare..

I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys. Merchant of Teniec, Aet.111, Se. 1, 11. 127-128.
2. Izaak Walton. See note 72,6 , The Two Races of $M \mathrm{cn}$.
3. Battle of Hexham and the Surrender of Calais. Comedies by the English dramatist George Coleman (1762-1836).

477,1 . Children in the Wood. See note 208,3 , DreamChildren.
2. Rosalind in Arden. See Shakespeare's As Jou Like It.
3. Viola at the Court of Illyria. See Shakespeare's Tuelfth Night.

479, 1. Mr. Cotton. Charles Cotton (1630-1687), an English poet. The quotation "lusty brimmers" is from his poem on the Xeu Yeur.
480. 1. Crosus. A king in Asia Minor famed for his wealth.
2. Jew R-. Nathan Mayer Rothsehild (1743-1812), a poted Loudon banker.

CONFESSLONS OF A DRUNKARD
481. 1. The London Magazine, Angunt. 1822.

486, 1. Tartarus. See note 61, 2, Christ's Ilospital live and Thirty l'urs Igo.
2. Joseph Andrews. A novel by Fielding. (See note 323, 4, Delached Thonghts on Boolis und Reading.
3. Complete Angler. See note 72,6 , The Two lineers of Men.

487, 1. Correggio. Antonio (ormegrio (1494-1534), a celebrated Italian painter of the lombard school.

## POPULAl: FALIJACIES

493, 1. The Neu Monthly Maguzine, 1826.
494, 1. Hickman. A referenee probably to some pugilist of lamb's day.
2. Harapha in the Agonistes. Harapla, wrentlor of Cath, a character in Dilton's Samson Agonistes.
3. Almanzor. A character in Dryden's tragredy Almanzor and Almahyde.
4. Tom Brown. A Seotel poet and philosopher (177818:20).

496, 1. Mandeville. Sir John Mandeville, the reputed writer of a fourteenth century book of travels.

502, 1. Terence. See note (il, 5, Christ's Hospital Pire and Thirly Jears Ago.
2. Senator urbanus with Curruca. A senator of the eity with a warbler. (Curruca is an old name of several speceies of warblers.)
3. Hudibras. A satirieal porm directed asaimst the proritans by Samuel lintler (1612-1680), an Enerlish writer.
4. Dennis. Joln Demme ( $16.07-1734$ ), an linglimh critic and dramatist.

504, 1. Robin Hood's shot. Kolin lloorl, the mot crle brated of English out-laws. Ile is said to have lived in the twelftls century.
2. Swift's Miscellanies. See note 185, 2, The Old lienchers of the Inner Temple.

505, 1. Cremona. A town in northern ltaly uear which Virgil was born.

506, 1. Nimium Vicina. Too near.
 pher.

507, 1. Every spirit as it is more pure, ctr. . (\{umto. from Spenser's An $/ 1 y m n$ in $/ /$ omor of Brauty, Stanzas 1! antl 21 .

508, 1. Apelles. Sier note 34:2, 1, lillistominn".
518, 1. Dante's lovers. For l)ante, see moteri', 1, ('hrist's Ilospital Five and Thirty Years Ago.

521, 1. Pindaric Odes. Swift, like many other famons
prose writers began his literary earcer by writing poetry. His best poems are his Pindaric Odes.
$522,1$. Scylla. In classical mythology a beautiful maiden who was changed by the enchantress cirec into a monster eomposed of barking dons and serpents. She made her home along the shore of the Strait of Messina opposite Charybdis and seited mariners who attempted to pass.
2. Merry. Robert Morry (1755-1798), an English writer. lle was a member of the Enghish Della Crusean Academy in Florence.
$525,1$. Persic. Relating to l'ersia.
528, 1. Hesiod or Ossian. Hesiod, a celebrated Greek poet of the eighth century J3. C. Ossian. A semi-historical (ieclic poet of the third century. (See note 27, 6 , The SouthSen House.)

529, 1. Phœbus. See note 81, 1, New Year's Live.
532, 1. Mysterious book in the Apocalypse. See the Book of Revelation, VI, seq.

535,1 . Qui se credebat miros, cte.
Who believed that he was listening to wonderful tragie actors Gladly sitting and applauding in the empty theater.
2. Pol, me occidictis, amici, etc.

Why, my friends, you have killed me,
Not saved me; for such pleasure has been taken away from me,
And a most delightful delnsion forcibly removed.

Date Due


## 828

L16e C27
(1)


[^0]:    * "I passed by the walls of Balchutha, and they were desolate." Ossidin.

[^1]:    * Januses of one face.-Sir Thomas Browne.

[^2]:    *Recollections of Christ's Hospital.

[^3]:    * One or two instances of lunacy, or attempted suicide, accordingly, at length convinced the crovernors of the impoliey of this part of the sentence, and the midnight torture to the spirits was dispensed with. - This fance of dmgeons for children was a spront of Howarl's brain: for which (ablines the reverome (lue to Holy l'aul), methinks, I could willingly -pit upon his statue.

[^4]:    * Cowley.

[^5]:    I saw the skirts of the departing Year.2

[^6]:    * I have been there. and still would gro: TTis like a little heaven below:-Dr. Whalle.

[^7]:    * L'rn Burial.

[^8]:    * I wronld be understood as eonfining myself to the subject of imperfect sympathics. J'o nations or elasses of men there can be no dircet antipathy. There may be individuals born and constellated so opposite to another individual nature, that the same sphere camot hold them. I have met with my moral antipodes, and can believe the story of two persons mecting (who mever saw one another before in their lives) and instantly fighting.

[^9]:    ——The eanse whieh to that act eomperlled him Was, he neer loved him since lie first belield him.

[^10]:    * There are some people who think they sufficiently aequit themselves and mentertain their company, with rolating facts of 110 consegnenee, not at all out of the road of suthe common iucodents as happen every day; and this I have observed mowe frequently among the Sents than any other mation, who are rery caroful not in omit the minnted eiremmataneres of time or place; which kind of diseourse, if it were mot a little rilieved by the unconth forms and phasums as wall as arecent and gesture pecoliar to that conntig. wonld bre hardly tolde. able.-IInts forfords an bissery on fionverstion.

[^11]:    * Mr. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

[^12]:    * From a copy of verses entitled The farden.

[^13]:    * Clourn. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

    Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

    Clown. What thinkest thon of his opinion?
    Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

[^14]:    * Dodd was a man of reading, and left at his death a clonier collection of old Emglish literature 1 should juldere him to hatwe heren a man of wit. I know me intantere of alll inpromptu which no tometh of stwly eould have hettereal. Sy: mery frimal, ofen White, hat sern him one erening in Ange chock, and reognizing Dodd the mext day in Filent streot, was irresistilly impelled to take ofl his hat amd solute him as thes
     šir Ametrex." Dondd, not at all disconcerted at lhis unninal address from a stranger, "itha comrteous half rednking wato of the hand, put him ofl with an " Away, lool."

[^15]:    * High Life Below Stairs.

[^16]:    * The maiden name of this lady was Street, which she elanged by sucesssive marriages for those of Dancer, Barry, and Crawforl. She was Mrs. Crawford, a third time a widow, when I knew her. [This note is Lambs mystilieatinn: the story is true of Miss Kelly, though details are alteren.]

[^17]:    * Graluar tantum vidit.

[^18]:    * Press.

[^19]:    *Yet from this Second l'art, our ried-up pictures are mostly selected, the watiner-women with hearlo, fet

[^20]:    * The late King.

[^21]:    * When poor M- painterl his last picture, with a jeneril in one trombling land and a crlass of brandy and water in the other, his finger nowed the comparative stomlinens, with which they were conabled to go thmong their task in an imperfect manmer, to a temporary firmmest derised from a repefition of practiert. the general eflect of which had shaken both them and him so terribly:

[^22]:    * Swift.

[^23]:    "Things that were born, when none but the still night, And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes."

